THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Lynda Carter

Medical Mystery

Ozzie Smith: Infield Wizard

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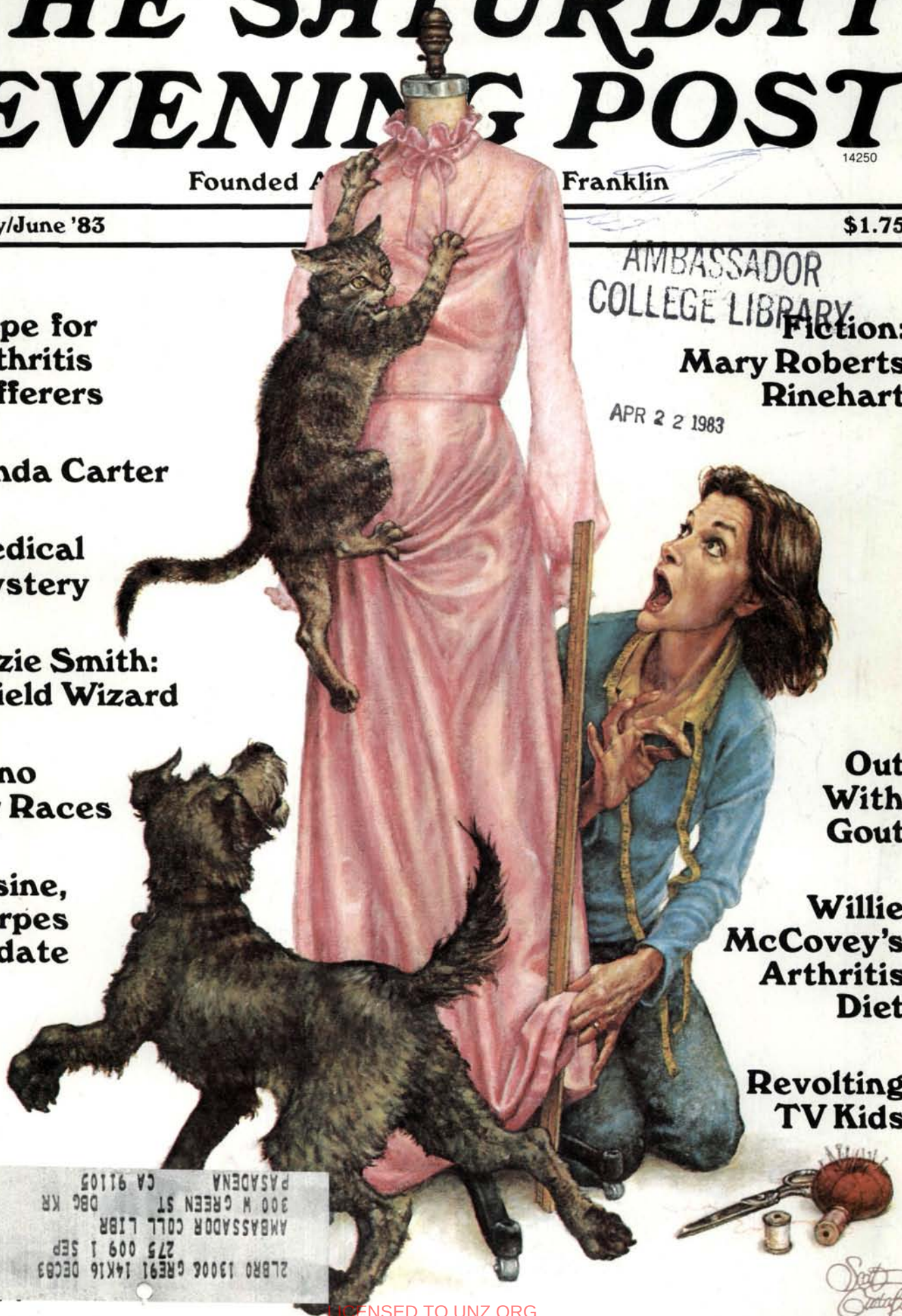
Lysine, Herpes Update

Fiction: Mary Roberts Rinehart

Out With Gout

Willie McCovey's Arthritis Diet

Revolting TV Kids



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A distinctive new collection!

Vases of the World's Great Porcelain Houses

- **Not tiny miniatures, these FULL-SIZE vases will beautify any and every room in your home.**
- **Collectible vases! Useable vases! With flowers or alone they will *glorify* your home!**
- **Sixteen vases, each designed and produced by a world-famous porcelain maker *exclusively* for this collection.**
- **Receive a new vase every other month; convenient monthly payments are just $27.50.**

There is something magical about magnificent vases that distinguishes them from all other objects of art. Their classic lines represent the epitome of elegance and grace. The most splendid vases from ancient times have become treasures in the world's great museums—regarded as perfect artifacts of civilization and culture. Not surprisingly, collectors of fine porcelain have also valued vases as being among the most beautiful and desirable objects of all.

No vases you already own are likely to compare with the ones you can acquire now. Imagine—vases by the greatest porcelain makers in the world—original artistic creations which have never been available before, but are now available only as part of this unprecedented international collection.

FULL-SIZE vases, not tiny miniatures.

The vases in this collection are *FULL-SIZE*. All of them can be used with flowers; some can hold entire bouquets. Or each vase can be beautifully displayed on its own as a magnificent work of art.

Vases of various shapes, sizes, styles, colors—each reflecting the proud tradition of its maker.

Each of the vases will be different, distinctive, unique. There will be different shapes, different colors, different varieties of porcelain. Each vase will have a character of its own that is unmistakably in keeping with the proud traditions of its maker.

Wedgwood®, for instance, is producing a vase in its classic Blue Jasper Ware. The deep blue color of this vase is actually in the clay. The ornamentation—a figure of Apollo, the god of music, with a garland of laurels—is separately cast in white, and then the white and the blue are fused using the very technique which Josiah Wedgwood originated back in 1774 (after 4,000 separate trials).

Royal Doulton and Royal Worcester, both of England, and Royal Tara of Ireland will each produce a vase of fine bone china. This porcelain possesses remarkable lightness and strength, dazzling whiteness and elegant translucence. Bing and Grondahl of Denmark has chosen a seagull motif for their vase, which is being made with their world-renowned blue underglazing. Kaiser of West Germany has designed a

(Continued)

BING & GRONDAHL

ROYAL WORCESTER

AYNSLEY

HAVILAND

BAREUTHER

WEDGWOOD

ROYAL TARA

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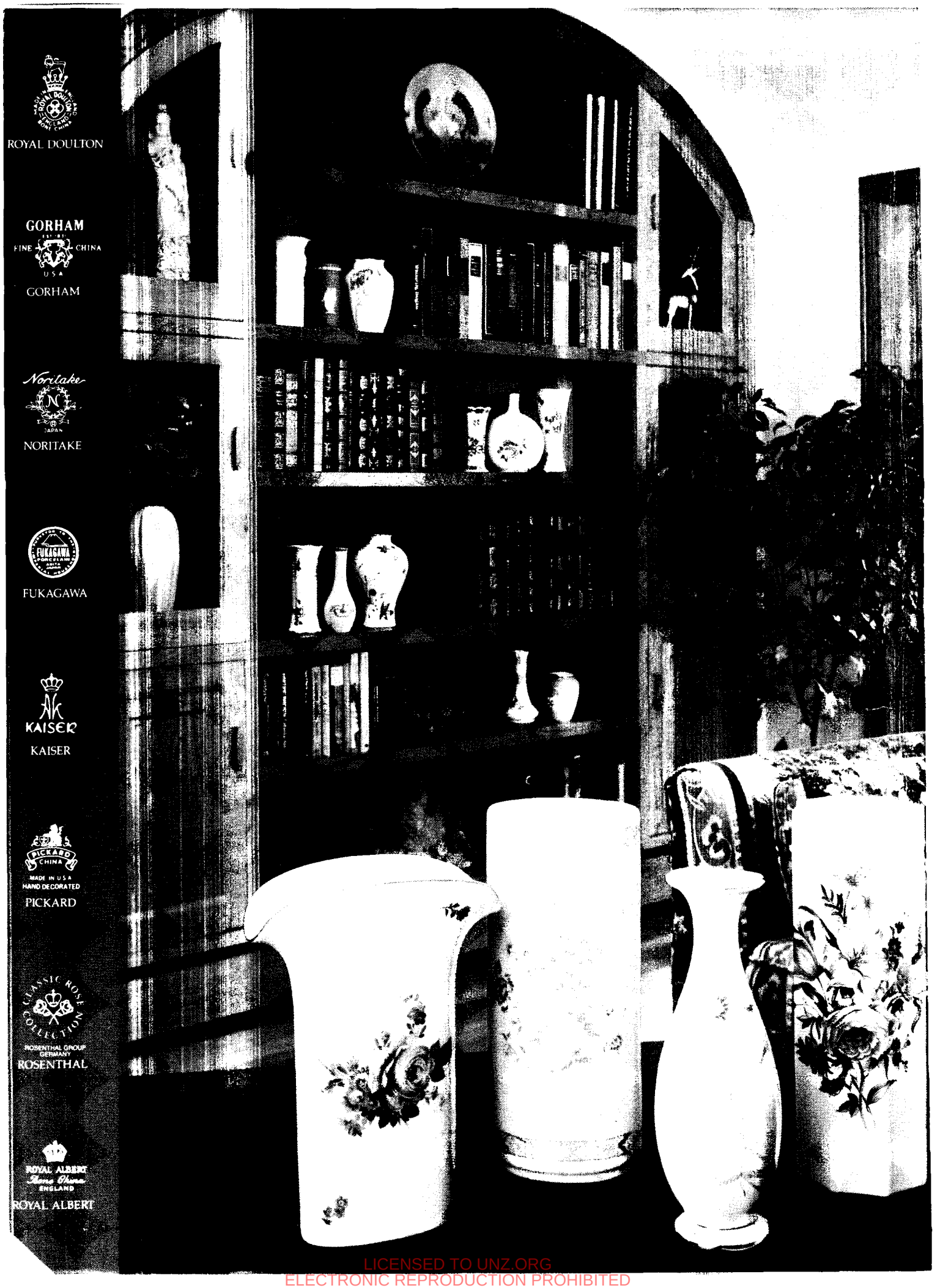

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(Continued)

vase with a floral pattern molded directly into the sides. The vase is then trimmed at the top with a band of 24kt gold. The vase from the renowned house of Fukagawa of Japan will remind you of an oriental flower garden: it will show beautiful butterflies hovering over the petals of a magnificent iris.

The greatest names in porcelain will be represented—also including Rosenthal, Hutschenreuther and Bareuther of West Germany; Haviland of Limoges, France; Noritake of Japan; Gorham and Pickard of the United States; and Aynsley and Royal Albert of England. Each vase will be hallmarked with the special identifying mark of its maker, and each will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, bearing the signature of an officer of the particular porcelain house and stating that the vase is a unique design created solely for this landmark collection. And each proud maker, knowing that comparisons will be made, has done the utmost to produce the finest product possible.

A collection that will beautify and glorify every room in your home.

You can display the vases all together in a single room, if you like. But to enjoy the collection fully, you may want to display the vases in several rooms throughout your home. Your display and decorating options are limitless. You can group several vases on a mantle or on bookshelves. Use single vases or pairs to highlight a coffee table or an end table...or to set off a dining table centerpiece. Intersperse the vases among your other fine porcelain on a shelf or in a hutch (the vases make a gracious and elegant complement to your dinnerware—each lends variety and interest to the other).

Your collection will always hold new fascination, because you can rotate the vases, rearrange them in new and exciting ways, devise new accents, create new decorator effects. This flexibility, along with the diversity of the vases themselves, will make this a collection forever to be cherished. You, your family and guests will be charmed, over and over again.

An exclusive edition—impossible to assemble in any other way.

None of these original vases has ever been or ever will be sold in stores. Nor will they be available individually. They can be obtained only by advance reservation, directly from the Danbury Mint. For production planning purposes, we ask that your reservation application be mailed no later than July 31, 1983.

A favorable price...and a convenient acquisition plan.

Fine porcelain has risen steadily in popularity and price in recent years (the world's great porcelain houses will never compromise quality for the sake of quantity). Thus you might expect *FULL-SIZE* vases such as these to cost up to $75 each or more. Fortunately, through the economics of this direct-by-mail offer, the Danbury Mint can make these vases available at the issue price of just $55 each. And this favorable price is guaranteed for the entire collection.

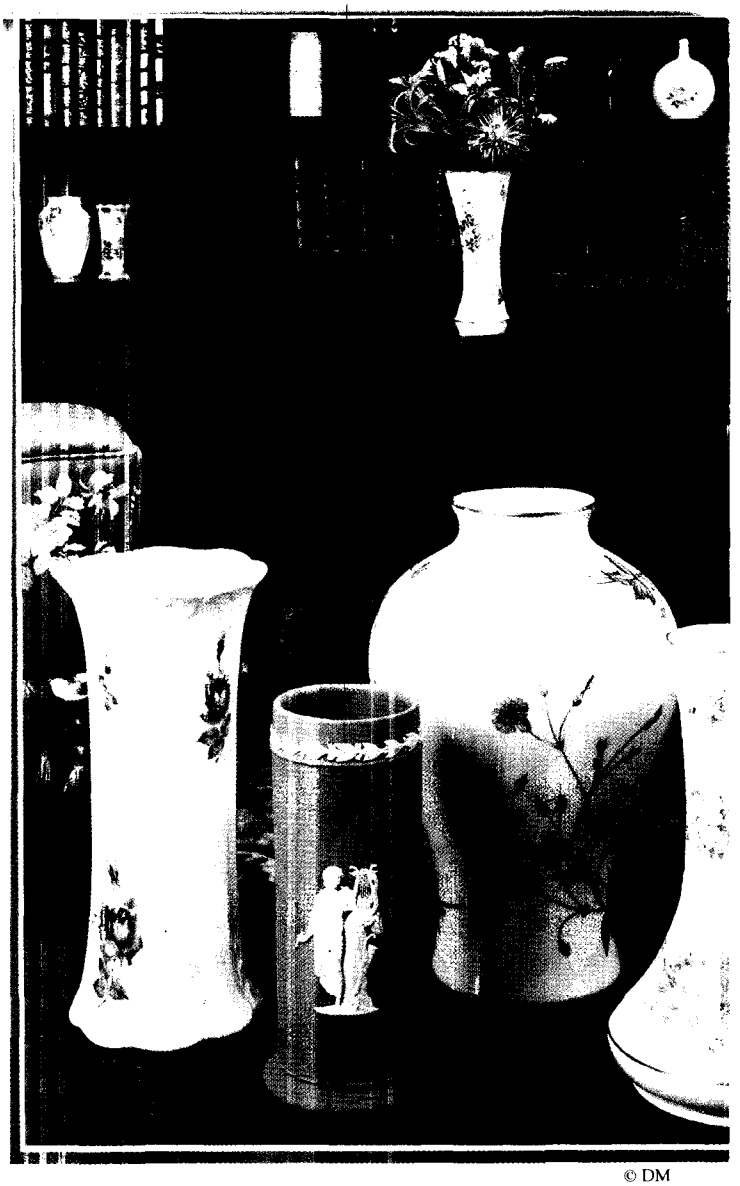
No payment is needed now. You will receive your vases at the rate of one every two months, and you will be billed for each vase in two convenient monthly installments of $27.50 each. As a further convenience, you may have each monthly installment charged to your VISA or MasterCard.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Each vase will be crafted to the highest standards of perfection, and each will be subjected to rigorous inspection at every stage of production. However, in the unlikely event you receive a vase you are not delighted with, you may return it within 30 days of receipt for replacement or refund. And you may cancel your subscription at any time.

A beautiful heirloom that all future generations will enjoy.

You could collect vases for a lifetime and still not assemble a collection to compare in variety, beauty and quality. As you blend these beautiful vases into your home decor, they will surely become some of your most treasured possessions—heirlooms for all future generations. And since this is the first collection of its kind—not likely to be surpassed—these vases will always be held in high esteem by connoisseurs of the world's finest porcelain. To be among the fortunate few who own the collection, send us your reservation today!



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RESERVATION APPLICATION G193

Vases of the World's Great Porcelain Houses

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Please return by July 31, 1983.

Please accept my reservation to the *Vases of the World's Great Porcelain Houses*. I understand this is a collection of sixteen FULL-SIZE vases, each designed and produced by one of the world's most famous porcelain houses.

I need send no money now. The collection will be issued at the rate of one vase every two months. I will pay for each vase as billed in two convenient monthly installments of $27.50 each. Any vase I am not completely satisfied with may be returned within 30 days of receipt for replacement or refund, and this subscription may be cancelled by either party at any time.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ Check here if you want each monthly installment charged to your: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature_____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

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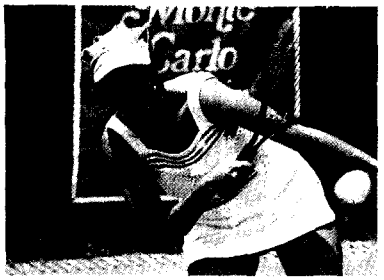

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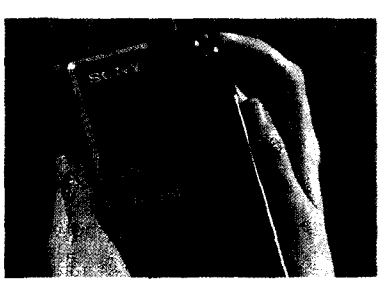

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CLOTHES THAT LOOK SO GOOD, NO ONE WILL KNOW THEY MAKE LIFE EASIER. JUST ONE WAY SEARS HOME HEALTH CARE CATALOG HELPS.
Specially designed clothing for men and women is just the beginning of our new 68 page Home Health Care Specialog.
You'll find everything from bath safety aids to hospital beds to incontinent needs in one easy to use catalog.
Every item has been selected to provide assistance where it's needed. Like the Fashion Care™ dress pictured here. It's easy care 100% polyester and features a full back-opening, long hem and low, roomy pockets for those whose movements may be restricted. Like most of the clothing in our catalog, it has Velcro® fasteners to make dressing easier, even when seated.
You can order this dress for just $36* in sizes S (4, 6, 8); M (10, 12, 14); L (16, 18) or XL (20, 22). Call catalog shopping at your local Sears store and order number T8 NK 7450F for blue print or T8 NK 7452F for rose print.
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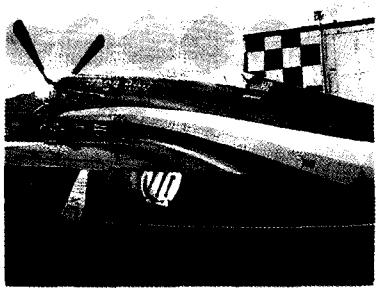

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Letters

Medical Articles Lifesavers

After reading some disagreeable letters to the *Post* in past issues, I am prompted to write and commend you for printing them. It prompts this appreciative reader to write and tell you our sincere enjoyment of all the *Post*'s formats.

You have literally saved my life with your articles on herpes and its relation to chicken pox and mumps —very encouraging to someone who was totally bewildered with a serious illness that not much is known about. I have a long way to go yet before I am totally well and able to do my normal work again.

Without your enlightening medical articles, I don't even want to think of how my future would have looked a few months ago. I also take a health-related magazine, and after reading your articles, I can make more sense out of the technical ones in it. I never read herpes articles before because every one listed them as genital-type diseases, and I had no symptoms or even cold sores. Then I went through your article about all the herpes viruses, and it was clear that for years I was having mild recurrences of the chicken pox and mumps that I had very severely in my young-adult years. Now that I am elderly, a very bad flu attack activated my chicken-pox scars and the symptoms.

Please keep up the good work on this fine, diversified magazine that we look forward to every issue.

Helen Grainger
Laurel, Montana

I enjoy each "LifeCare Digest" and appreciate Dr. SerVaas' warm concern for our health and education. Today I watched the interview concerning your lysine research. Since I've begun giving mealtime tablets to my family, our illnesses have decreased. Needless to say, my interest is piqued, especially since beginning the supplement on advice of "LifeCare Digest." I thought if lysine could prevent herpes, surely it could help us fight viral flu, colds, mononucleosis and chicken pox from school!

So far, as I say, we're healthier. Although we still have allergies,

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EDITORIAL
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For the first time —
an internationally renowned floral artist
creates an original sculptured bell.

The Sonia Rose

BY JEANNE HOLGATE

Life-size sculpture of intricate beauty
in fine, hand-painted bone china . . .
at the very attractive price of $60.

Entirely hand-painted.
Hand-decorated with pure 24 karat gold.
Issued in limited edition.

Fresh and arresting, *The Sonia Rose* is a triumph of two great traditions. Combining the beauty of floral sculpture . . . and the lilting grace of a bell . . . in an enchanting new work in fine bone china to enjoy and treasure always.

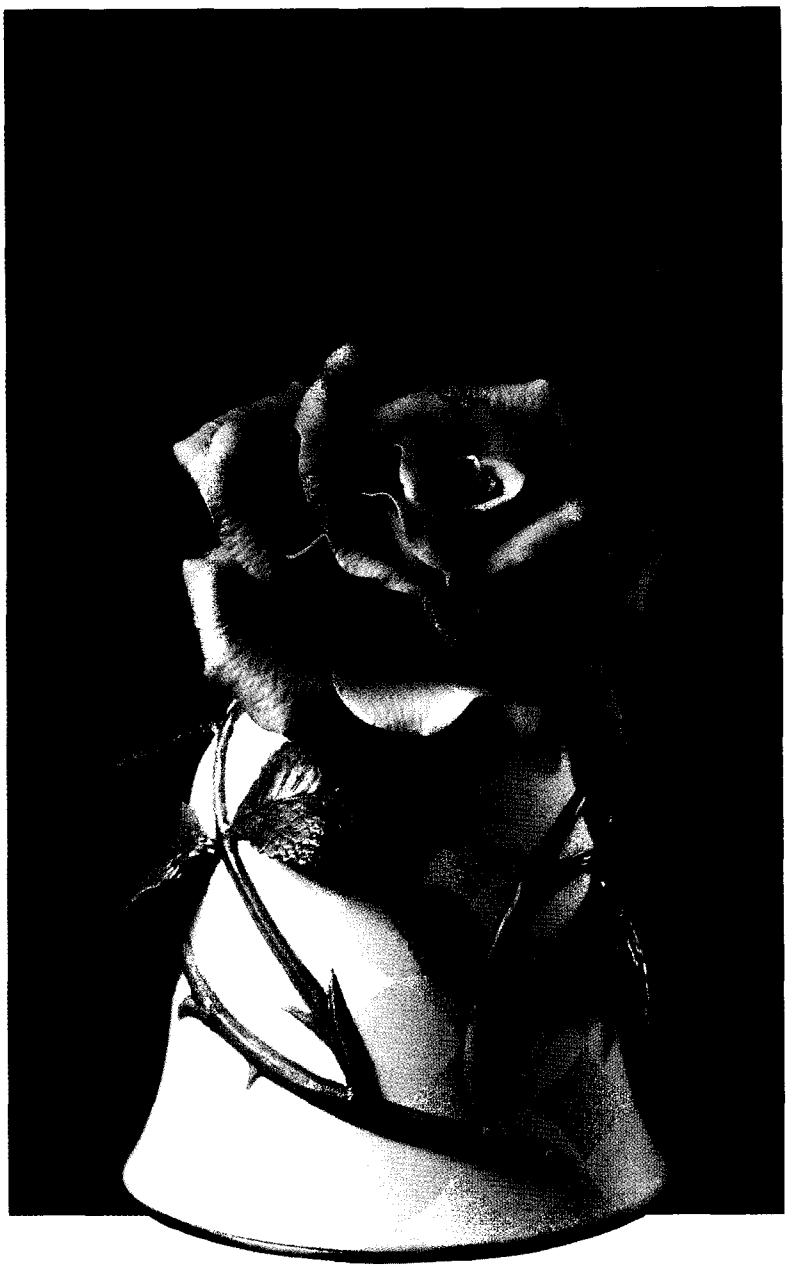
The creator of this delightful sculpture, Jeanne Holgate, has been acclaimed as America's finest floral artist. Internationally admired, her work is represented in the great floral art collections of the world, including the British Museum, America's famous Hunt Collection, and the private collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

Here, the artist has captured a rose in the radiant blush of first bloom. With entrancing precision, the sculpture portrays every vein of each leaf, every curve of each petal—even the tiny thorns growing out of the stem. The colors are of a subtlety that rivals nature itself. And the composition is superbly united by the bell of white bone china, which is hand-embellished with *pure 24 karat gold.*

In the tradition of the finest floral sculptures, *The Sonia Rose* is depicted fully life-size. Each imported bell will be individually handcrafted under the supervision of Franklin Porcelain. As an indication of the care that will be taken, the sculpture will be assembled by hand. And this intricate work will then be hand-painted—leaf by leaf—petal by petal.

Importantly for collectors, this is the first sculptured bell by Jeanne Holgate. It will be issued in a single, limited edition. A restriction of just *one* sculptured bell per person will be enforced, and the total edition will be limited forever to the exact number of individuals who enter orders by the end of the issuing year, 1983. Then, to insure the edition remains permanently closed, the bone china molds will be *broken.*

To brighten your home with a work of unusual beauty . . . and to acquire a future heirloom for your family . . . you need only return your application no later than the expiration date it bears: June 30, 1983. No payment is required with your reservation. Please be sure it is postmarked by June 30th.



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ADVANCE RESERVATION APPLICATION

THE SONIA ROSE

Valid only if postmarked by June 30, 1983.
Limit: One per person.

Franklin Porcelain
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please accept my reservation for *The Sonia Rose* by Jeanne Holgate. This original sculptured bell will be crafted for me in fine, hand-painted bone china.

I need send no money at this time. I will be billed in three monthly installments of $20.*, with the first payment due before the work is sent to me.

**Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3. for shipping and handling.*

Signature_____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss_____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

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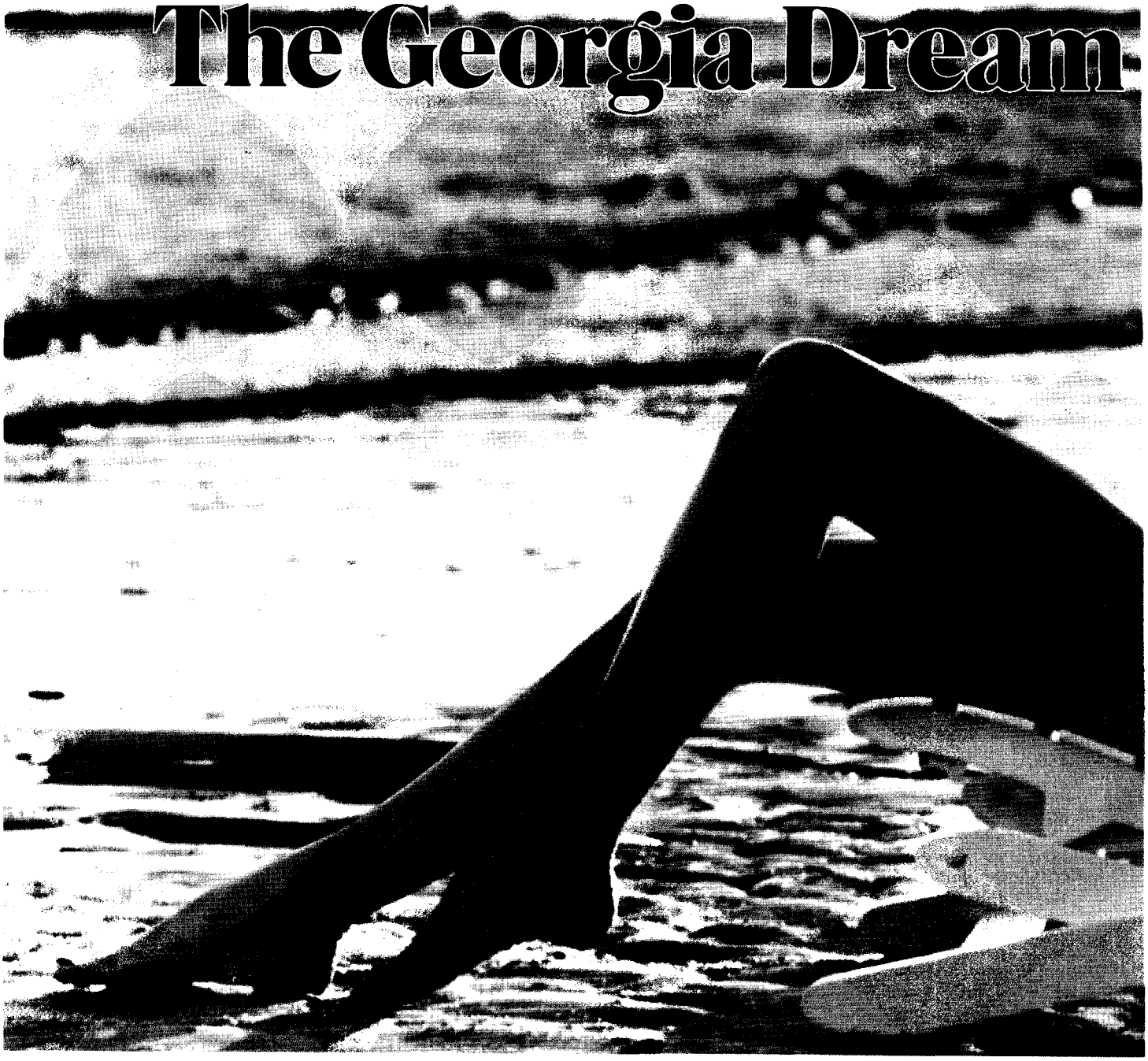
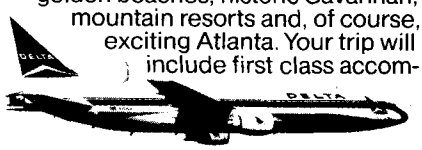
The Georgia Dream



GRAND PRIZE:

Win a family of four 2-week dream vacation via Delta Air Lines to Georgia plus $1,000 to spend as you choose. See the sun-drenched golden beaches, historic Savannah, mountain resorts and, of course, exciting Atlanta. Your trip will include first class accommodations at Villas · by the · Sea, Jekyll Island; Mulberry Inn, Savannah; Helendorf Inn, Helen; Stouffer's Pinelsle, Lake Lanier; Hyatt Regency Atlanta and Stone Mountain Inn, Atlanta. Limousine service is provided by Sun Belt Limousine of Atlanta.



3 SECOND PRIZES:

Accommodations for a family of four at one of three Georgia vacation areas: Brunswick and the Golden Isles; fun-filled Atlanta; or the cool North Georgia Mountains.

200 THIRD PRIZES:

200 Georgia T-shirts and Atlanta Braves baseballs will be given away.

Name your dream vacation. Soaking up rays on a secluded beach.

Sailing back through time as you visit places out of a history book.

Escaping to the mountains where you can fish, sail, golf or just relax.

Or living it up in a big city with more things to see and do than there is time in the day.

Whatever your pleasure, Georgia has just the place to fit your daydream.

And nobody treats you better than Georgia and Delta. Or gives

Official Rules

1. To enter, hand print your name and address on the official entry form or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Mail to: Georgia Sweepstakes, PO. Box 1477, Atlanta, Georgia 30301. Entries must be postmarked by May 24, 1983 and received by June 1, 1983.
2. No purchase required. One entry per person.
3. Winners will be selected in a random drawing conducted by an independent judging organization, whose decisions will be final. All 204 prizes, worth approximately $12,000.00 will be awarded. Limit one prize per household. Odds of winning depend upon number of entries received.
4. Sweepstakes open to all residents, 18 years or older, of the continental U.S.A. except employees and their immediate families of Georgia Department of Industry & Trade, Shivers Communications, Delta Air Lines and their advertising agencies, and the judging organization. Void in Georgia and wherever prohibited or restricted by law.
5. All entries become the property of Georgia Department of Industry and Trade and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. No substitution of prizes. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. Winners may be required to submit proof of eligibility and to execute a release. Trip prizes must follow itinerary

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Vacation Sweepstakes

you more vacation for your dollar.

So plan a family vacation to Georgia today.

Simply fill out the sweepstakes entry form and ask for your free 76-page color Georgia vacation guide, along with a "Nobody treats you better than Georgia" card—good for hundreds of vacation discounts.

Who knows, you just might win. But even if you don't, your dream vacation is closer and more affordable than you think. In Georgia.

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furnished to winner. Grand prize trip must originate and terminate at the same domestic city served by Delta and must be taken during two consecutive weeks in August, 1983. Other trips must be taken before December 31, 1983.

6. To obtain list of winners, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Georgia Winners List, P.O. Box 1776, Atlanta, Georgia 30301. All such requests must be received by June 30, 1983.

Nobody treats you better than Georgia

Please enter my name in the Georgia Dream Vacation Sweepstakes. Send my 76-page color vacation guide and "Nobody treats you better" discount card.

DELTA AIR LINES

MAIL TO: Georgia Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1477, Atlanta, GA 30301

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Phone_____

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Nobody treats you better than

Georgia.

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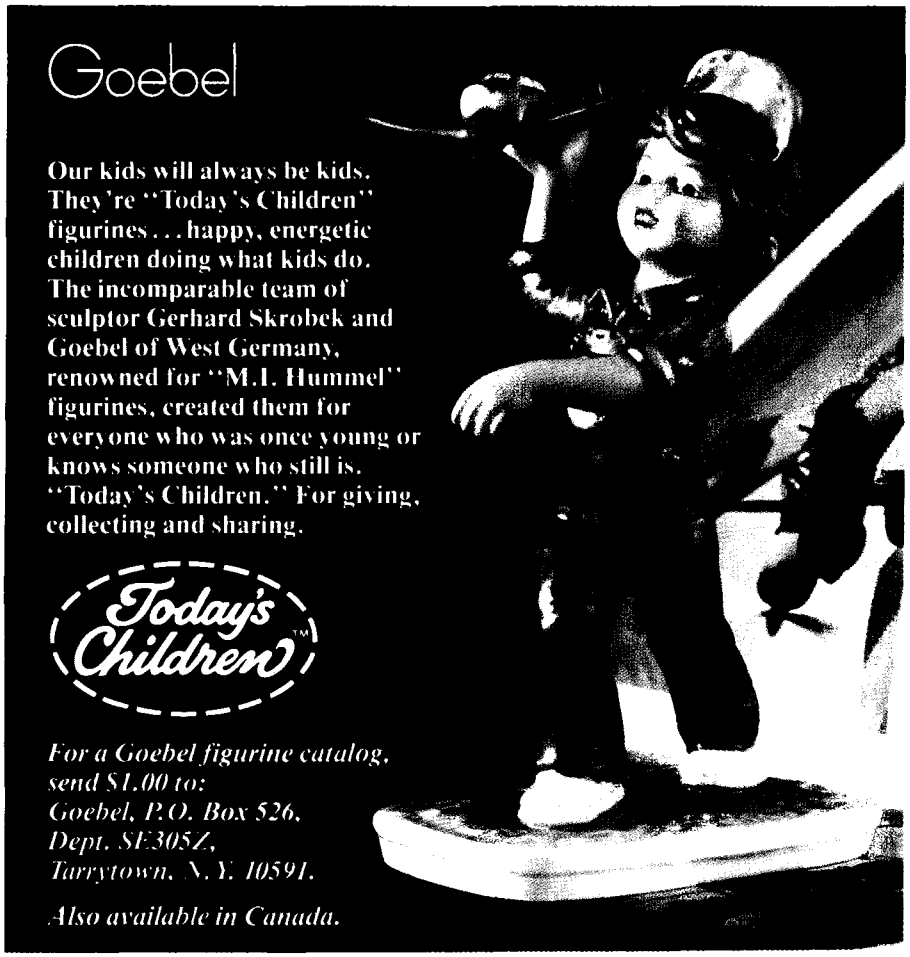
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overall our health is better and our doctor bills lower! Thank you for your service to the public through your programs and research.

Michelle Harris

Cancer Allergy

I recently discovered *The Saturday Evening Post*, and in looking through several issues, I was pleased to see the excellent medical articles, the health surveys and the many interesting letters. I was most impressed with the Society's own private war against cancer and believe that the investigative approach is very promising.

An area of research that I would like to pursue is the possible link between allergies and cancer. I have seen this casually mentioned once or twice in my reading about allergies, but no references were given. Is it a coincidence, I wonder, that an aunt and an uncle, on different sides of my family, who both died of cancer in middle age were the family members who also suffered from fairly severe respiratory allergies? It is possible that allergies stress the immune system to the point that it no longer adequately protects the body against cancer. Is there an increased risk? Nearly 20 percent of us have some sort of significant allergy. Should we be more wary of cancer than the rest of the general population? Or perhaps the problem, if there is one, is that people will blame their allergies for their coughs, or abdominal pains, and not seek medical attention in time to treat the cancer. I am curious to know if you have any information on the relationship between allergies and cancer or think it is worth following up.

Susan K. Bolton
Wayland, Massachusetts

We would like to support your research on the possible connection between allergies and cancer. Your logic is good, and we ask our fellow society members to tell us about their knowledge of higher incidences of cancer in those with allergies.

The acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS) is the condition causing the cancer, Kaposi's sarcoma, in young, mostly homosexual males.

If an allergy develops to seminal fluid carried in the blood stream through the vasculature of the lower rectum, this might be a cause for the breakdown in their immune defenses. This speculation might be as worthy of investigation as any, since the syndrome is still a mystery to CDC investigators. There is no treatment as yet for these individuals; 434 have already died, and it is feared that another 751 who have the condition will die also.

Bed Bias

I thoroughly enjoyed Maynard Stoddard's article on "Bed Etiquette" in your March '83 issue. However, I feel he gave a very biased picture, from a man's viewpoint only. Let me give you a woman's views on the subject:

I am married to the original "octopus" when it comes to sharing a bed. God forbid if he should get in bed before I do! He takes his half in the middle, and anything left over, if I fit, I can have. The sheets are also put on the bed for his exclusive use. No mummy was ever wrapped tighter than my spouse when he winds himself into the sheets. Now on the subject of cold feet: This is not just a peculiarity of the female gender. There is nothing that compares to having not one, but two icy appendages crawl up the backs of your bare legs while you are sound asleep. Even the Eskimos have it better than that. I will not even touch on the subject of snoring, as I am also married to a "buzz saw" and learned early in my married life that it pays to go to bed first and get to sleep before him. It also insures my share of the bed. After all these complaints, you'd think perhaps our marriage was not made in heaven (few are!!), but to tell the truth, after 35 years of married bliss, I've gotten used to all these things and would miss them if they weren't there.

I have enjoyed the *Post* ever since I first could read. Please print more articles like this.

Judy Pailley
Troy, New York

The *Post*'s Principles

I am proud of *The Saturday Evening Post*'s straightforward and bold stand for biblical principles and ideals in these days of confusion and immorality. How encouraged I am each month as I read your positive and inspiring stories and articles based on biblical character and principles.

Dave Brubaker
Concord, California

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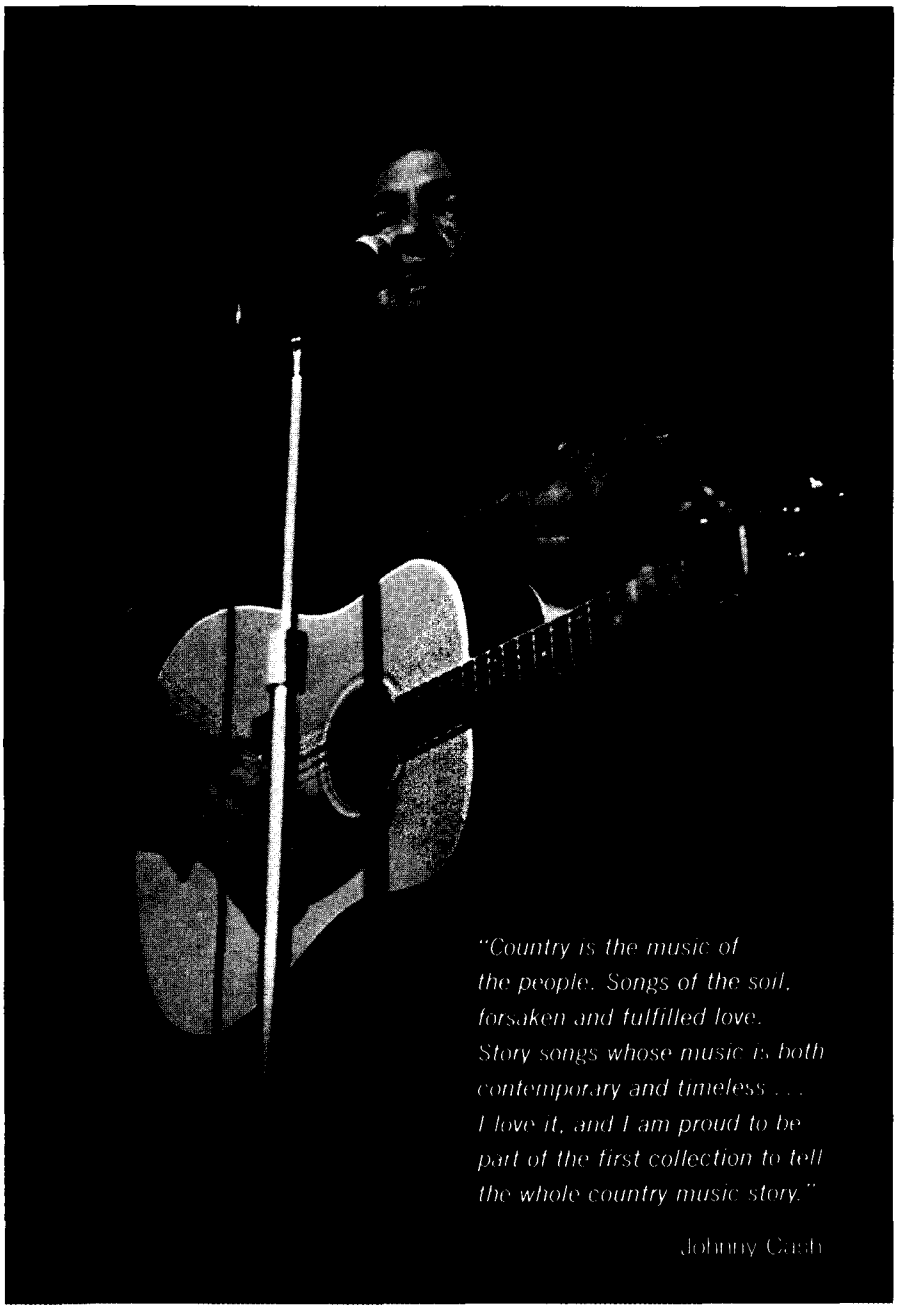
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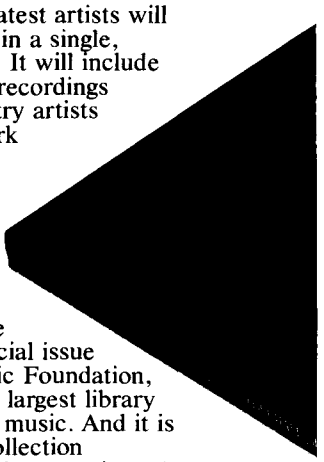

This remarkable collection is the official issue of the Country Music Foundation, home of the world's largest library of recorded country music. And it is the first complete collection that the Foundation has ever issued honoring *The Greatest Country Music Recordings of All Time*.

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THE GREATEST COUNTRY MUSIC RECORDINGS

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It will include such *long-time favorites* as Hank Snow, Ernest Tubb and Merle Travis. The *legendary giants:* Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, Jim Reeves, Flatt and Scruggs, Jimmie Rodgers. And recordings in every style—*bluegrass, Cajun, country gospel, western swing, honky tonk and rockabilly.*

The collection will also include such *rare recordings* as Vernon Dalhart's 1924 recording of 'The Prisoner's Song,' and Loretta Lynn's early classic 'Honky Tonk Girl'—now out of issue. And from the Foundation's archives will come *previously unreleased recordings*—studio "takes" never before made generally available.

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The Foundation has appointed The Franklin Mint Record Society—a leading producer of high-quality records—to produce the collection. The vinyl used for these records will be of a special formula that contains its own anti-static element—for a clearer sound and a surface that resists dust. And each record will be pressed in a dust-free "clean room" to strict quality standards. These will be *proof-quality* records—providing exceptional tonal fidelity.

Custom hardbound albums have been designed to house and protect all 100 proof-quality records in the collection. Each album will contain four long-playing records, presenting a program of artists and recordings carefully selected by the Foundation and accompanied by illustrated program notes.

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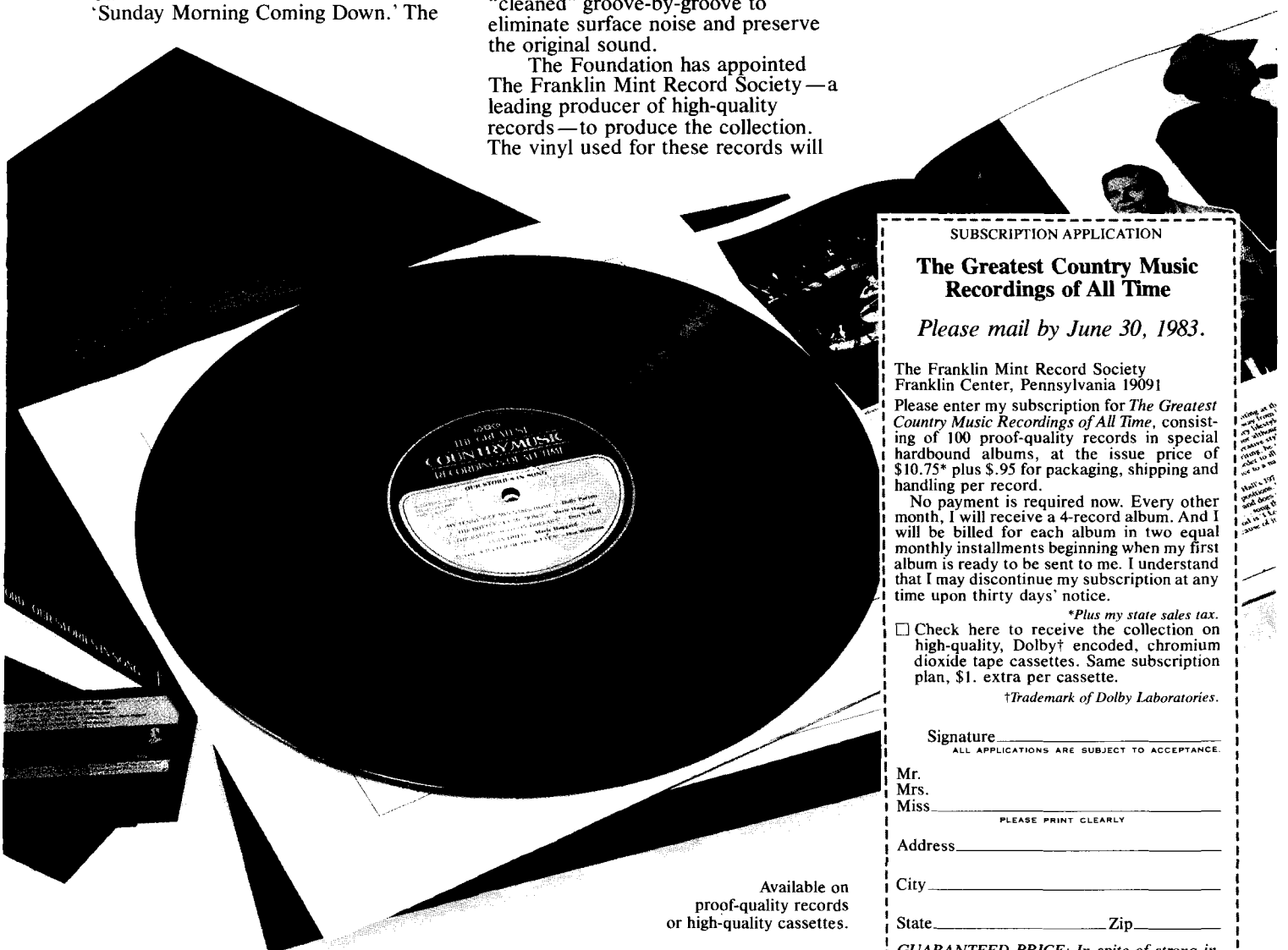
The collection may be acquired only by direct subscription to The Franklin Mint Record Society. To subscribe now, simply return the attached application by June 30, 1983.



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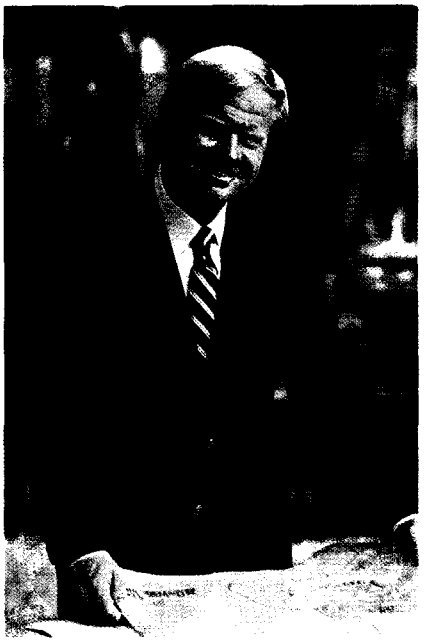
Post People

Holly Coors

Betty Van Andel, wife of Amway Corporation chairman Jay Van Andel, divides her time between land, sea and air. On land, as a board member of Michigan's largest mental hospital, she devotes her hours to long-range planning. At sea, she entertains family and friends aboard ship in the Caribbean. In the air, she graciously hosts dignitaries and executives from the lands where Amway markets its products.

Holly Coors

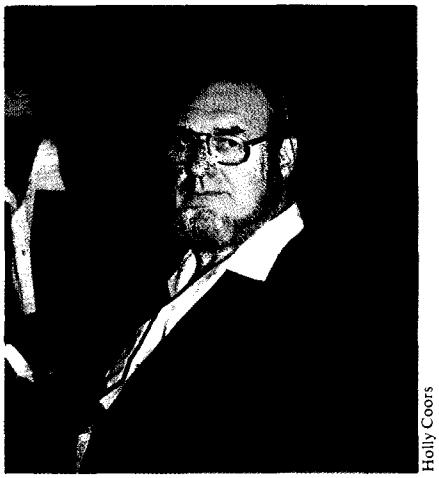
It now appears that Austrian-born ***Helene von Damm*** will be sent by our government back to her own country—as an ambassador. So don't try to convince her that America is not the land of opportunity. In her 20-year career, she has held the position of executive assistant to Ronald Reagan from 1975 to 1979 and become the first woman to direct the presidential personnel office at the White House.



Golf's record money winner could be excused for spending the rest of his life just puttering around. But ***Jack Nicklaus*** prefers to keep driving. Besides continuing to play to standing ovations, his latest drive is the development of golf communities, restoring courses and bordering them with expensive townhouses. His first such project is a $70 million renovation of Saint Andrews, the nation's oldest golf course, in Westchester County, New York.

Holly Coors

Marrying into the Moy brewing family of Munich hasn't quenched the career of ***Verena von Moy***. Her costume jewelry "gems" will continue to attract boutique shoppers in Europe and America. "Not only are they *au courant* and fun to wear," she says, "but you don't have to lock them up when you travel."


Holly Coors

Dr. C. Everett Koop, world-renowned pediatric surgeon, humanitarian and United States Surgeon General, is interested in health habits at any age that will increase life expectancy. Long-term care of the aged, from strokes to fractured hips, and helping children with handicaps are his special projects. He is perhaps best known for his antismoking campaign.

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The house closing.

You haven't felt this nervous or excited since your wedding day. You both know you've made the right choice. But you worry that something will go wrong. Something in the legal papers, maybe.

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SANDI PATTI'S NOTES OF GLADNESS

Her schoolteaching career on hold, this diminutive gospel singer has turned loose a giant voice that is winning awards and bringing audiences to their feet.

by Charles W. Phillips

From a shaky chorus of "Jesus Loves Me" at age two and a half, Sandi Patti has sung her way into millions of hearts and onto the charts of the gospel-music world.

Sandi Patti may look like the girl next door, but her voice is out of this world. The preacher's daughter from Indiana (who comes by way of Oklahoma, Arizona, California and other stops along her dad's pastoral path) has been bringing fans to their feet and believers to their knees since she launched her solo career five years ago.

While her success is hardly of the overnight variety—her first public performance was a shaky chorus of "Jesus Loves Me," delivered at age two and a half—her admirers multiply with each album and concert. At the 1983 convention of National Religious Broadcasters in Washington, D.C., she sang four songs and received four standing ovations. For the live taping of her latest record, fans began arriving five hours before the show, and more than 1,000 "latecomers" were turned away from the standing-room-only appearance.

Two Dove awards, a Grammy nomination and a best-selling album (*Lift Up The Lord*) have failed to convince her that her place on top of the booming gospel-music industry is permanent. It all happened so quickly, she insists; if it ended tomorrow, she could comfortably switch gears and revert to Plan A—a high school teaching job for her; a career as a CPA for her husband-manager, John Helvering.

"John was a business major in college, and I was getting my teaching credentials," she recalls. "A week before our wedding, a record company executive called and said he had heard my custom album and wanted to talk with me. I told him I was getting married on Friday and didn't want to think about anything else for a couple of months. He understood and waited about eight weeks before he called back and set up a meeting. Everything started to mushroom from that point on. We hadn't planned on a music career, but it felt right."

Far from being an upstart in the business, she had been paying her dues for years. As a teen-ager, she sang on the church-concert circuit with her parents, Ron and Carolyn Patty, and her two brothers. Later, she financed her last two years of Christian college by working as a studio back-up singer recording jingles for Juicy Fruit gum, a chain of fast-food restaurants and the Ohio State Fair. Strange way to launch a gospel-music ministry? Sandi doesn't think so.

"I was able to practice for two years and was paid for it," she says. "In the studio, I had to sing like so many different people. It helped me prepare for what I'm doing now—switching from one style of music to another."

She often showcases this versatility during concerts by leading her audience through the various musical stages she passed on her way to arriving at her own sound. She recounts the nervous rendition of "Jesus Loves Me" that she sang as a toddler in the Oklahoma City church where her dad was minister of music. She does uncanny impressions of the late Karen Carpenter and Barbra Streisand (both singing "Jesus Loves Me") to capture her teen years, when she flirted with a pop style of delivery. Her college career is represented by opera, since

continued on page 18

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Sandi Patti

continued from page 16

she admits to taking herself very seriously during her early voice training at San Diego State and later at Anderson (Indiana) College. Her final message is, of course, that everyone should strive to be himself. It's a message she underscores offstage and on.

"Too many people think that they want to be like this person or that person," she says. "I have a lot of young girls come up to me and say, 'My goal is to be just like you.' I tell them, 'But I want you to be what the Lord wants you to be. Strive for something better than to be just like me; strive for what the Lord wants you to be.' "

One of the reasons she attracts the adulation of young fans is her thoroughly modern look, sound and style. She banters easily with the audience, jokes about the horrors of piano lessons (her mother, an accomplished musician, taught her), recalls her courtship (the Helverings' first date was to a Steve Martin concert) and often cajoles John into leaving the sound booth long enough to join her onstage for a lullabyelike duet. They complement each other physically —she's small and blonde, he's tall and dark—and although she gently teases him when they share a microphone, she praises him in private, even after years of marriage.

"All I do is sing," she says, "John does everything else. He helps with the sound, the lighting and ties up all the loose ends. The fact that I'm the one in the spotlight is no problem. He sees his part of the business as his ministry; what he's prepared all his life to do. I don't know very many husbands who could understand the kind of situation we have."

John also can be credited with boosting Sandi's career from the Sundays-only schedule of a part-time singer to the breathless pace they now enjoy. Before they were married, he urged her to record a custom album, called *For My Friends*, to be sold at the record table after Patty family concerts. The album proved to be significant for two reasons: First, it was heard by a record-company executive who offered her a major contract; and second, when the custom-album shipment was delivered, an important error was discovered. On the cover of the record jacket, Sandi's name was spelled Patti, instead of Patty. Rather than discard the albums or try to explain the mistake to every audience, she simply changed her name. Sandi Patti. Why not?

"Maybe somewhere down the line I might make a big effort to be sure that I'm called Sandi Patti Helvering; but Helvering is such a mouthful. John says all his life people have had a hard time with it, so he suggested we just stick with Sandi Patti. He says it's easier for people to remember."

"No, I won't let you see my license. All you want to see is how old I am!"

Few people who have heard her singing have difficulty remembering the name, regardless of its length or spelling. Her message may be heavy, but it's driven home with a velvet hammer. Seldom does a concert end on a less thunderous note than a standing ovation.

"I feel that you have to get the people's attention before you can say anything of value," she says. "That's where the entertainment part comes in. But I don't want it only to be entertainment. I want people to leave with something that they'll think about for several days. Audiences vary; in some situations I have to go out and convince them that I'm okay, legitimate and not trying to take their money and run. I have to kind of win them over."

On nights like that, she's particularly grateful to have John traveling with her as her manager. "I can testify to all the hours and all the anxiety she spends trying to get through to the people," he says. "Some audiences are just great, and it's no problem, but some. . . ."

"You practically have to stand on your head," she jokes.

The effort is worthwhile. At age 26, she's already been recognized as Gospel Artist of the Year and Female Vocalist of the Year (1981) by the Gospel Music Association. Her staff, which once consisted only of John, has expanded to include a booking agent, an executive assistant, a publicist and a secretary. Requests for concert dates come in at a phenomenal rate—more than 800 last year. Her latest album, containing the hit duet "More Than Wonderful" with Larnelle Harris, enjoyed brisk sales even before it was released. Earlier this year, she completed a tour of Singapore, Hong Kong and the Philippines. International audiences, it appears, enjoy her music as much as stateside fans do.

Such activities add up to success by anyone's yardstick. Even the conservative Sandi and John admit that their teaching and accounting careers may be on indefinite hold. Still, profits are being carefully invested in practical purchases such as the new sound system they take on the road, and the only "splurge" the two have permitted themselves is a large colonial home, located just a few miles from the college campus where they met. But another, more modest, indulgence may be on its way.

"John gave me a number and promised if our last album reaches that point in sales, we'll put a swimming pool in the backyard," says Sandi.

Groundbreaking is expected to begin soon.

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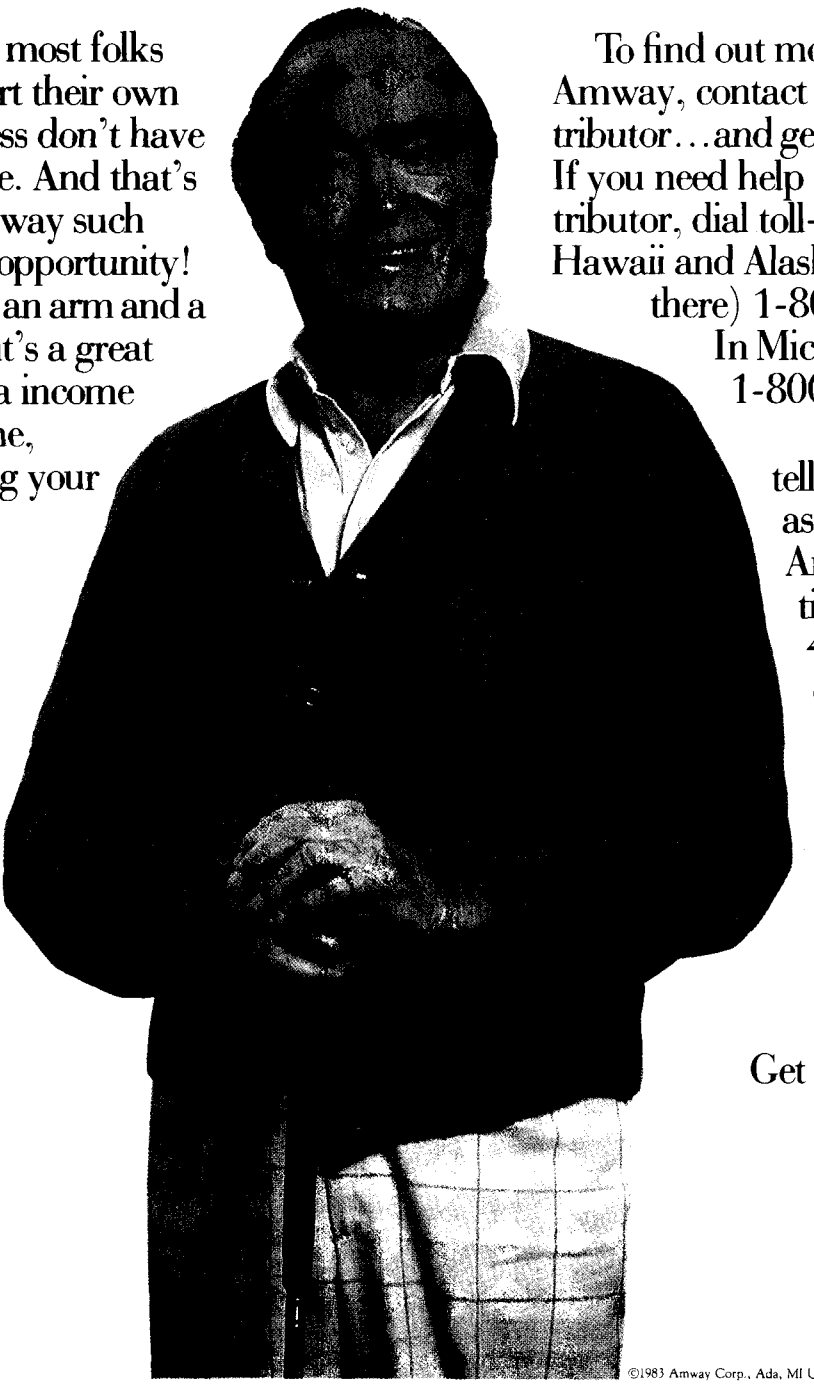

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THE LIVING BIBLE: VERY MUCH ALIVE

It took Ken Taylor 16 years of hard work to produce the easy-to-read translation of his favorite book, but today, 12 years and 28 million copies later, he is still at it.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

The question had been bugging Kenneth Taylor before he boarded the train that morning. Ordinarily, on this 45-minute commuter run from the Taylor home in Wheaton, Illinois, to Chicago, he could concentrate on his day's schedule as director of publications for Moody Press. But not this morning. Not with last night's question getting in the way.

As usual, he had been reading aloud from the King James version of the Bible. And, as usual, the eight puzzled faces of his audience told him that the words of this translation were going over their heads without touching a hair. Nevertheless, the eight Taylor children listened respectfully as he continued with Paul's Epistle to Timothy:

"Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine."

Closing the book, he had asked what the passage meant. An equally respectful silence followed. Not even the three oldest, aged 12, 11 and 10, could come up with a clue.

"What Paul was saying," Taylor patiently explained, "was to preach the word at all times, whenever you get a chance, in season and out, when it is convenient and when it is not. Correct and rebuke your people when they need it, encourage them to do right, and at all times be feeding them patiently with God's word." The puzzled looks disappeared.

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place, Daddy?" asked eight-year-old Janet.

As the train roared on, Taylor pondered the question. He had a master's degree in theology, and his father was a Presbyterian minister, so he well knew the importance of the Bible in the lives of his children. But how could they sort through the *thees* and *thous* and comprehend the *propitiations* and *justifications*? How well he remembered his own teen-age days, when he had found the Bible tough going. The most important book in the world, he reflected, holding the answers to the world's every problem, and yet no one had ever given it a readable and understandable translation.

"Why didn't you say that in the first place, Daddy?"

Opening his Bible, he took from his briefcase an old note pad and propped it against his knee. By the time the train screeched to a stop at his Chicago station, a chapter from Paul's Epistle to Timothy filled the top page, without a *thee* or a *thou* or a *propitiation* to be seen. *The Living Bible*, a book destined to enlighten the minds and lighten the lives of millions, had met its maker.

"I think God had been preparing me through the years for that very moment," says Kenneth Taylor.

The years since that moment have not been entirely unkind to this tall, trim, unassuming man of God. Though time has dyed his hair grey and he has had surgery to remove part of his vocal cords, his keen wit and good humor have not been affected. And once Dr. Taylor (the doctorate is honorary, he is quick to admit) begins to recount the aftermath of that momentous train ride, it's easy to forget that his voice is hard to understand.

"That night, I read my scribbled translations to the children, and they listened all the way through, bored no more," he says. "Best of all, they were eager to answer my questions, because they had understood."

His commuting now became a journey through the Epistles, as he spent the daily 45-minute ride paraphrasing the New Testament. He recalls how he struggled to say exactly what the Scripture writers meant, putting it simply, expanding where necessary for a clear understanding.

"I worked from the American Standard translation, at that time

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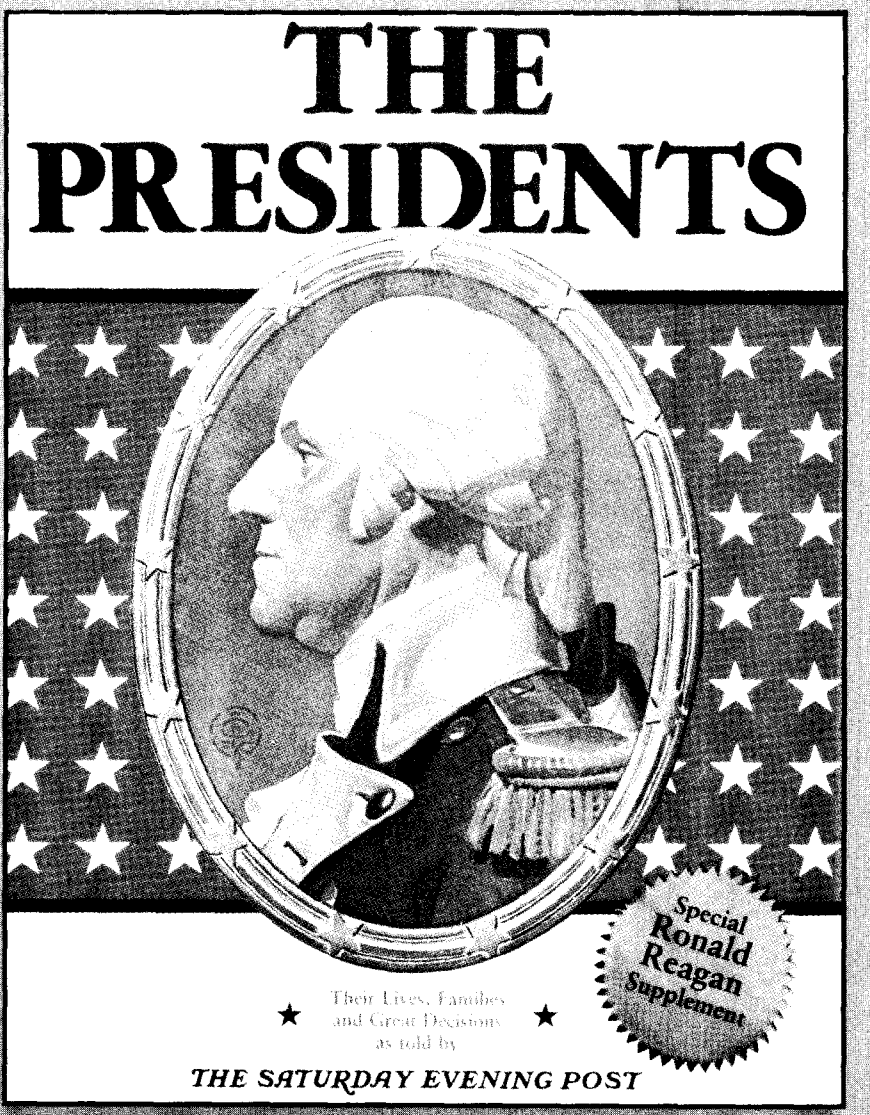
AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILY ALBUM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the finest available," he says. "But these writers often used idioms and thought patterns that today are hard to follow. They also compressed thoughts into single words. My paraphrasing thus was on a thought-to-thought rather than a word-to-word basis."

Difficult as it was, Taylor found the work enjoyable. And when one morning the rhythmic clatter of the train wheels seemed to say to him ". . .do *all* the Epistles. . .do *all* the Epistles. . ." he believed the idea was actually coming from God and went on to do just that. In the meantime, the thought began to germinate that perhaps other families, too, would welcome a translation free of *thees* and *thous.*

When the work was completed, Dr. Taylor submitted his 260-page *Living Letters* to a group of scholars who "knew Hebrew better than I." The corrections made, he climbed the stairs of his old farmhouse at Wheaton and settled down in his study to read the final version.

"It was disappointing," he says. "Rough in spots, and the great doctrinal thoughts were still not as clear as I had hoped they would be."

The rewrite took a year. Again not satisfied, he rewrote it once more. And then again. In all, there were seven revisions, requiring seven years. After more scrutiny by the Bible scholars and further changes, at last, in 1961, Taylor felt that the manuscript was ready for publication.

The trouble was, the publishing people weren't ready for it. All who saw it turned it down. Today, he can chuckle about that morning when he finally said to his wife over the breakfast eggs, "Well, honey, it looks as if we'll have to publish *Living Letters* ourselves."

Taylor remembers her look of astonishment. They now had 10 children and little money saved from his Moody Press salary. Nevertheless, she agreed.

Had there been any thought of giving up? Dr. Taylor shakes his head. "No, by this time I had a compelling feeling that God had called me to do this work. And I felt more and more that people, especially young people, needed this easy-to-read version of His Word."

Taylor also now feels that God had a hand in directing him to a Christian brother so enthusiastic about the work that he agreed to publish the book on a "pay me when you can" basis. Taylor ordered 2,000 copies, to be sold at $3.30 each. How to sell them now became the problem.

Renting half a booth at the 1962 Christian Bookseller's Convention, he sold 800 copies. Encouraged, he began sending out letters and samples to book agents. Four months later, sales still totaled only 800. The Taylor family devotions began to include prayers for selling the other 1,200 copies.

The snowball began rolling slowly. Some days there was one sale, sometimes two—on rare days, three. Taking a deep breath, the Taylors ordered another 5,000. A few months later, 10,000. Then someone sent a copy to the Reverend Billy Graham, who was in an Hawaiian hospital convalescing from an operation. He promptly ordered 50,000 copies of *Living Letters* for a giveaway on his broadcasts. The avalanche had begun.

With success after seven years of struggle, why hadn't Ken Taylor declared it enough and gone back to his easier daily regimen?

"By this time, I was so accustomed to discipline," he says, "that I couldn't stop. I began tackling the prophets. I knew they should be speaking out to us today, but they couldn't be heard if they weren't being read. So *Living Prophecies* became our second book."

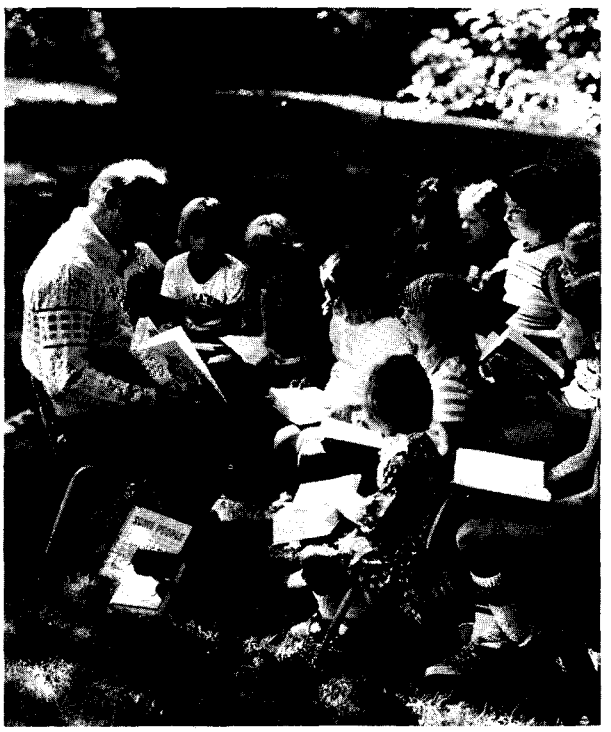
Finally, after 18 years, Taylor left Moody Press to administer the family's own small publishing house, Tyndale Press, named after William Tyndale, translator of the first New Testament printed in English. It wasn't long before the new company outgrew its dining-room office and its garage shipping quarters. The first move was to the rented basement of a commercial building; two years later, operations moved to a modern plant in Wheaton.

Is it true that he finally had the whole family working on paraphrasing? Dr. Taylor laughs and shakes his head. "No, I did that all myself," he says. "But the family did everything else. Our 12-year-old son filled the orders; my wife loaded them into the car and took them to the post office; our oldest daughter did the billing."

With more time now to write, Taylor had *Living Gospels* ready for the press in 1966, followed by *Living Psalms and Proverbs* in 1967. With the help of a dedicated staff, *The Living Bible,* completed, finally appeared in 1971. It had taken "Sixteen years—seven years part-time with Moody, nine years full time," he says, almost apologetically.

And when, finally, Revelation 22:21 had been written in his own understandable and so-easy-to-read words, what had been Taylor's emotions? That his life's work, at last, was over?

Leaning back, he says with a chuckle, "It was a funny thing. I staggered down the stairs that morning—and there was nothing



After years of "testing" verses of *The Living Bible* on his 10 children, Kenneth Taylor can't break the habit—as the Taylor's 18 grandchildren will testify.

continued on page 94

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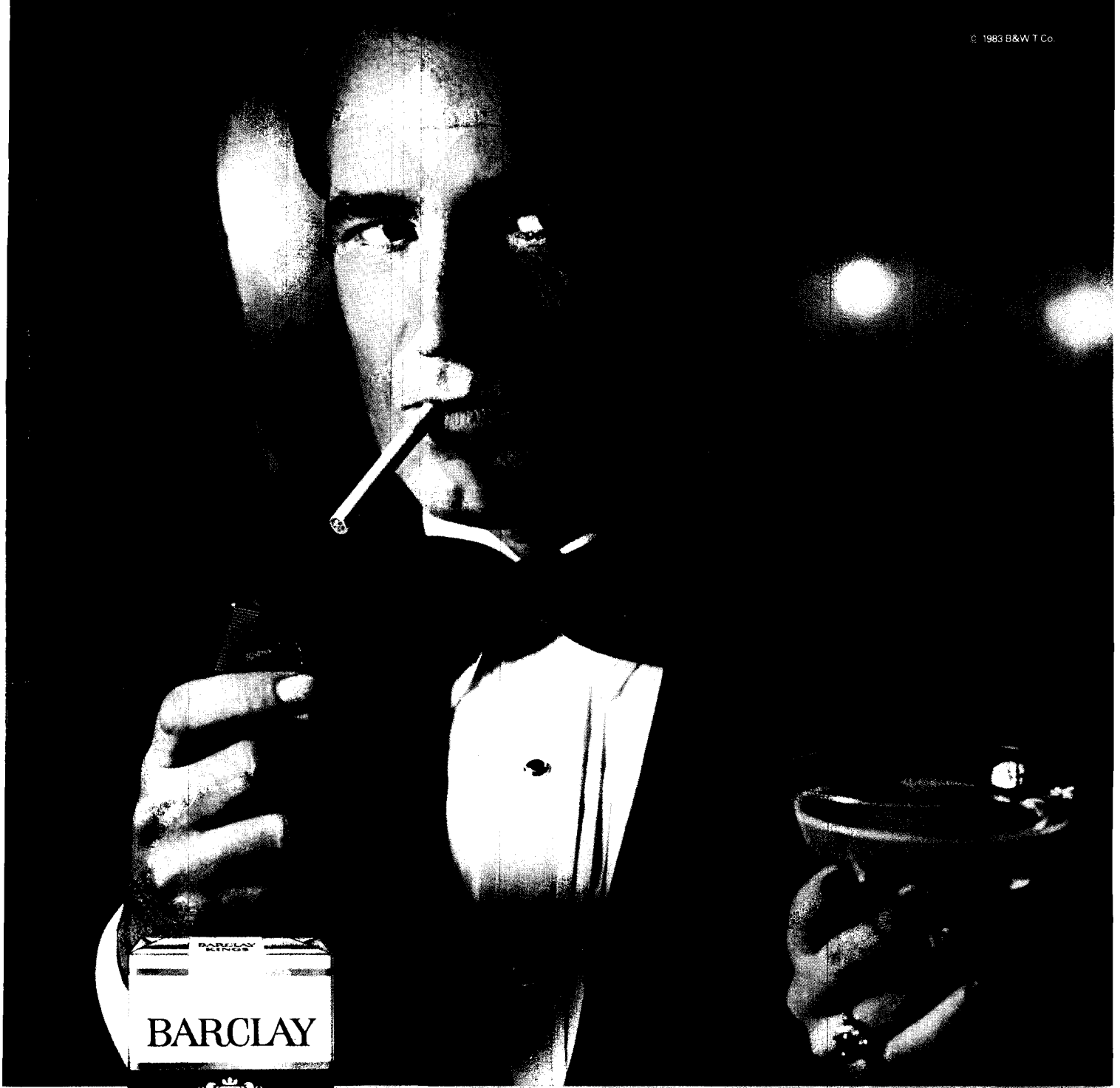

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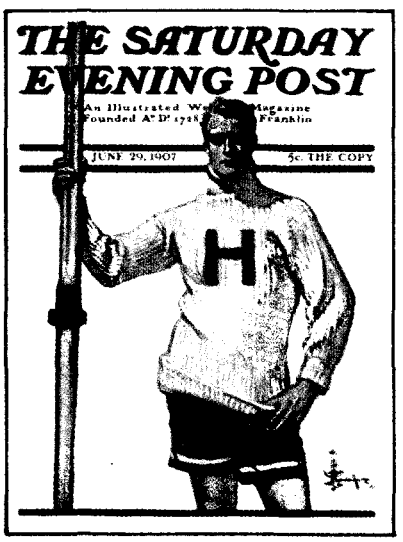

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THE BATTLE AGAINST ARTHRITIS

Coupled with an attitude of hope, doctors are employing everything from exercise and diet to the venom of Bolivian ants in fighting the nation's number one crippler.

by B. A. Vinocur

Isabel Hanson can no longer play the piano. She is a victim of rheumatoid arthritis, one of the estimated 30 to 40 million arthritis sufferers in the U.S. "At first," she says, "I thought my hands would be spared, but one morning I woke up and found they, too, were affected. I was horrified—piano playing was at the very center of my life." More than eight years later, Isabel is helping others who find themselves in the same situation. Still, she admits that, even today, she mourns the fact that arthritis ended her piano-playing days forever. However, like arthritis experts, Isabel emphasizes the importance of hope: "I know that my attitude has a real effect on my arthritis."

Roy D. Altman, M.D., professor of medicine at the University of Miami School of Medicine, agrees. "Central in caring for patients with arthritis is helping them deal with their disease and its consequences. Above all, we try to give them hope." Thanks to the work of Altman and others, there is definitely hope for the 30 to 40 million people in the United States with arthritis, even though experts confess that there is still a great deal to be learned about the problem.

Osteoarthritis (left) is a local joint disease that is not systemic. It can vary from a mere cosmetic nuisance to a severe crippling disease. Rheumatoid arthritis (right) is a systemic disease that affects body connective tissues and can cause pain, disfigurement, fatigue, muscle weakness and weight loss. There are more than 100 kinds of arthritis.

Among the things doctors emphasize about arthritis is that, despite what its name might imply, it is not one disease. Instead, arthritis is perhaps 100 or more different diseases. Some varieties may affect more than just joints; internal organs, the eyes and the skin can also be attacked. And arthritis is not merely a disease that afflicts the elderly. Millions of its victims are in the prime of their lives; hundreds of thousands are only children.

Despite the staggering statistics and mental images of twisted fingers and limbs, there are some promising new therapies for one form of the disease, rheumatoid arthritis. One of the most encouraging is total lymphoid irradiation (TLI). Reports from both Stanford and Harvard Medical Schools have shown that this form of therapy can produce remissions lasting nearly three years. Samuel Strober, M.D., professor of medicine and chief of the division of immunology at Stanford, stresses that, while results with TLI have so

Although exercising may be difficult for some arthritis patients, doctors generally agree it can help. Swollen, painful joints move more freely when exercised in a warm pool. Exercise programs should be undertaken with professional supervision.

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far been promising, it is only used on patients who have failed to respond to all other therapies.

TLI, Strober emphasizes, is not without side effects. However, most are transient, lasting from several weeks to a month. These include nausea, weakness and sometimes a severe lowering of the blood count. Although TLI is a powerful therapy, Strober points out that it should still be considered an experimental treatment.

Strober stresses that the knowledge gained from TLI is perhaps even more exciting than the therapy itself. "What we are learning from this is a good deal about the immune system and the central role it plays in rheumatoid arthritis. That information is itself very valuable."

Venom from Bolivian ants is also proving to be a promising form of therapy for arthritis in several early studies. According to Altman, the origins of the therapy can be traced back several centuries. "Hieroglyphics have been found showing ants attacking swollen joints." Even today, natives in Bolivia still go to the so-called Tree of the Devil to be stung by the ants.

Altman and his colleagues began looking into the venom after reports describing impressive results made their way to Miami. "We have seen patients have remissions for as long as two or three years following injections of the venom. And in one study we did here, we found that a significant number of patients responded favorably to the injections." The study Altman speaks of lasted six months. Patients were given daily injections of the venom under the skin of the upper arm for about ten days. While not all patients responded, Altman emphasizes that, thus far, no form of therapy has worked on all arthritis patients. Still, Altman says the venom shows promise, and Frederic McDuffie, M.D., senior vice president of the Arthritis Foundation, agrees. Both, however, say more studies will be needed before final conclusions about ant-venom treatment can be reached. According to Altman, those studies will require the support of a drug company.

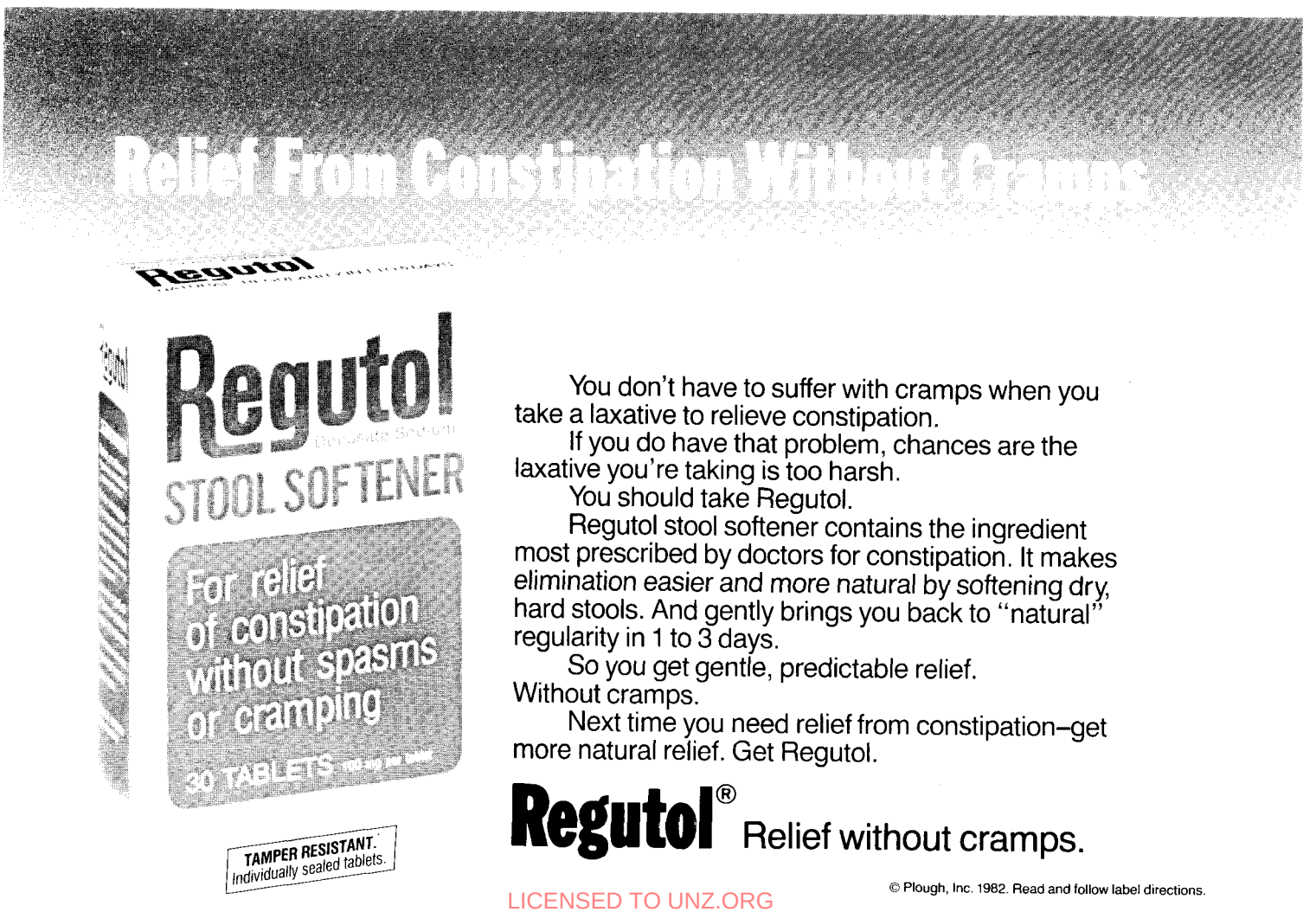
Determining which therapies work and which don't is no simple task. Experts emphasize the extreme variability of the disease. Although two patients may appear to have the same form of arthritis, their symptoms and responses to therapy may be quite different.

The value of exercise for patients with arthritis is something about which all experts seem to agree.

One form of exercise enthusiastically received by both physicians and patients is swimming. The body is weightless in water, making it easier for patients to move their limbs.

Strober also recommends exercise to his patients and stresses that, while the ability to exercise may vary somewhat, inactivity is one of the patient's biggest enemies. "Being sedentary is a natural reaction to arthritis, but it can become a vicious cycle. Inactivity makes matters worse, and that encourages less exercise. So the importance of exercise should be emphasized."

Doctors, researchers and arthritis patients are all frustrated by the many gaps in our knowledge of this baffling array of diseases. There are still important missing links in the arthritis story. One baffling link is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the role of diet. In the case of at least one form of arthritis, gout, the connection has been long acknowledged.

The link between diet and other forms of arthritis is weaker. Still, there are many patients who swear that diet affects their arthritis, and a growing number of arthritis experts agree with them. Generally speaking, most diets that have been proposed for arthritics are not harmful. They present no real nutritional risk if strictly followed. One of the most popular and successful diets is advocated by Collin Dong, M.D. An arthritis sufferer himself, Dong began the diet shortly after he graduated from Stanford Medical School in 1931. Today, in his 80s, he remains active and has thousands of letters from grateful patients who have had success with it.

Well outlined in his two books, *The Arthritic's Cookbook* and *New Hope for the Arthritic*, Dong's regimen focuses on eliminating additives, preservatives, red meat and other offending foods from the patient's diet. Dong stresses that patients should discuss the diet with their physicians before embarking on it. It is nutritionally adequate, and as a side benefit, most patients lose weight on the diet. Since it restricts fat, it could be expected to reduce the risk of heart disease and certain forms of cancer that have been linked to high-fat diets.

One of Dong's admirers is California's former United States Senator, Dr. S.I. Hayakawa. Also in his 80s, Hayakawa remains very active. Formerly president of San Francisco State University, Hayakawa is perhaps best remembered for his tam-o'-shanter hat and his reputation as a renowned semanticist. Although Hayakawa does not have arthritis, he credits Dong's diet with lowering his weight and his blood pressure and generally making him feel better.

One group that has looked extensively into diets for arthritis is the American College of Allergists. The chairman of their study section on the matter was James C. Breneman, M.D., a Michigan allergist. Dr. Breneman explains that most people think of food allergies as something producing hives or more serious and life-threatening reactions. But there are also delayed allergic reactions that are not as rare as generally believed. These delayed reactions, he says, have been conclusively linked to various cases of arthritis. Breneman estimates that perhaps as many as 60 percent of arthritis patients might benefit from dietary manipulations. "There is no question," he says, "that there are substantial numbers of patients who have food allergies that manifest themselves as arthritis. This form of delayed reaction is harder to diagnose than the usual allergies we all think of." He adds that, while no one food seems to be the trigger in all patients, pork, milk, peanuts and some wheat products are common offenders. Dr. Derek Wraith of Memorial Hospital in London has found that the avoidance of such offending foods can often replace the use of drugs in the treatment of these arthritis cases.

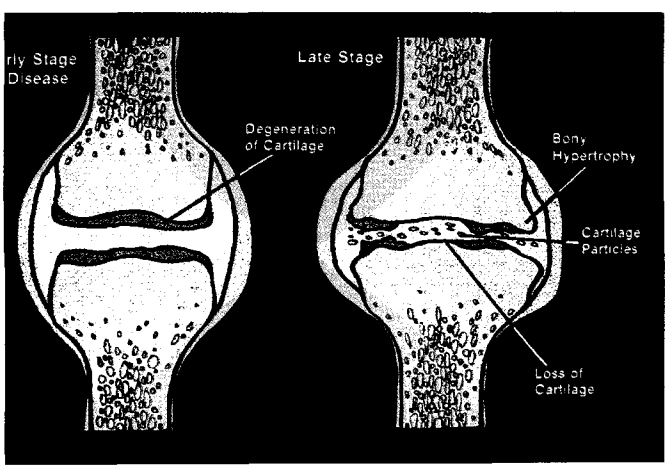
The use of drugs is also important in treating arthritics. In Isabel Hanson's case, penicillamine, a distant relative of penicillin, produced a two and a half year remission. Aspirin remains a mainstay in therapy, but has side effects and doesn't work equally well for everyone. More powerful drugs, ones which inhibit the body's immune system, are also useful in some patients, but in large doses these can have serious side effects, as can the use of steroids such as cortisone. For this reason, researchers are continuing to search for better forms of therapy, ones that, it is hoped, will arrest the disease without requiring patients to take medication several times daily for the rest of their lives. Total lymphoid irradiation and Bolivian ant venom are but two of the promising rays of hope on the horizon.

Another treatment for the symptoms of arthritis is the application of heat and cold to affected joints. "It's a very variable thing," McDuffie says. "Some swear by heat; others are helped by cold packs. There are a number of reports from Sweden about the benefit of cold plunges. Still other patients find alternating heat with cold the best for them." Ointments that produce heat are helpful for some, too.

Another treatment that has also been reported to provide dramatic help to patients with arthritis is DMSO. Still very controversial, there are as yet no studies documenting its effectiveness, and experts caution that, although some patients swear by it, impurities in some preparations could prove potentially dangerous. Altman says, "There is absolutely no reason to believe, based on what we know now, that DMSO has any effect on the disease itself or on the bone destruction that can result from it."

This destruction of bone is one of the major problems in arthritis. Countless joints have been irreparably damaged by bone erosion. Fortunately, joint replacement has come of age, and doctors are now able to help many patients crippled by arthritis through the use of artificial joints. Most experts point out that, of the artificial joints available, the hip replacement is the best. "It will take time," McDuffie says, "but eventually, I think the replacement of finger joints, elbows, shoulders and knees will reach the point where the artificial hip is today." Work with replacement finger joints is encouraging, and even at this stage, some movement can be restored to crippled hands.

So, while the battle with the diseases we call arthritis is far from over, there definitely appears to be cause for hope. And according to Isabel Hanson, that—perhaps more than any drug or treatment doctors have to offer—is what arthritis sufferers need most.



In osteoarthritis, there is a narrowing of the joint space and a bony proliferation at the margins of the joints. As yet, these joint changes brought about by osteoarthritis cannot be arrested with drugs.

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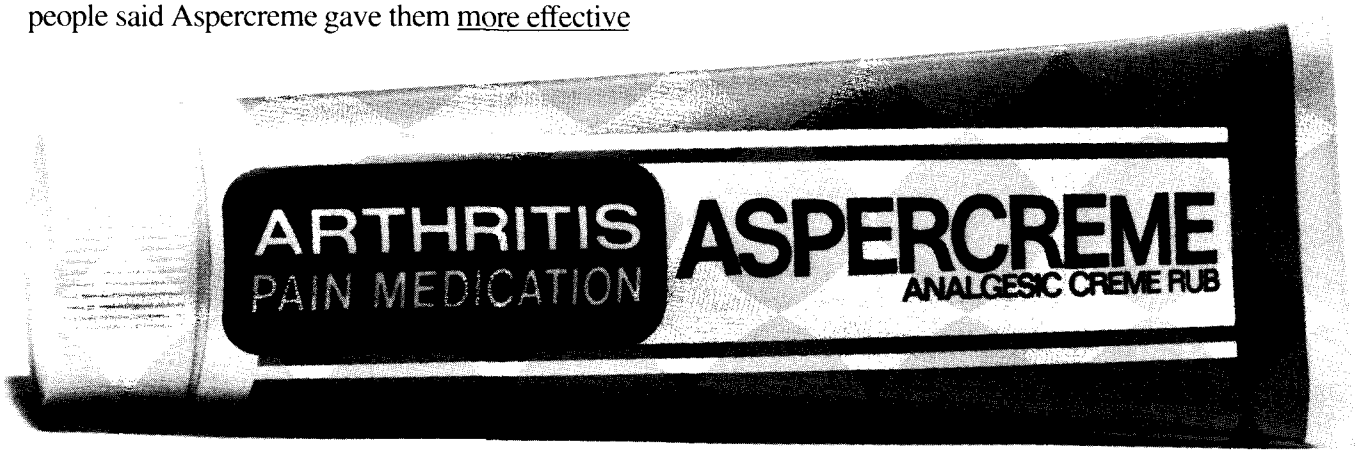

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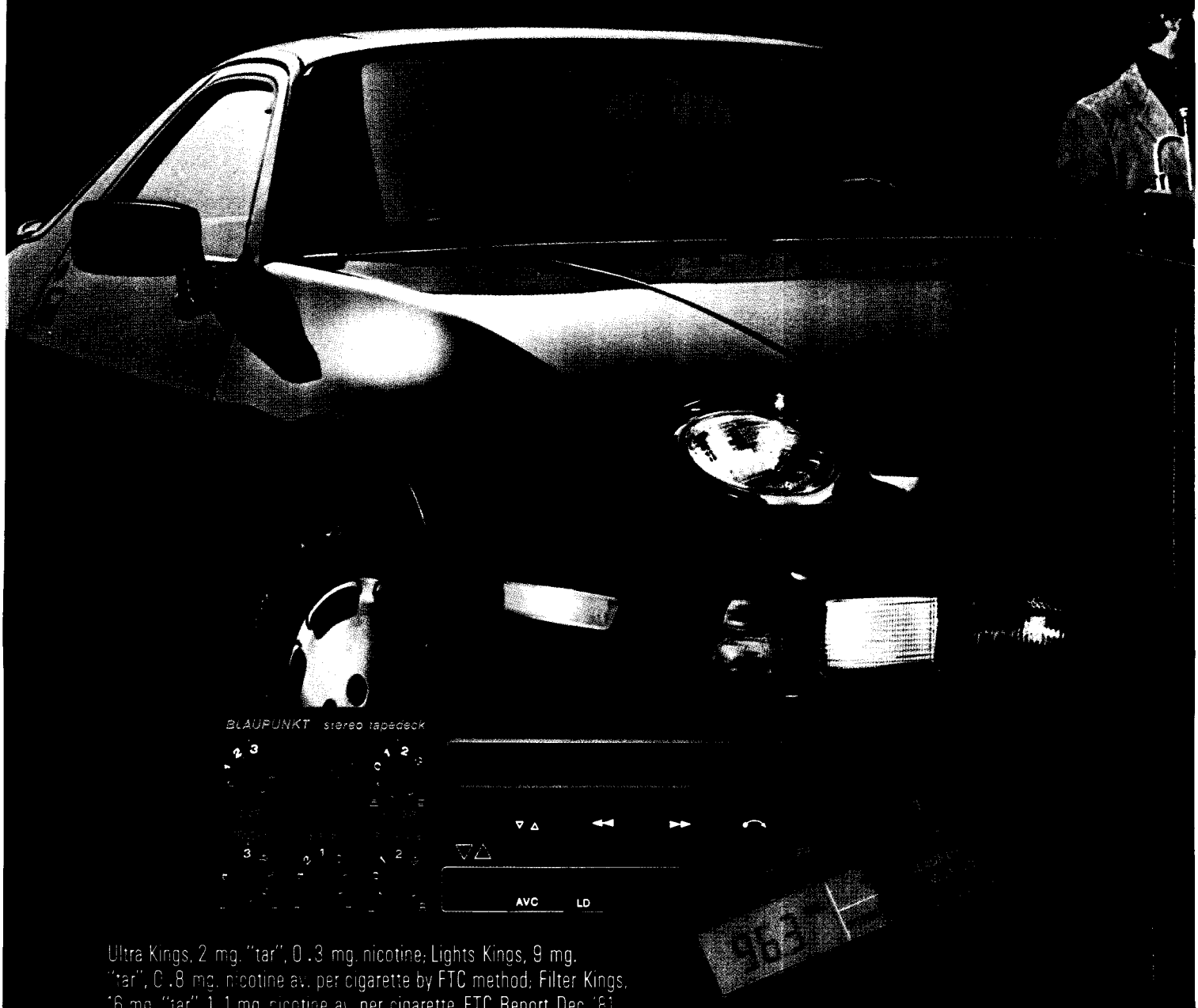

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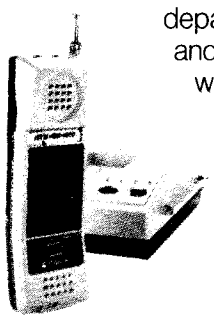

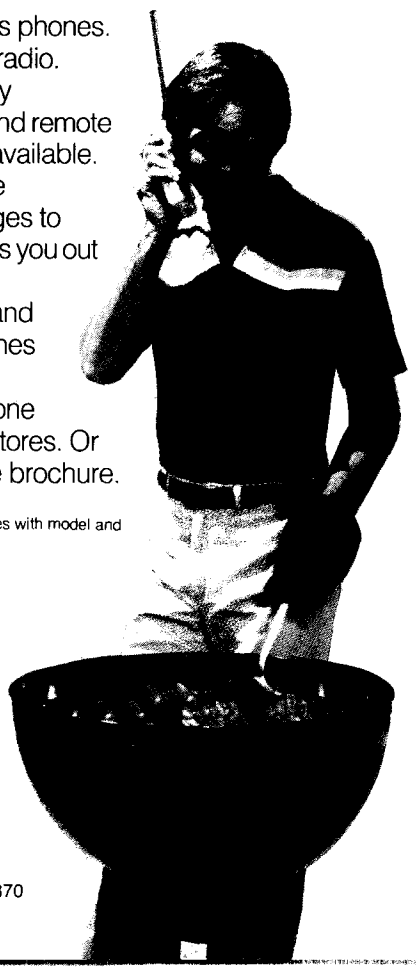

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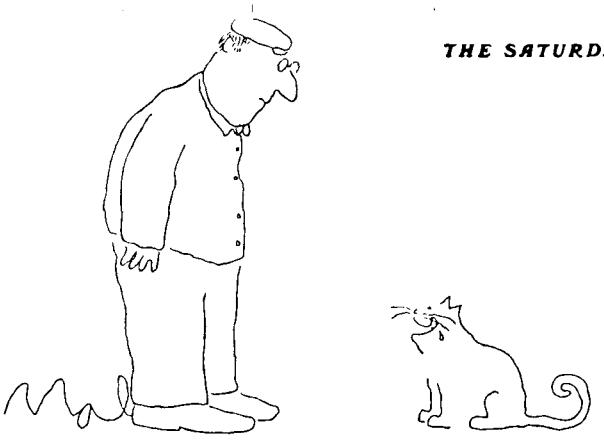
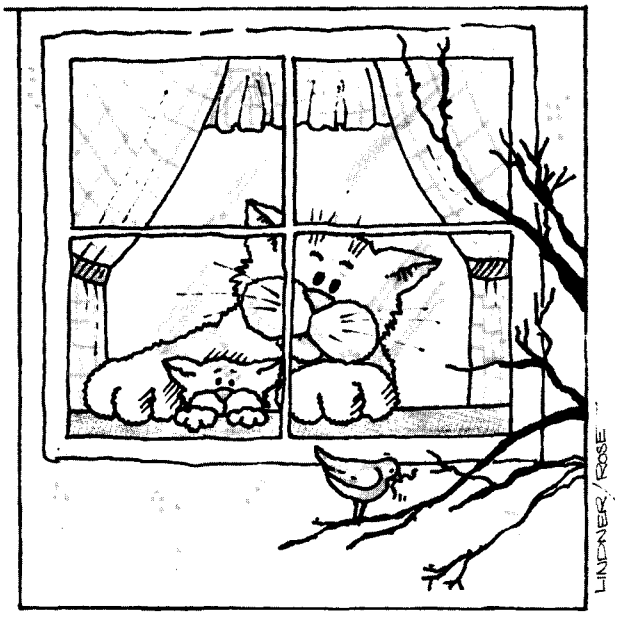


"It goes something like this: The early bird gets the worm, and then the early cat gets the early bird!"

"Better call the law, Pa! Cretins have landed in the south pasture!"



"See that, kid? That's good old natural food. Fresh young robin sprinkled with morning dew."

"I don't know how to break this to you, but I've got work to do."

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CODE NO. 31

Clark said it was a good night for trouble. And Hogan knew Clark was right when they answered a call that defied code-book definition.

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Synopsis ***It wasn't the best of nights for officers Hogan and Clark. It was snowing, and the windshield wiper was broken; Hogan had a bad toothache, and the radio was constantly calling out codes that Hogan at least thought a foolish replacement for plain English. The only action all night, other than Hogan's stop for toothache gum, was checking out a possible robbery suspect who turned out to be a doctor waiting for a call, strange though that seemed at such an hour. Then a call sent them to the aid of a woman who claimed her husband had a gun and meant to kill her!***

He wanted to help this girl. But she did not want his help. Suddenly, he stiffened. On the table, beside the pistol, was lying a small square of white paper. He stared at it with fascinated eyes.

Conclusion Both men digested that slowly. They did not care for the situation. It was one thing to walk into a holdup and put a slug into a bandit before he put one into you, but it was different to go into a man's house and try to persuade him not to shoot a wife who might, for all they knew, deserve it. It was Hogan who spoke first.

"Look here," he said. "How do you know he means to do it? And why?"

"Because I've been back, and he's taken his gun from behind the books in the living room. I'd hidden it there."

"And where's he?"

"I don't know," she said distractedly. "I think he's upstairs. I slipped in the back door, and I looked for the gun at once. It's gone. You see, he's not well. He was shell-shocked during the war, and he gets queer spells. Lately he's been worse than usual, and so I hid his gun. He's hunted it everywhere, but he didn't find it until tonight."

"Humph!" said Hogan and looked at Clark. Neither man's face showed any great enthusiasm, and they could have dispensed with the young woman and her story without any profound grief. But there she was, looking up at them with hope and confidence. They squared themselves and Hogan patted her arm.

"All right, sister," he said. "Leave him to us. I've handled these shell-shocked birds before. But listen. What made him go off the rails tonight?"

She hesitated. "I'd better tell you the whole story. He's been jealous of me—terribly jealous. It wasn't anybody in particular. It was just everybody! Even his doctor and the grocery boy." She made a gesture. "And tonight I got worried. He was so queer that I thought I'd better talk to his doctor, so I slipped out and went to his house. I told my maid. She's been with me for a long time; she used to be my nurse. So I told Ellen—Ellen's her name—where I was going. He was asleep when I left, but Ellen was on the porch when I got back. She said the books were all over the floor in the living room. So I went to the drug store and telephoned the police."

"Yeah," Hogan told her without enthusiasm. "I saw you there. The gun was gone, eh?"

"Yes. It was gone. I'm sure he has it."

Hogan grunted. "Place for fellows like that is an asylum," he said with feeling.

"But he isn't always like this. He may be all right when I get there."

But Hogan merely grunted again. "Come on, Clark," he said; "let's go. Where is this bo? Where's the house?"

"It's up the street. But I don't want you to come in," she added hastily. "I don't really think he'd shoot me. I just wanted——"

Clark spoke for the first time: "Looks to me as if you just wanted someone to tell your troubles to!"

Quite unexpectedly the young woman began to cry. She cried like a child, quite openly, her face twisted and tears running down her cheeks.

"I'm afraid. But I know him. You don't."

"I don't think I've missed much, lady."

Hogan pushed him aside. "Now, see here, sister," he said gently. "We're going to work this out and not hurt him either. You've got an idea of some sort, haven't you?"

She nodded. "Whatever he does, it won't be right off. He'll talk and talk first. But I'll know if he has the gun. I'll know it the minute I see him. He may be all right, at that. I just thought—what I wanted was for you to stand by, that's all. Stand by for 15 minutes. Then, if he's all right, you can go away."

"And if he isn't?"

"I've worked that all out. If he's

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excited and dangerous, I'll pull down a window shade in my room. They're up, and the lights are on. Then you can come in. I'll leave the front door unlocked."

They did not like it, but she was insistent, and finally they agreed. Both men, however, were a trifle grim as, watching her move down the street, they followed slowly in the car.

"Got her nerve, hasn't she?" Hogan commented.

"We'll look pretty if she gets plugged while we're sitting out here," Clark growled.

"Yeah, that'd be a laugh."

"Ought to have him locked up, she ought."

"Sure. But maybe she likes him."

They watched her go up on the porch of a detached house and stop there a moment to look back. Apparently reassured, she opened the front door, and the police car slid silently to the curb and stayed there.

But no fusillade of shots followed her entrance. The house remained quiet and the street deserted. The two men were staring intently at the lighted windows on the second floor, but nothing happened. Hogan began to breath again. Clark, who had opened the car door for a quick exit, closed it against the cold wind, and Hogan, fearing the raucous voice of the radio, shut it off until it was barely audible. Neither of them turned a head when a small coupe of a good make moved quietly past them down the street and turned a corner. A man swung along the street and started to turn into the walk of the house next door. Then he stopped, surveyed the car, turned and came back and peered into the car.

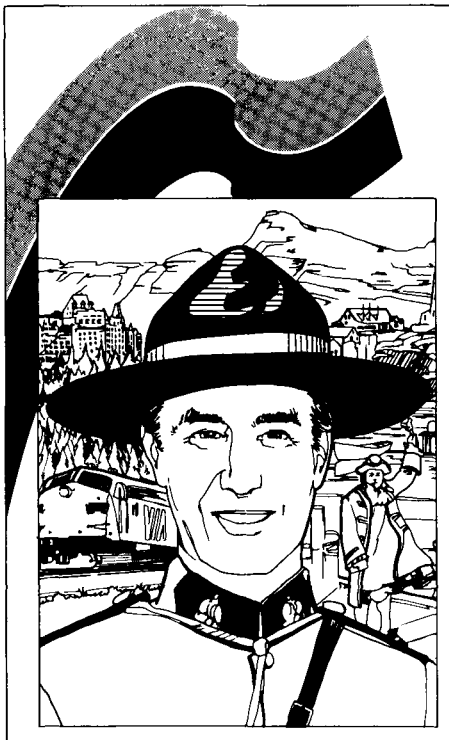
"Nothing wrong in there, officers?" he asked.

"Nope," said Hogan gruffly and bent forward to the radio. "Fixing something, that all."

"Reason I asked," the man went on, "is that the fellow in that house there is a dope. They call it shell shock, but I know better. And he's a murderous nuisance. He's got a nice little wife, and she isn't safe."

"What do you mean—isn't safe?" Clark asked uneasily.

"He's got a gun, and three days ago he fired at the milkman in the alley back there. Four a.m. it was, and he dropped a whole tray of bottles. I keep my car there, and I had



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to sweep them up the next morning before I could get out."

"Want to lodge a complaint against him?"

"Oh, no," he said hastily. "Just thought I'd tell you about it."

Neither officer said anything, and after a few amenities without reply, the man went on and into his house. Nothing had happened at the upper windows, and at the end of 15 minutes, both men began to relax. Hogan grunted and put his hand to his jaw.

"Say, if this tooth keeps on, I'll have to have it out."

"Sure. Get rid of it."

"That's easy to say. It's not in your mouth."

He took out the remainder of the gum and carefully applied it. "Poison or not," he mumbled, "either it quits or I do."

And then the shade went down. Both men leaped simultaneously, but they had only reached the steps when the door was opened. It was the young woman, and she had her finger on her lips.

"Sh-h-h!" she warned. "He's all right. He's the one who pulled the shade. He's going to bed."

"Have you found the gun?"

"I haven't had a chance, but I think it's under the pillow. I'll look after he's gone to sleep. And thank you both. I'm most grateful."

They hesitated.

"Lookit, lady," Clark suggested. "You'd better not stay around while he's got that gun."

"He's had a bromide. He'll sleep now."

"We could send somebody to stay in the house."

But she shook her head. "I've seen him through worse attacks than this," she insisted and, after thanking them again, went into the house and closed the door.

"Must be a sweet life!" Clark said as they started back to the car. But Hogan was not listening. He was standing still, with a look of horror on his face.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Listen, Clark; you get me to a drugstore, quick. When he pulled that shade, I swallowed that gum!"

"What of it? One of my kids swallowed a carpet tack once. Never hurt him."

But they went to no drugstore that night. When they got back into the car, their number was being called, and a reference to the manual showed that a fight was going on. They shoved off for it with a certain eagerness, for while they hated bandits and loathed irresponsible husbands with guns, a good, bloody scrap was meat and drink to them.

"Step on it!" Hogan said feverishly. "Want the thing to be over before we get there?"

"Miriam! You've changed your hair!"

"I thought you were poisoned?"

"I'll show somebody pretty soon whether I am or not."

And for a time, the fight came up to expectations. Three men were battling on a front porch, and the two officers entered the melee with bare fists and an exaltation that was partly a reaction from what had gone before. When it ended, each had a battered individual in his grasp, and a third had made his escape via a side passage and an alley.

Hogan was in his element. "Now then," he said, "what's it all about anyhow? And a fine-looking pair you are!"

"I don't know what it's about, officer," one of the prisoners said. "You can ask this man here or the fellow who got away."

"Sure, ask me," said the other sullenly. "Some day I'll learn to mind my own business, that's all. I was going past, and I seen that fellow who got away kicking in the panels of this front door. So I came up and told him to stop it. He hit me, and I hit back, and then this other nosy saw the fight, and he came running up and mixed in."

"That true?" Clark asked the other man.

The other man was holding a handkerchief to a bleeding nose.

"I suppose so. I saw a fight, and I tried to stop it. That's all."

"And the bird who got away is the one who was doing the kicking?"

"I imagine so. I didn't see it. I've never seen this man before, either."

"Well, I hope you'll know him when you see him again. His mother wouldn't just now."

Hogan was still laughing as he and Clark went back to the car. Inside, he inspected the knuckles of his right hand and stretched them.

"Gee, I feel great!" he said. "I needed a workout. Too much sitting in this job."

They had covered their district once more and Hogan had announced the time as midnight, when they were called again. This time, the announcer's voice had lost its usual monotonous singsong and was sharp and alert:

"Police Cruiser No. 66. Police Cruiser No. 66. Go to 1612 Race Street. Code No. 31." And because it was late at night and Authority was probably in bed, he added: "Step on it, boys."

But neither Hogan nor Clark either heard or appreciated this friendly warning. "No. 31" was a shooting, and 1612 Race Street was the house they had left not long before. Hogan's voice was crackling with shock when he spoke.

"The dirty dog!" he said. "He's

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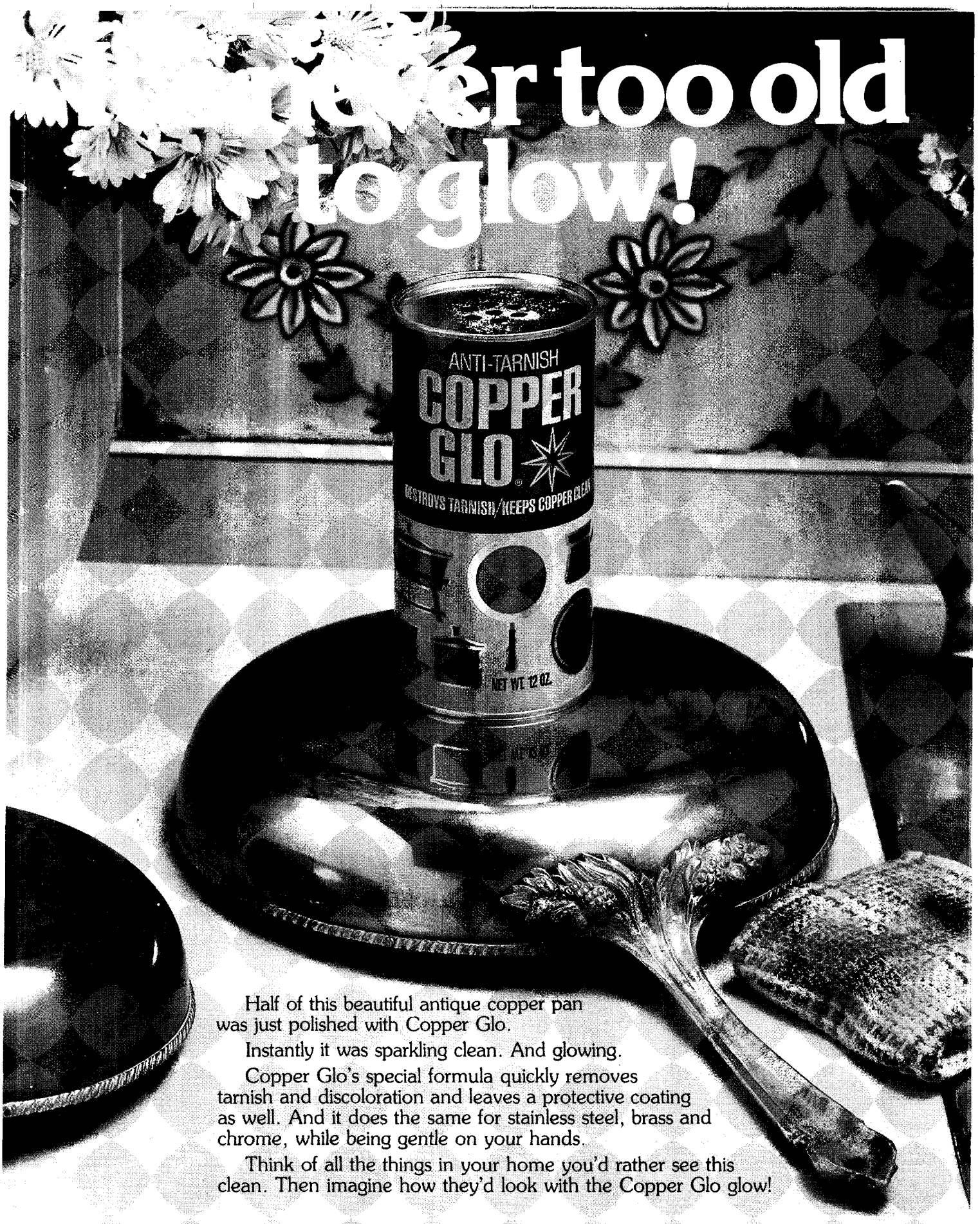
er too old to glow!



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killed her!"

The faint light from the instrument board illuminated their faces. They were set and ugly. Hogan had already drawn his gun, and four blocks from the house, he had the car door open and was ready to leap. The snow had started again and the windshield wiper had stopped, but with his head out, Clark was driving the car with every ounce of power it had.

"What're you doing?" Hogan demanded. "I could kick a barrel faster than this."

"I'm giving her all she's got. She needs her valves ground."

"This is sure the time to find that out."

They swung around a corner and just grazed the side of a horse-drawn wagon slowly moving along a side street. There was a jar and a series of fearful oaths. Hogan looked back.

"Try it again," he said. "You missed the horse, but you got the driver."

A man was picking himself up out of the street and shouting after them. But the police car did not slacken. When it came to a shrieking stop at the curb, both men leaped, leaving the engine running, and ran for the house. Hogan was panting with fury.

"If that dirty son-of-a-gun got her, I'll put a hole in him!" he panted as he ran.

Clark caught him by the arm. "Then I'll take that gun of yours," he said ominously. "What's the matter with you? Shell-shocked, too?"

Hogan shook himself free. "Let's go," he said sullenly, and they entered the house.

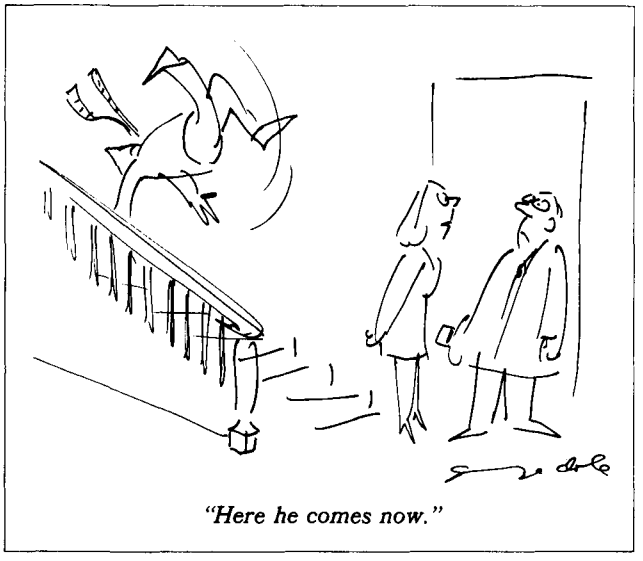
The front door had been unlocked, and the whole lower floor was brightly lighted. At the top of the stairs stood a substantial middle-aged woman in a kimono, looking down at them. Her face was white, but she was apparently calm. "Up here," she said.

Revolvers in hand, both men went up the stairs. On the landing, the woman stepped back to let them pass.

"In there," she said and pointed forward. "The bedroom."

It was then that Hogan's susceptible heart almost stood still. In the ghastly silence, he heard a girl crying. She was sobbing, slowly and monotonously. He stopped, slid his revolver back where it belonged and, followed by Clark, opened the door of a front bedroom. Like the rest of the house, it was brightly lighted, and on the edge of a bed, an arm thrown over a figure lying on it, was the girl herself. She had slipped a negligee over her nightdress, and she did not even raise her head when they went in; or when, walking quietly, the two big patrolmen stepped to the side of the bed.

The body of a tall, thin man lay there. His face they could see. Not an attractive face, at that. But a clean towel had been laid carefully over the upper part of the skull. Clark lifted the towel and replaced it, after a glance at Hogan. The man had been shot through the right side of the head.



"Here he comes now."

Hogan was the first to speak. He put a gloved hand on the girl's shoulder.

"I wouldn't worry too much," he said. "These shell-shocks, they're better out of things."

She looked up then. "He did it himself," she said dully. "He was going to kill me. Then he—then he changed his mind."

"And a good thing at that!" said Hogan fervently. "We shouldn't have left you here in the first place."

Clark had been looking around. Now he found the gun, on the floor between the bed and the window. It was a .45 caliber automatic, and lifting it carefully by the barrel, he laid it on a table. Hogan was both alarmed and enraged by this display of caution.

"What's the idea?" he demanded belligerently. "This guy shot himself. That's all, isn't it?"

"MacDougall's nuts on fingerprints."

Hogan turned on him: "See here! What have fingerprints got to do with this case? It's a suicide, you boob! Can't you see that?"

"Sure, I see it. But MacDougall——"

"If you've got to be busy, go down and report. Got a telephone, Mrs.——?"

"My name is Wallace. Yes. Ellen will show you where it is."

They became aware then that the middle-aged woman was in the doorway, silently watching them. Hogan eyed her. She had not been looking at them, but at the automatic on the table; and she seemed even paler than before.

"You might find out if Mac's started," Hogan said more mildly, and Clark creaked out.

Hogan waited until he could hear the two of them going down the stairs, the clap-clap on the hard wood of the woman's bedroom slippers, Clark's solid tread. Then he swung on the girl:

"Now then, what's the story, Mrs. Wallace? And be quick about it."

"I've told you."

"And that's the truth?" She said nothing, and he looked down at her. She was a pretty girl, even now when her face was devastated with tears. She looked gentle, too. Well, if she had killed the man on the bed, who could blame her? No jury would convict her. It was self-defense.

"What made him change his mind?"

Still she said nothing, and Hogan straightened.

"All right," he said. "But I'm betting that he tried to kill you, that there was a fight for the gun, and that it went off while you had it. You'd better talk, or that pistol may talk for you!"

continued on page 74

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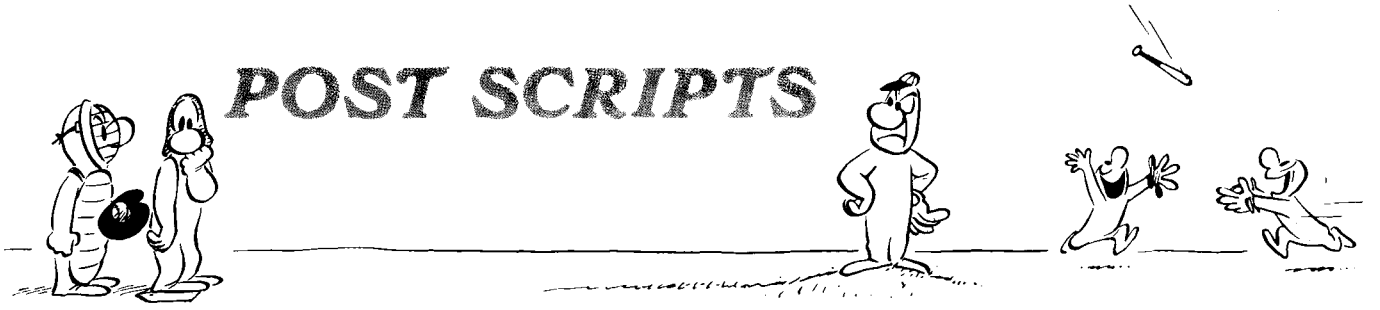


Heinrich Schnibble and the Moonwatcher

"Good afternoon, sir; my name is Bindel, and I'm a moonwatcher. I wonder if——"

"Ich ben Heinrich Schnibble. Meinself ist also watchen das moon oftenisch."

"Ah, splendid! Do you have a glass?"

"Ach, ja! Ich ben haben ein, zwei glassers."

"Then perhaps you would join me tonight for——"

"Goot, goot! Insiden gecomen. Ich ben upfillen der glassers mitout waiten."

"I beg your pardon? You say you ben upfillen der glassers?"

"Ja, mit der foamisch beer."

"Oh, no! I'm afraid you misunderstood me. The kind of glass I mean is a telescope. I want to——"

"Himmel! Meinself ist nicht ein peepentommer mit der snoopenglass!"

"Well, I don't nicht——Sir, I'll have you know, I use my telescope only to look at the satellites; the artificial moons."

"Der smallisch whizzenspeeders mit beepen?"

"Why, yes. I'm an official beep——"

"Und uppen-gezoomen mit der schnortenwhooshen?"

"Right! Now, what I would like to do is——"

"Meinself ist nicht believen der schtunkers ben worken!"

"Of course they ben worken! I'll just set up my equipment in the clearing on that knoll back of your barn and show you."

"Ach, du lieber, nein! Ich ben refusen!"

"You ben refusen? But why, Mr. Schnibble?"

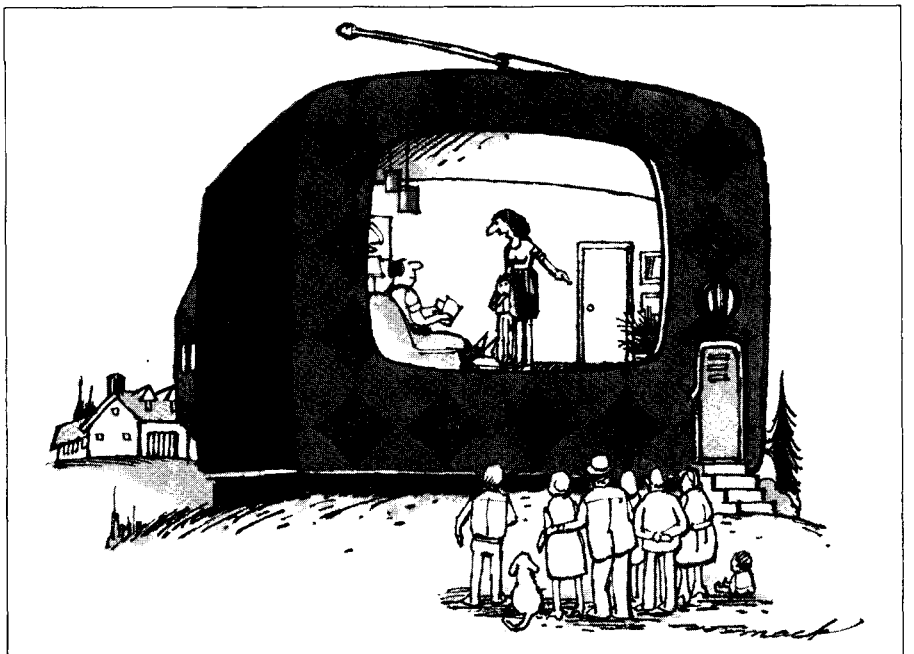
"Das flamen explodenspouten ist burnen mein barn!"

"Well, that's no reason to——Burnen your barn? Look, my friend, you're all mixed up. There won't ben any flamen mit burnen your barn. All I want to do is set up mein——"

"Dumkopf! Meinself ist watchen der pikturs. Mitout das tailer ben exploden mit spouten, der beeper ist nicht uppen-gezoomen!"

"Confound it, I know that! I don't ben gonna uppen-gezoomen der beeper. All I want to explode ist mein snooper—I mean, mein telepeep mit watchen der whooshen ——Ach! Das boopenwhizzer nicht ben spouten when mein schnortenscoop——Himmel, Mr. Schnibble! Meinself ist joining yourself! Upfillen der glassers mitout der waiten!"

—Dave Morrah



"You tell them to go away. You built this ridiculous house!"

Southpaw Secret

Wife: "If I died, would you remarry?"

Husband: "Yes."

Wife: "Would you give her my clothes?"

Husband: "Yes."

Wife: "Would you give her my golf clubs?"

Husband: "No, of course not. She's left-handed."

—Mrs. H.W. Walker

Salary Substitute

Two female secretaries were discussing their jobs. "My boss drove me home from the office last night. He said he couldn't give me a raise, so he'd give me a lift."

—Philip Lazarus

Huddle in Wealth

It's easy to understand why Americans love pro sports. Where else do you get a chance to yell terrible things at millionaires?

—G.G. Crabtree

Ant-Acid Tongue

An immigrant, struggling with the English language, was trying to formulate certain spelling rules for English words. However, when he

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heard a TV commercial that said, " . . .I spell relief R-O-L-A-I-D-S," he gave up.

-Ben Lee

A Taxi Af-fare

A taxi-cab driver with a very dry sense of humor was called to a restaurant to pick up a fare. Upon arriving, he waited outside and finally went in. Spying a lady who appeared to be waiting, he tapped her on the shoulder. She turned and said, "Oh, you must be the cab."

"No ma'am," he replied, "I'm the driver. Had I been the cab, you might have noticed me coming in here."

—Susan Brandenburg

Here Birdie, Birdie

A little girl in a park asked a birdwatcher, "Mister, how do you catch a unique bird?"

The birdwatcher smiled as he patted the little girl on her head and replied, "Unique up on it."

—Carolyn Lee Parrs

Full Circle

He started in life, so I'd been told,
Toothless and hairless, a sight to behold.
And now that he's pushing two score and ten,
Alas! He's toothless and hairless again.

—Ora Gygi

Air Rifle

When I went for target practice,
My friends handled their rifles with ease,
But the little skeet are safe with me—
I'm only shooting the breeze.

—Jill H. Walker

The Majority Decides

The jury finally returned to the courtroom after deliberating for three days. "Have you reached a verdict?" the judge asked.

"Yes, we have," the foreman said.

"Please tell us your decision."

The foreman cleared his throat and declared, "We, the jury, have decided not to become involved."

—Dorothea Kent

Empty Reply

The man, green of face as he got off the train, was asked by the conductor: "What's wrong?"

"Train sickness—I always get it riding backward."

"Why didn't you ask the person across from you to change places?" the conductor inquired.

"I thought of that," replied the man. "But there was no one sitting across from me."

—George E. Bergman

Gray Awakenings

The elderly gentleman was attempting to select a perfume for his wife's birthday.

"May I suggest Midnight Caresses?" recommended the clerk.

"Midnight Caresses it is, then," he agreed and opened his wallet to pay for the perfume. "But Ma and I'll have to set the alarm clock."

—Lawrence E. Miller, Sr.

De-fun-itions

Income tax: The minus touch.

Moonlighter: Dusk jockey.

Installment buying: Confound interest.

Book jacket: Fable of contents.

Tabloid: A scream-lined newspaper.

Snoring: Sheet music.

Planned parenthood: Kidmapping.

—Henry E. Leabo

Hunger Pangs

Judge: "You claim you were hungry when you robbed the grocery."

Accused: "Yes, Your Honor, I was desperately hungry."

Judge: "Well, why didn't you steal something to eat instead of taking cash from the cash register?"

Accused: "Because I'm a proud man, and I always pay for what I eat."

—James E. Knowles

Mind Your Own Gossip

When the town gossip asked Mrs. Brown what her husband did for a living, she responded: "Oh, he owns his own business, and he usually minds it very well."

—Rose Sands

Accident-al Drivers

Nothing makes a little knowledge so dangerous as a driver's-license examination.

—Lane Olinghouse

Rocky Mountain Low

A man ran into a friend whom he hadn't seen in more than a month. "I've been at the mountains for a change and a rest," explained the friend.

"How did you like it?" he was asked.

"Pretty good," said the friend, "except that it was the bell captain who got the change, and the hotel got the rest."

—B. Bader

Navel Uniform

The definition of a nudist: A man who wears a one-button suit.

—Anonymous

Open Trap

When you see a woman smiling in a dentist's crowded waiting room, it's probably his wife.

—Morris Bender

"No, he's not my child from a previous marriage. I thought he was your child from a previous marriage!"

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LYNDA CARTER: THE REAL THING

Going from fantasy to fact, this talented singer, dancer, actress qualifies as a Wonder Woman in real life as well as on the screen.

by David Wallace

"My faith is the most important thing in my life," Lynda Carter asserts. "It affects every area of my life and career. If I'm upset, concerned or nervous about something, my faith allows me to have a better perspective on what's really important."

Obviously that faith stood her in good stead when, four years ago, she hung up "Wonder Woman's" satin shorts and plastic mylar bracelets, determined to succeed before a new and more mature television audience via variety and dramatic specials. And succeed she did—her variety specials, including 1982's "Lynda Carter: Street Life," garnered top ratings for CBS, and her three dramatic specials, particularly her 1981 expose, "Born To Be Sold," concerning the multimillion-dollar industry developed around the sale of babies, brought in gratifying critical plaudits.

That success also led to her present project—portraying the legendary actress Rita Hayworth in a two-hour special scheduled to air soon on CBS. "Two years ago, the producer, David Susskind, called me while I was in New York City for the U.S. Open and asked me if I would like to do the life of Rita Hayworth," she smiles. "He said he had seen me in one of my specials and said he thought I'd be perfect for Rita because I could sing and dance, and there aren't too many people around who can do both."

The parallels with Hayworth's own career are also surprising: Hayworth started her career as a dancer at 15, and Carter commenced hers at the same age—as a singer. Both share a Spanish-Irish heritage, and both had success in their early 20s. "There are a lot of similarities," Carter adds, "but the times and the systems are so different—I have so much more freedom as a woman now than she did then. She was a disciplined person and a fine actress, had warmth and a sense of humor but, I think, had a tragic life, full of loneliness." Hayworth herself lives in New York with Yasmin, the daughter she had with Aly Khan, but she is a sad victim of a crippling disease that attacks the brain cells.

The satin shorts and magical bracelets of Wonder Woman now retired, Lynda Carter enjoys seeing the world outside of work and doing things she couldn't do before.

"The script shows Hayworth in a realistic way and follows her career from the age of 16 to 32," Carter, herself 31, explains. "It tells her story with glamour and realism—it's not just another biographical ripoff. It tells the story of how a woman feels, from the inside." Carter, who has never met Hayworth, has always been a fan and prepared for this role by "reading everything written about her and reseeing all her films. I can only give of myself what is in me and try to find the things that we have in common," she adds, "the main thing being that we both worked all our lives in similar occupations."

Andrew Susskind, coproducer of the Rita Hayworth special, adds, "We picked Lynda because we were looking for someone who could project star quality, and I think she's going to surprise a lot of people. She's been terrific in every way. Lynda is just a doll."

Lynda Jean Carter was

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born in Phoenix, Arizona, the youngest of three children. "I've worked since I was 12—I was a terrible waitress and also cleaned people's houses to make extra money and paid for my own school books," she says.

"When I was small, people said I was pretty," recalls Carter, who was once selected by London's International Academy of Beauty as "the most beautiful woman in the world." "But then, I went through a stage in junior high school that was terrible. I was tall, lanky and wore size-ten shoes. The other children called me Olive Oyl because I looked like Popeye's girlfriend. I didn't have many dates in high school."

By the time she was in high school (the same one *E.T.* producer Steven Spielberg attended two years ahead of her), she was appearing in local night clubs. "I was on the road with a lounge act from 17 to 21," she recalls. Her love of live performances led more or less directly to her eventually successful appearances in Las Vegas and at London's Palladium.

Living on a ranch, "to be away from the Hollywood crowd," allows Lynda to work out as well as exercise her two horses, Jose and Sweet Willie.

In 1973, Carter won the Miss World-U.S.A. title and shortly thereafter outdistanced hundreds of other actresses for the part of "Wonder Woman," a character she made memorable. The series still continues as a rerun hit in 140 countries. She laughs, "The show is going through a resurgence. I'm sure 20 years from now, they'll still be rerunning them. I feel it presented a positive image of an attractive person who was bright and kind, and it gave me what I have now. The fantasy element of the show translates to young people as an image—they feel they can be strong. I wasn't even aware of its impact when I was doing it."

While making "Wonder Woman," Carter met artist's agent Ron Samuels, who also guided the careers of such television luminaries as Lindsay Wagner and Jaclyn Smith. Samuels, whom she married in 1977, was basically responsible for transforming her from the role of a comic-book character on television to the status of a recognized variety entertainer and dramatic actress. He reportedly took an interest in every detail of her career, down to picking publicity shots.

When Lynda filed for divorce last year, citing reasons of incompatibility, the couple reportedly shared an annual income of $3 million. Among their investments was an 18-acre ranch in Calabassas, California, 40 miles northwest of Los Angeles, where Lynda lives today.

"I have 200 oak trees," she says happily, "two horses (Jose and Sweet Willie), three dogs, two cats, lots of rabbits and gophers and an eagle's nest." Her house, only 3,200 square feet and certainly small by Hollywood standards, is "very rustic and rural." It also has a swimming pool and a 360-degree view of the surrounding Santa Monica Mountains. It is also her refuge from the Hollywood madness. "I live on a ranch for a reason—to be away from the Hollywood crowd," she asserts.

At her ranch, to which she commutes in her chocolate-brown Porsche 914 Targa, she spends a lot of time exercising, but not as much as some reports have said. "I've always been an outdoor person," she says, "and my parents had me in competition swimming and volleyball." She also lifts weights, does aerobics, rides on her bike and her horses, plays tennis, swims and has recently replaced jogging with race walking. "But I don't do everything every day," Lynda laughs. "It sometimes sounds like exercising is all I spend time on, but what I try to do is one of something every day because it feels good. I do it for cardiovascular reasons. But there are weeks when I am working that I don't do any exercise." The ex-Wonder Woman asserts, "I'd be superhuman if I did all the exercises people say I do!"

Lynda, who is just under 5'9", claims her ideal weight is "around 125," but she's rarely "around" that. "What I do for my diet basically depends on the weight I'm at," she laughs. "And when I'm dieting, I just avoid food." She also avoids nearly all salt in her food, noting, "But I love it—green olives, anchovies, caviar. But not eating it makes a big difference in my life. If I had one secret to give, it's that I drink a lot of water, at least a half gallon a day." But she rarely drinks mineral water because of the high saline content of most brands. "If I have a big class of orange juice," she adds, "I'll dilute it with water so I can feel as if I'm having a lot of orange juice and not have all the calories. I try to trick myself."

Carter drinks wine or beer moderately, and she doesn't drink either coffee or tea because "caffeine does funny things to me."

"It's painful," she says. "I've got to work at keeping myself looking good. In spite of whatever image I may have, I'm not perfect. I'm just a human being, and I might get five or ten pounds overweight and have to lose it. I'm grateful for the type of work I do because it forces me to keep in shape."

Lynda Carter's cultural interests are hardly parochial. In music, they range from the works of British composer Ralph Vaughn Williams to those of the rock band Styx. She loves ballet. On her bedside table is a book of Renaissance art and, significantly, a copy of the new Amer-

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ican Standard Bible.

Born a Catholic, Lynda's religious beliefs evolved to her present "born-again" way of life over a period of years, but the catalyst for her present commitment was her sister, Pamela Cole, who has a half-hour show combining exercise and Christian Music on the Trinity Broadcasting Network. "My sister got me involved," she proudly confides. "I was unhappy at the time—four years ago. I was unhappy, and I had everything. I knew there was a void in my heart and in my spirit, and I knew what it was—I knew it was my relationship with God. But I was afraid he was going to take something away from me if I made a commitment—that I would have to do something—but that's not the case at all.

"If you're a father, and you see your child doing something that is going to hurt him, you're going to do all that you can to guide him, to help him do what's best for him—even though he might not think it's best. How much more does our Lord love us! It is not a matter of reprimanding. There are disciplines such as 'thou shalt not kill' and all the other commandments. And all that he has to offer us—me—is for my benefit, and it gives me a sense of peace. I know in my spirit when things are right, so that now in my life I have something that is real—and Jesus Christ is real—a real personal relationship."

Lynda continues, "There was a conscious realization—I felt the spirit of God. At first, I was all gung-ho, ready to convert the world. Now, I'm a little more relaxed about it. It's something that's very personal to me, and I hesitate talking about it. I don't want to push my beliefs on people, but I do want to share that there is such a thing as a real relationship with God." She is not a member of any particular church, but occasionally seeks out Bible meetings and goes to church.

And where does she want to take this? "I think it'll be where the Lord leads me," she affirms. "It will be a natural progression for me. If I can inspire anyone by something I do or make anyone feel good, that's fine. But I want to be an instrument in the Lord's way, not mine."

Obviously, that future will also include expanded personal and professional horizons. Recently, she has started enjoying success and freedom and not having to work all the time. She notes, "I'm starting to do things I didn't do before, such as skiing, scuba diving and seeing the world outside of work."

One of the more pleasant aspects of her work is the role she has filled for the past three years as spokesperson for Maybelline Cosmetics. Her title is Beauty and Fashion Director, and she does commercials for the Moisture-Whip line. She explains further: "As a consultant, I give them my opinions on colors and consistencies. I know a lot about make-up and skin care. I've really become involved with the company—they're very receptive to my ideas, and they implement them, too. I also test products for them."

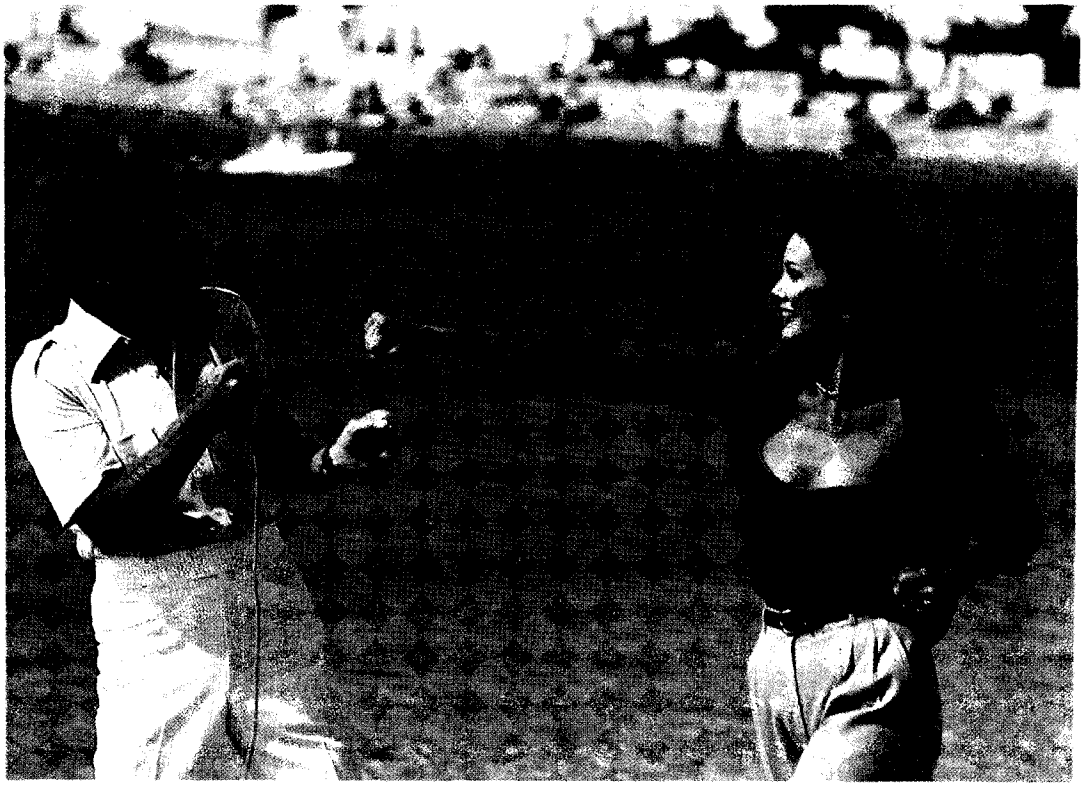
Obviously, the Lynda Carter image has been a good one for the firm. In the time she has represented its products to the public, sales have jumped some 200 percent.

Part of the future involves her relationship with her new boyfriend, Robert Altman, 36, an attorney with ex-Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford's law firm in Washington, D.C., whom she met at a friend's dinner party five months ago.

Obviously, much of that future is career-oriented. Says Lynda, "I'm going to be doing another variety special and another TV movie, and CBS wants me to do a series.

"I'm maturing as an actress now. What I would like to continue doing in the future are the kinds of projects that are stimulating to me—and to do a variety of different things. I'd like to do theatre and a Broadway show, but the main thing for me is just working with talent, with other actors who are inspiring to me and directors who can pull from me all the resources I might possess.

"It's not money, it's not fame—I have a solid foundation from which to grow. It's putting yourself on the line. It's exciting and it's frightening. It's really scary, but it's also incredibly rewarding to know that the effort you put in and the time you spend are paying off." ★



With the host of "The Mike Douglas Show," Lynda throws her weight around, all 125 pounds of it. On other days, she walks, lifts weights, plays tennis or swims—not only because it feels good, she says, but "for cardiovascular reasons."

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SOME KIND OF POISONING

"It was obvious they were getting sicker by the minute. . .and the only possibility was almost too frightening to contemplate."

by Berton Roueché

Illustrated by Jack Stockman

Around noon on October 28, 1963, five people—two men, two women and a child—sat down to midday dinner in the kitchen of a house they shared on a tobacco farm in the Caney Valley hills of Hawkins County, Tennessee, about 15 miles southwest of Kingsport. They were (I'll say) Homer Mason and his wife, Louise; the latter's sister and her husband, Grace and Leroy Smart; and the Smarts' son, a boy of three called Buddy. Mason and the two women had spent the morning in the barn stripping and bundling cured tobacco leaves for the market. Smart had had other work to do, and it was he who prepared the meal. It consisted of split-pea soup, spaghetti with meat sauce, sliced tomatoes, sweet milk and corn bread. Mason was the first to finish eating. He told his wife and Mrs. Smart that he would meet them down at the barn. He was going to stop by the cowshed for a look at an ailing calf. He left the house and crossed the yard and suddenly began to stagger. He lurched against a tree. The barnyard tilted and the sky reeled. For a moment, Mason clung to the tree, and then it, too, began to sway. He turned and staggered back across the pitching barnyard toward the house. He stopped and blinked and shook his head. Something was happening to his eyes. The house was hardly 50 yards away, but he could only just make it out. He seemed to be going blind.

So did Mrs. Smart. When Mason stumbled into the kitchen, she was sitting there at the table with her head in her hands and moaning. Her husband stood beside her. Mrs. Mason stood on the other side of the table with Buddy in her arms. He was staring at his mother and whimpering. Mason dropped into a chair, and Mrs. Smart raised her head. "Homer, I can't hardly see," she said. "I think I'm going blind."

"Me, too," Mason said.

"And I'm dizzy," she said. "I tried to stand up a few minutes ago, and everything was just spinning. I felt like a drunk woman."

"She like to fell," Smart said. "I had to catch her."

"Same here," Mason said. "I feel the same way."

"Then it isn't just me," Mrs. Smart said. "I thought it was just me. Because Leroy feels all right, and so do Louise and Buddy."

"You'll be all right, honey," Smart said. "Everything's going to be all right."

"I don't feel as good as I did," Mrs. Mason said, and abruptly sat down. "There's something funny in my head. I feel kind of goofy."

Mrs. Smart gave a little wail. "Oh, my gosh!" she said. "I even feel sick to my stomach! What is it, Homer? What's the matter?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "Maybe we've been poisoned. There's three of us don't feel right—you and me and Louise. And there was only just the three of us working down in the barn this morning." He stopped and licked his lips. They felt stiff and cracked, and his mouth was dry. "Maybe we've got tobacco poisoning," he said. "We've all of us got the nicotine stain on our hands. Some of it maybe come off in our food."

"I never heard of tobacco poisoning," Smart said.

"I have," Mrs. Smart said. "Oh, my gosh, Homer. What are we going to do?"

Mason looked at Smart. He could see him, but his features were out of focus, and there was something moving just above his head. It was like a play of light and shadow—or a cloud of smoke. It became a swarm of bees. They swarmed silently around and around and around. "Leroy," Mason said, "I think you better drive us in to the doctor."

The medical needs of Caney Valley residents are served by a middle-aged general practitioner whom I'll call Francis Craig and a young associate whom I'll call Henry Rathbone. These two physicians operate a clinic at Church Hill, a roadside village about midway between Kingsport and the Mason farm, and it was there that Smart drove his wife and son and the Masons. They arrived at the clinic at two o'clock.

"I was alone that afternoon," Dr. Rathbone says. "Dr. Craig was in Kingsport at the hospital—the Holston Valley Community Hospital—making rounds. Lucy, our nurse, called me on the interoffice phone and said that five people had just come in from Caney Valley. Three of them, she said, were acting very strange. She sounded rather agitated. I was with a patient, but I finished up as quickly as I could. Lucy isn't a flighty girl. I went out to the waiting room—and she was entirely correct. They were acting very strange indeed. The women were twitching and jerking and moaning, and one of the men—Mason, it turned out to be—was waving his arms and talking a wild blue streak of gibberish. I thought for a minute that he was simply scared. But then I looked again. He was peering into space and making grabs at the air, and I realized that scared wasn't it at all. He was hallucinating. The other man, the man named Smart, came up and introduced himself and told me what he could about the matter. I gathered that his wife and Mason had been taken right after eating. Then, a little later, Mrs. Mason took sick. Smart and his little boy, however, were perfectly all right. The symptoms, as I made them out, were vertigo, blurred vision, dry mouth, generalized weakness, nausea and—in Mason's case, at any rate—hallucinations. Smart added that his wife and the Masons had spent the morning stripping tobacco. He wondered if the tobacco could in some way have poisoned them. I told him no

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on that. Tobacco poisoning could only be nicotine poisoning, and that couldn't happen from that kind of superficial contact. But they had almost certainly been poisoned. My guess was food poisoning—food intoxication. And, to judge from those clearly central-nervous-system symptoms, it was something pretty serious.

"Smart helped me get his wife and the Masons into the examining room. Mason really needed help. He couldn't even stand alone. We got him stretched out on a cot as comfortable as possible and settled the two women in chairs. The blurred vision they all complained of was easy to understand. They all had widely dilated pupils—very glassy-looking. The immediate problem, as far as Mason and Mrs. Smart were concerned, was nausea. They were sick as dogs, and, to make matters worse, they both had an insatiable thirst. I gave them each an intramuscular injection of trimethobenzamide hydrochloride. That seemed to help the nausea a bit, but it was obvious that they were getting sicker by the minute. Mason was so wild it was hard to keep him from falling off the cot. He kept reaching for imaginary doorknobs, as if he wanted to get out of the room. Sometimes he would be fighting off a swarm of bugs. Then at times he seemed to calm down, and he would point across the room or up at the ceiling and say something about all the beautiful flowers. But most of the time, nothing he said made any kind of sense. And Mrs. Smart was almost as bad. She was beginning to hallucinate, too, and raving and thrashing around in her chair. It was unnerving. I really didn't know what to think. Or, rather, there was only one thing I could think of, and that possibility was almost too frightening to contemplate. I mean botulism. Botulism, as you probably know, is the most dangerous of the bacterial food poisonings. It has a mortality rate of about 65 percent. It is also, of course, a pretty rare bird. But it happens. As a matter of fact, it had happened right here in eastern Tennessee—in Knoxville—only a couple of weeks before. There were seven cases in the outbreak, and two of them were fatal. So botulism was more or less on my mind. I didn't have far to reach. I thought of it the minute I saw those central-nervous-system symptoms.

"I don't mean to say I was certain. Not at all. There were several points that didn't quite fit a diagnosis of botulism. The onset, for one thing, seemed a little too sudden. And the symptoms were not exactly right. The central-nervous-system symptoms that Mrs. Smart and Mason had were much more pronounced—more violent—than the central-nervous-system symptoms that are classically characteristic of botulism. But they were close enough. They were certainly too close to ignore. Botulism can be treated, you know. There's an antitoxin, and if it's given in time, it can make all the difference. Dr. Craig agreed with me. I called him at the hospital and gave him the facts and asked him what he thought, and he wasn't for taking any chances, either. He proposed that I call the ambulance service and get them right into the hospital. I was glad to take his advice."

Mason and Mrs. Smart were carried into the emergency room of the Holston Valley Community Hospital in Kingsport at five minutes after four. Mrs. Mason arrived at 4:15 with Smart and his little boy. They were received by Dr. Craig and (such was his aversion to taking any chances) three hurriedly recruited consultants—a neurosurgeon; the hospital pathologist, Dr. William Harrison; and an internist whom I'll call Richard Johnson. Both Mason and Mrs. Smart were now wildly delirious and almost totally helpless. They were also deeply flushed, dry of mouth and tormented by an unquenchable thirst, and Mason was shaken by frequent muscle spasms. Mrs. Mason, however, was still only weak, dry-mouthed and vertiginous. The emergency-room examination was diagnostically uninstructive. Mason's pulse rate was 100, or about 30 beats faster than normal for a man, and Mrs. Smart's was 88, or only slightly faster than normal for a woman, and both had a temperature of 99 degrees. Mrs. Mason had no fever, and her pulse rate was normal. All three had widely dilated pupils that reacted sluggishly to light. The results of the other routine tests—blood pressure, blood count, urinalysis—were normal in all three cases.

"I think we were all inclined to accept Dr. Rathbone's first impression," Dr. Johnson, the internist, says. "The trouble was obviously some kind of poisoning. What kind was hard to say. It looked like botulism, and yet it didn't. Hallucinations and disorientation very seldom occur in botulism, and when they do, they tend to be rather late-developing symptoms. Still, it wasn't a possibility that any of us were willing to rule out of the picture entirely. Even a hint of botulism is unsettling. We were standing there in the emergency room and feeling very unsettled when Smart got up from where he was sitting with his son and came over. He said his little boy was complaining about his eyes. Everything looked funny, Buddy said. That sounded like what had happened to his wife and the others, so he thought we ought to know. Also, Smart said, he wasn't feeling too good himself. His eyes were all right, but he had a cramping pain in his stomach, and he was beginning to feel a little nauseated. Well, that decided us. Botulism antitoxin isn't something you can get at any drugstore. Or at any hospital, for that matter. There isn't that much demand for it. The nearest possible source we could think of was the Poison Control Center at the University of Tennessee Memorial Hospital, in Knoxville. Robert Lash, the director of the Center, had laid in a supply of antitoxin during the botulism outbreak they had over there earlier in the month, and maybe some of it was left. I went to the phone and gave Dr. Lash a ring, and we were in luck. He still had several hundred thousand units on hand. He said he would get it off at once by a special highway-patrol messenger. It was now about a quarter to five. We should have it by seven o'clock."

It took Dr. Lash about ten minutes to arrange with his dispensary and the Tennessee highway patrol for the dispatch of some 500,000 units of polyvalent botulinus antitoxin to the Holston Valley Community Hospital. He then returned to his desk and put in a call to Nashville—to Cecil B. Tucker, director of the Division of Preventable Diseases of the Tennessee State Department of Public Health, in the Cordell Hull State Office Building there.

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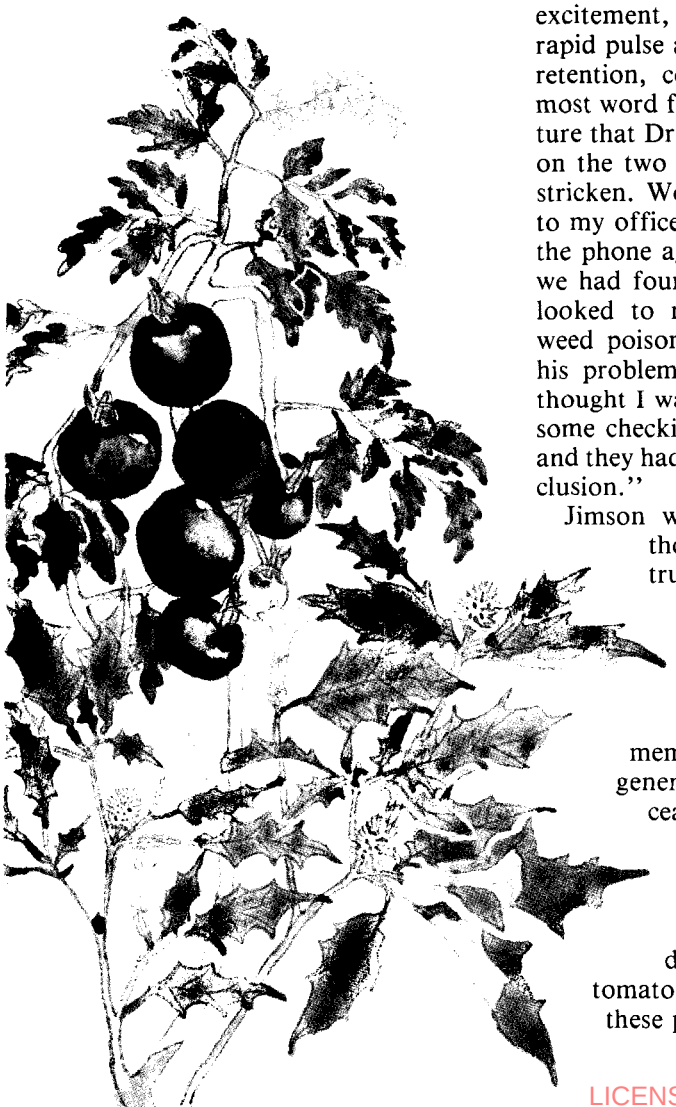
Botulism is a communicable disease and, consequently, a notifiable one. In Tennessee, as in all other states, its appearance (proved or suspected) must be reported to the state health authorities for prompt investigation. When Dr. Tucker came on the line, Dr. Lash gave him the required report.

"I wasn't as startled as I might have been by that call from Dr. Lash," Dr. Tucker says. "Botulism was no great novelty in Tennessee that month, you know. My only thought was something like 'Here we go again.' I thanked him and hung up and put in a call to Kingsport—to Dr. Johnson. I wanted a few more facts before sending an investigator up there. But I had Dan Jones standing by. Dr. Jones is an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer assigned to us by the U.S. Public Health Service through its Communicable Disease Center, in Atlanta. I got Dr. Johnson, and he described the cases. He gave me the clinical picture and what he could of the epidemiology, and I began to have my doubts. It just didn't sound like botulism. But that, of course, was only an opinion. Botulism was still a possibility, so we had to go and see. I told Dr. Johnson that Dr. Jones would be up there in the morning and started to say goodbye. And Dr. Johnson said, 'Wait a minute.' I waited. Then Dr. Johnson came back on. 'By the way,' he said. 'One of the doctors here has been talking to one of the patients, and he says he just mentioned something about eating Jimson weed.' I don't remember what I said to that. Except that I would call him back.

"Dr. Jones had heard what I heard. He was listening in on an extension. We lit out down the hall and up the stairs to the chemical lab. That's where we keep our file on poisons. I pulled out the card on Jimson-weed poisoning, and no wonder I'd had my doubts. I'll read you what it says under 'Symptoms and Findings': 'Pupils dilated, dry burning sensation of mouth, thirst, difficulty in swallowing, fever, generalized flushing, headache, nausea, excitement, confusion, delirium, rapid pulse and respiration, urinary retention, convulsions.' It was almost word for word the clinical picture that Dr. Johnson had given me on the two patients more seriously stricken. We went back downstairs to my office. I got Dr. Johnson on the phone again and told him what we had found. I said it very much looked to me as though Jimson-weed poisoning was the answer to his problem. Dr. Johnson said he thought I was right. They had done some checking themselves, he said, and they had come to that same conclusion."



Jimson weed (or stinkweed, or thorn apple, or devil's-trumpet) is a big, hardy, cosmopolitan annual of Asian origin. It is known to science as *Datura stramonium* and is a member of the large and generally noxious Solanaceae, or nightshade, family of plants. Other members of this family include tobacco, horse nettle, henbane, belladonna, the petunia, the tomato and the Irish potato. All these plants, including the tomato and the potato, are at least in some respects pernicious. Jimson weed is entirely so. Its leaves, its seeds, its flowers and its roots all contain a toxic alkaloid called hyoscyamine. Hyoscyamine is closely related to atropine and is, if anything, more toxic. Jimson weed is distributed throughout most of the United States. It made its first appearance here in the early 17th century, possibly as early as 1607. Some authorities think it may have been introduced in ballast and other rubbish discharged from the ships that landed Captain John Smith and his fellow Virginia colonists at Jamestown in that year. In any event, it seems reasonably certain that it entered this country there. Early records indicate that the Powhatan Indians of coastal Virginia called it the "white man's weed." The white colonists of Virginia and elsewhere, on the other hand, called it "Jamestown weed." Robert Beverly refers to it as Jamestown weed in his *History and Present State of Virginia*, of 1705, and gives a recognizable, if somewhat excessive, depiction of its hallucinatory powers:

"This being an early Plant, was gather'd very young for a boil'd salad by some of the Soldiers. . . and some of them ate plentifully of it, the Effect of which was a very pleasant Comedy; for they turn'd natural Fools upon it for several Days. One would blow a Feather in the Air; another would dart Straws at it with much Fury; and another stark naked was sitting up in a Corner, like a Monkey grinning and making Mows at them; a Fourth would fondly kiss and paw his Companions, and snear in their Faces, with a Countenance more antik than any in a Dutch Droll. In this frantik Condition they were confined, lest they in their Folly should destroy themselves; though it was observed that all their Actions were full of Innocence and Good Nature. Indeed, they were not very cleanly; for they would have wallow'd in their own Excrements, if they had not been prevented. A Thousand such simple Tricks they play'd, and after Eleven Days, return'd themselves again, not remembering anything that had pass'd.

The other names by which Jimson weed—which is, of course, a cor-

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TODAY'S REVOLTING TV KIDS

Unlike their naughty-but-nice counterparts of yesterday, today's witty, smooth-talking TV monsters are miniature adults who know everything about everything.

by Simi Horwitz

Yet another curiosity has hit the airwaves—the *new* revolting sitcom child. Hip, self-aware, wise, even self-mocking, these kids make Wally and Beaver Cleaver seem like —well, like kids. The Cleaver boys, Dennis the Menace and all the others were naughty, but nice. Every episode, they'd undergo a learning experience, with a wise parent or teacher summing up the lesson: A mischievous deed is not really funny; a mean-spirited thought can come to no good. And by the end of the show, order would be restored to family and moral universe. Everyone was pleased.

It was pat, perhaps, but at least it was benign. Beaver and Dennis and the whole "Father Knows Best" brood were fundamentally innocent. Today's television children are not. They are, in fact, miniature adults who know everything about everything. Smooth and witty talkers, they're quick with the one-liner and quicker still when they're putting someone else down.

The prototype for these little monsters was probably Mason Reese, the boy with the carrot top and elderly features who made some commercials and did the talk-show circuit a few years ago. Reese's rightful successor, and the television child who best typifies the current breed, is Gary Coleman, who plays Arnold, the precocious 11-year-old on "Diff'rent Strokes."

Arnold is the master of what passes on television today for wit. He deploys it to control his environment and to undermine adult authority. In one episode, for instance, when Arnold begs to be taken to the movies, his father asks, "What about your pride?" Without missing a beat, Arnold cheerily says, "Fortunately, I don't have any!" No adult is going to teach a child any lessons in *this* sitcom.

Though Arnold is skilled at evasive verbal maneuvers, he can also be painfully direct. Upon encountering a derelict in the park, he asks, "What's it like being a bum?" Then he catches himself and recovers: "I mean . . . happy wanderer?" This is not the blunt candor of an innocent; Arnold's playing the hipster here, more David Letterman than Dennis the Menace. The effect is not pleasant.

In appearance, too, Coleman is a peculiar cross between child and adult. Like Mason Reese, he's a fairly unprepossessing little boy—very small, with a bloated face. Perhaps to some he looks cherubic. But Coleman's appearance is the result of a kidney disorder, because of which he will never grow very much. He is destined to play an elfin creature who looks real cute propped up on someone's lap. For "Diff'rent Strokes" to exploit young Coleman's handicap is grotesque.

Although Coleman takes the prize as the most bizarre child on television today, paler versions of his Arnold character populate a host of prime-time comedies, including "Silver Spoons," "Family Ties," "Star of the Family" and "Joanie Loves Chachi." "Family Ties" zeroes in on the adventures of a decidedly peculiar family: The parents are former '60s radicals, and their children contemporary conservatives. The five-year-old daughter talks about preparing for the job market while her teen-age brother extols the virtues of Reaganomics. "I just love Milton Friedman," he croons. "He's my favorite economist."

Gary Coleman, the impertinent imp Arnold in "Diff'rent Strokes," typifies today's miniature adults who know everything about everything and use their wit to undermine adult authority.

In "Father Knows Best," one of the longest-running TV series of its day, scripts called for a mischievous deed to be proven unfunny or a mean-spirited thought to come to no good.

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Beaver Cleaver's world extended no further than his block—or perhaps his elementary school. But as the strange son in "Family Ties" suggests, today's sitcom children are well-versed in a range of contemporary issues. Economics, politics, human relations, fashion and sexuality have taken the place of pranks and paper routes in the minds of the television adolescent. The *problems* on which the new shows turn are of a very different magnitude, and significantly, the kids, not their childlike parents, are now the ones with the solutions.

In an episode of "Star of the Family," a teen-ager daughter has a heart-to-heart talk with her newly divorced father. The man is upset; he's just been on an awkward date. The girl advises him: "You're not ready, Pop. You've only been divorced seven months. It takes time to get over this. Wherever you look, you see Mom. Give it time, Pop."

Dad, a fire-department chief, asks his daughter what he should do in the meantime.

"It seems to me you're doing fine."

A touching moment follows:

"How did a clam like me get a beauty like you?" he wonders.

Can an adolescent ever be quite this detached? People in their 20s and 30s, and even older, experience pain and conflict when parents divorce. Here, a much younger girl has adjusted to the situation, apparently without undue stress, and is now in a position to give sound

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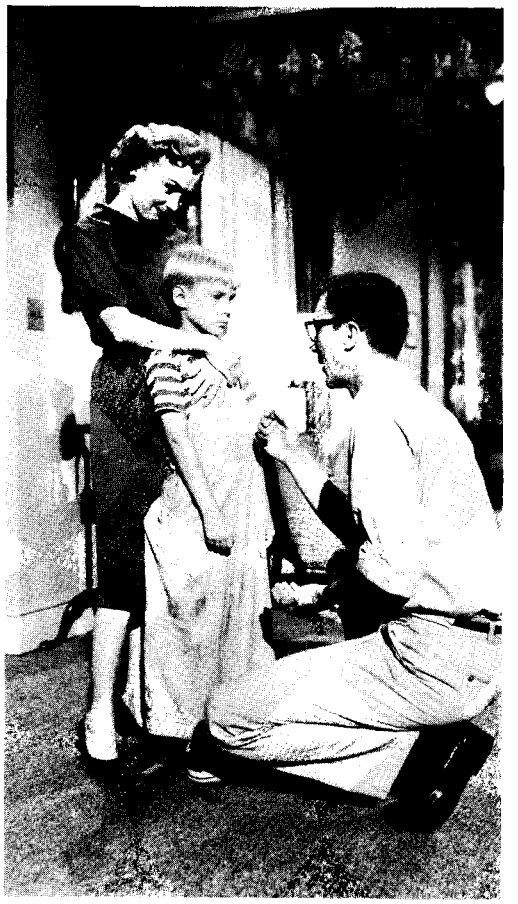

Although a mischief-maker, fun-loving "Dennis the Menace," played by Jay North, could accept reprimand from his elders without returning a glib reply.

Among the prime-time TV shows billed as comedies, "Family Ties" follows the traditional format of today's sitcoms. Rather than parents settling a moral issue for the kids, *it's the kids themselves who solve the dilemmas of mom and dad.*

The excuses for activating the laugh machine in "Silver Spoons" center on the spectacle of children trying to act like TV adults. The sexuality episodes, in particular, often come across as unwholesome.

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IF IT'S ARTHRITIS, KNOW WHAT KIND

Masqueraders can cause joint pain by coexisting with your common garden variety of osteoarthritis. Get your doctor's careful diagnosis of any joint pain. Some arthritic pains are the result of preventable disease and a few are even medical emergencies.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Our kindly janitor, Vance, always volunteers to help me carry out my heavy books and medical journals when I leave the office, and last night I noticed he winced as he picked up my briefcase.

"Do you have a little arthritis?" I asked Vance.

"Oh, yes, in my toe and my thumb," he said.

"Well, have you been to your doctor to find out more about it?" I asked.

"Oh, no ma'am," he replied stoically. "It's just rheumatiz."

"Oh, ouch! It's like walking on my eyeballs." These needle-shaped crystals were extracted from the joint fluid of a swollen, gouty-arthritic toe.

He'd been working all these years just across the creek and a stone's throw from one of the best rheumatology clinics in the country, but he didn't think of "rheumatiz" pain as something to take seriously.

The real tragedy is when a treatable disease such as gout or a gonococcal-infected knee goes untreated, because of the popular misconception that arthritis pains are part of aging, and that there isn't much to be done about it short of pain killers.

Vance now has an appointment with a rheumatologist for a diagnosis of his pains. Should he turn out to be one of the one and a half million persons in this country with gout, he could well have ended up with permanently deformed joints—needlessly. Medicine and diet can prevent gout, so no one needs to develop the kind of joint destruction you see in the hand illustrated at left.

Yet Dr. Kenneth Brandt, director of the NIH/Indiana University Multipurpose Arthritis Center, reports that he still sees gout patients with such deformities almost daily. Dr. Brandt, an important figure in arthritis research, revealed that such deformed joints are seen frequently at VA hospitals where alcoholism or other misfortunes have kept the patient from complying with medications and diet.

Other needless deformities occur when a patient such as Vance has not sought help, thinking that his arthritis pain is an inevitable result of aging.

If Vance should happen to have gout and turn to drink to forget his pains, he would be creating more agony for himself by increasing the uric acid in his blood with each drink. Eating the wrong foods, high in purine, would have the same effect.

Other instances of deformities from gout still occur when human errors are made by busy physicians who, seeing the evidence of osteoarthritis on an x-ray, assume that the early joint pains are from this common cause and fail to test for uric acid. While a high uric-acid level in the blood is an important indicator, the definitive diagnosis for gout is made when some synovial fluid is

The good news is that today no one needs to develop a gout-deformed foot or hand such as this one. The bad news is that they are still being seen every day at the NIH/Indiana University Multipurpose Arthritis Center, headed by Dr. Kenneth Brandt.

The small dark spots are a positive indication that a bacterial infection is present in the joint from which this fluid was taken. Without treatment, the joint could be destroyed within 24 hours.

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removed from a joint and the urate crystals are seen under an ordinary microscope (see illustration on opposite page).

Gout is a form of arthritis caused by sharp needle-shaped crystals that form in the synovial fluid of the joints. When the arthritic victim moans of sharp stabbing pains in his joints—this is literally what he has. Little glasslike needles are jabbing him where he needs them the least—in his big-toe joint or in his hands each time he moves them. The crystals form when there is too much uric acid in the blood.

Because so many brilliant men throughout history have suffered from gout, it has been conjectured that uric acid could be needling or stimulating the brain to greater performance.

A look at the list of sufferers of this once excruciatingly painful kind of gout is enough to convince one that there might be something here which bears investigating.

The late famed psychologist Havelock Ellis endorsed that notion when he declared: "There is a pathological condition which occurs so often, in such extreme forms, in men of such preeminent intellectual ability, that it is impossible not to regard it as having a real association with such ability. I refer to gout. . . . The genius of the gouty group is emphatically masculine, profoundly original. . . ."

Since 90 percent of gout sufferers are men, women's lib might protest the study.

Famous people who have suffered from gout include:

Achilles	Alexander the Great
Queen Anne	Sir Francis Bacon
Lord Byron	John Calvin
Charles Darwin	Benjamin Franklin
Goethe	William Harvey
Henry VIII	Samuel Johnson
Louis XVIII	Martin Luther
Mozart	John Milton
Sir Isaac Newton	Oedipus
William Pitt	Alexander Pope
Teddy Roosevelt	Alfred Lord Tennyson
Leonardo da Vinci	Michelangelo

Benjamin Franklin was quick to point out the diet connection. In the mid-18th century, he wrote with wit of his indiscretions at the banquet table and the suffering it caused him immediately thereafter. Foods high in purines form uric acid in the blood. The foods he implicated are no different from the foods that appear on the list of foods to be avoided by gout sufferers today.

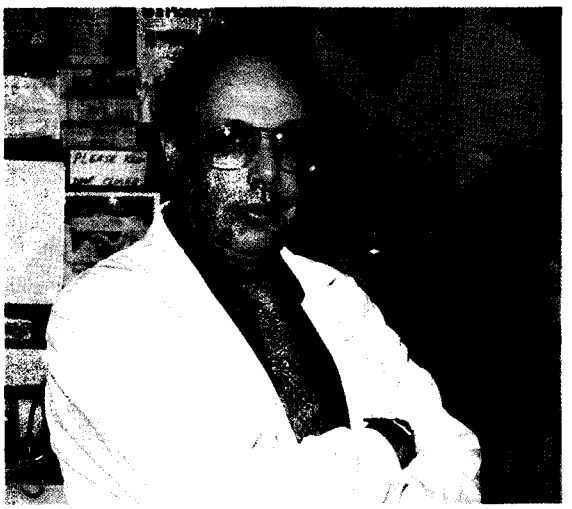
Foods with a high purine content that should be avoided by gout sufferers include:

liver	caviar
sweetbreads	alcohol, including wines
asparagus	mushrooms
brewer's yeast	anchovies
brains	kidneys
sardines	gravies
heart	

These foods have somewhat lesser purine content but should be eaten in moderation by gout sufferers:

oatmeal	beans
cauliflower	fish
lentils	meats
poultry	spinach

Gout disappears in times of need. At the end of World War II it was exceedingly rare in Germany.



Dr. Kenneth Brandt sees public education as the key to preventing needless gout deformities. He also dispels the myth of "wear and tear" osteoarthritis.

Another *Post* editor who suffered from gout associated his pains with an eating binge. Said he, "Early one morning, I was snatched from a pleasant dream by the sensation of fire blazing away inside my left heel. Switching on a light, I saw the heel was red and swollen. I tried to stand. On contact with the floor, I yelped and tumbled back into bed. The slightest motion, the mere weight of the bedclothes, set up fresh waves of hot pain. I lay there uncovered, bemoaning my lot, afraid to budge and afraid not to, as my whole ankle turned a deep, blushing red and swelled to half again its normal size. A few days later, the inflammation had subsided enough to allow me to hobble around, and the next day it disappeared.

"I can be precise about the time of that first onslaught, for it jolted me awake so violently that I knocked a bedside alarm clock to the floor, smashing the works. The hands, I noticed later, had stopped at 2:25. The night before, dining in a Swedish restaurant, *I had made four forays upon the smorgasbord table.* The month was April. I was then 43 years old.

"I dwell on these minutiae because, with a single exception, they typify the symptoms of a baffling ailment I share with a half million of my fellow countrymen—gout. The exception was the area of attack, the joint connecting the heel bone with the rear large ankle bone. Though

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In 1961, Willie McCovey (right) thought all his joint pains were caused by athletic injuries. But were they? Now he believes some of the arthritis was from food allergies.

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Speaking Out

AN ARTHRITIS DIET THAT WORKED FOR ME

by Willie McCovey, Sally Bigger and Richard Newman

Willie McCovey, San Francisco, California (formerly of the San Francisco Giants):

"I developed arthritis through injuries, which a lot of ballplayers do. At the time I was having a lot of my problems, I didn't realize that it was arthritis, and so, as a result, we were treating it in the wrong way. I had a lot of problems early in my career with knee injuries and hip injuries, shoulder injuries, broken arm; and in most of those joints, I developed arthritis, and it gave me quite a bit of pain and aggravation during my early years with the Giants. Horace Stoneham, who was owner of the Giants at the time, used to try to get me to see Dr. Collin Dong, but it was one of those things where I would say, 'Oh, yes, yes I will,' but never would go in to see him.

"Finally, my problems got so bad—and the treatment that I was getting at the ballpark wasn't doing a heck of a lot of good—I said, 'I'll try it.' So he told me about the diet. Actually, well, I guess you could call it a diet. He just stopped me from eating a lot of things that weren't hard for me to give up anyway. I did it religiously for quite a while, and lo and behold, it worked. It helped a lot. I haven't had any problems since.

"I follow it pretty faithfully, even now. I haven't had red meat in years, which is one of the things he took me off of. He took me off of most acid things, like tomatoes and citric acids, things of that type, and I haven't had them for years.

"The only time I do have pain is when I eat those things over a period of two or three days. Then I can feel the stiffness coming back. If I go somewhere and kind of go on a binge of orange juice, say, or maybe drink too much wine, or something of that nature, I will feel the stiffness and pain start to come back.

Willie McCovey, San Francisco, CA

But it's just a matter of laying off it, and I'm all right again.

"Dr. Dong gave me a list of 'don'ts,' things that I should stay away from, and I just stayed away from them. I just ate more of the things that were okay to eat, that's all—fish and chicken and things of that nature. But like I said, it wasn't all that hard for me to stay away from the 'don'ts.'

"I really didn't grow up in my early childhood eating steaks, anyway. Steaks were one of the things that I started eating when I became a professional baseball player. I wasn't raised on steaks, and I grew up eating a lot of fish and chicken anyway, so those were the things that I liked. That's why I don't really consider it a diet. Usually, when people go on a diet, they start eating things that they don't really like, but they eat it because they know it's going to help them lose weight or something. So they stick with it for that reason. It's never hard for me to give up something that I know is not good for me.

"During the off-season, I used to go on a high-protein diet in order to get down to my playing weight, and I was doing the things that I really shouldn't have done at that time, because my high-protein diet consisted of mostly meat. I was eating a lot of broiled steaks. And although I was getting down to my playing weight, I was getting a lot of stiffening and pain in my joints from it.

"The diet really helped me to control my weight without really trying, because the purpose of his diet, as far as I was concerned, was not to lose weight. I never really had a weight problem, because I could always get back down to my playing weight with little or no effort at all. But I found out since I've been on this diet that I have been better able to control my weight. I don't really gain weight at all now like I used to do in the off-season.

"I haven't really recommended this diet. . .as a matter of fact, this is one of the few times I've even talked about it this long, because this was never anything I wanted to try to sell on someone else. When someone would ask me about it, I would tell them. But it was something that I have never gone out of my way to preach to anyone else. I'm just not that type to try to sell something like this on someone, because as soon as you do, somebody will think there is something in it for you. I'm not trying to sell this diet. All I know is, it worked for me, and when people ask me about it, I tell them it worked for me. I don't know that it will work for the guy next door, but it works for me."

Mrs. Sally Bigger of Columbus, Ohio, is urging arthritis researchers to do scientific studies on the effects of diet on arthritic pain. Her case history follows:

"One morning, as I awoke, I discovered that my entire body was so excruciatingly painful that I could scarcely move. My doctor diagnosed the pain as rheumatoid arthritis and prescribed cortisone. To me, it was the death knell.

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"Insidiously, my knees, feet, elbows and hands became misshapen. I found it no longer possible to walk upright, but had to bend forward at the hips to maintain balance. In spite of extensive medication, I constantly lived in pain. Muscular atrophy in both arms and legs progressed rapidly, soon relegating me to a wheelchair. My throat muscles were also affected, making it impossible to eat anything that wasn't soft, pureed or liquified.

"About this time, an article in our morning paper by the educator and then-junior senator from California, S.I. Hayakawa, gave me a spark of hope. The article centered on Collin H. Dong, M.D., and his book *New Hope for the Arthritic*, in which his personal research pointed to rheumatoid arthritis as being an allergic disease, related to food and drink.

"I spent the next night reading Dr. Dong's book, my enthusiasm mounting by the hour. Come morning, I was ready to begin the diet. What can I lose? I thought. If it doesn't work, perhaps it will kill me.

"So, I discontinued three medications and began my new food-and-drink regimen: rice, albacore tuna, peanut butter, honey, potatoes, alfalfa sprouts, rye and oatmeal bread (toasted), soy margarine (which contains neither eggs nor milk solids), soy sauce, garlic and sea salt for seasoning, with black coffee, herb teas and water to drink. To keep my intake nutritional, food supplements were added.

"Now began the real experimentation. I added single food items and deleted medicines, one at a time, at different intervals. Some foods caused pain, usually within 24 hours. These were dropped. The same routine was applied to deleting the medicines. My reaction time seemed to be between three and eight days.

"The reduction of pain became apparent within the first month of starting the diet. My skin rashes disappeared. It became possible for me to eat even raw vegetables without choking.

"Additionally, joints in my upper extremities are beginning to thaw. Most surprising, two rheumatoid nodules on the left ear have been resorbed, which offers hope that the numerous nodules on the rest of my body may also be resorbed.

"My conclusion is that individual food allergies must be considered in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis. I point out that fruits, eggs and dairy products aggravated my condition and that I did not show improvement until the diet described above was begun.

"It cannot be denied that my private experiment has been a huge success, with every reason to expect more improvement in the future. With profound gratitude, I offer this testimony to my doctors in the hope that they will be able to help other rheumatic-disease victims regain some measure of health and comfort.

"I have since devised a proposed research project which would study the effects of diet in a controlled manner. I was gratified that my own physician is recommending the study. His letter follows."

Sally Bigger, Columbus, Ohio

Foods They Ate:
All seafood
All vegetables, including avocados
Vegetable oils, particularly safflower oil
Margarine, free from milk solids
Egg whites
Honey and sugar in small amounts
Nuts, seeds, soybean products
Rice of all kinds
Bread (with no preservatives or additives or milk, etc.)
Tea and coffee (in small amounts), plain soda water, mineral waters
Parsley, onions, garlic, bayleaf and other herbs
White meat or poultry
Pasta (in small amounts)

Foods They Avoided:
Red meat in any form
Fruit of any kind, except bananas
Dairy products (milk, cheese, yogurt)
Tomatoes, vinegar or any other highly acidic foods
Pepper or other spicy condiments
Chocolate
Egg yokes
Dry roasted nuts
Alcoholic beverages, especially wine
Soft drinks with additives
Preservatives, coloring, MSG

July 11, 1978

To Whom It May Concern:

Re: Proposal on Evaluation of Effect of Diet on Rheumatoid Arthritis—Sally B. Bigger

This is to certify that I have reviewed the above proposal and feel it is well devised and would recommend it for a grant for further study.

I have cared for Mrs. Bigger since May 22, 1973, and since she has been on this diet, she has shown definite improvement with decreased symptomatology from rheumatoid arthritis. Whether this is a coincidental reaction or effect of the diet can only be answered by a study of this type.

Owen E. Johnson, M.D.

The following is an account from Richard Newman, the president of a plumbing contracting company in St. Paul, Minnesota.

"When my arthritis first started, I was taking mostly aspirin, and as it got progressively worse, I went on Butazolidin and other drugs. It kept steadily getting worse. My shoulders had a lot of bone deterioration, and my knees were so bad that I had to go up and down stairs sideways. I had to sleep at night with a pillow under my knees, and I was taking 24 aspirins a day, which were causing me stomach problems. Tylenol was then recommended to me, but that really didn't help much. When I went on Dr. Dong's diet, I stopped taking my drugs. But Dr. Dong said that, once you have a bad arthritis, you have to continue on your drugs until you get it under control. Then you can get off the drugs, and the diet will suffice. And that's the way it worked for me. My usual diet had been meat and potatoes, orange juice every morning for breakfast and that sort of thing. Dr. Dong completely changed my diet to vegetables, fish, a little bit of white chicken meat and absolutely no fruit at all. My internist in Minnesota has been very impressed with my dramatic improvement and has recommended the diet to several of his other patients.

"A lot of people say to me, 'How can you do it?' I say that if I don't do it I start hurting right away. And I found out that it's easy enough to

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A MATTER OF LUCK

Luck doesn't run in some families, it walks—with a noticeable limp. Members of these families are often found selling women's underwear door-to-door.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Why do some salespeople get into innocuous products such as cosmetics while others end up in ladies' underwear? I'm sure it's a matter of luck. At least I blame luck for the fact that—and please don't misconstrue the statement—I was in ladies' underwear for more years than I care to recall. But if you'll keep your shirt on, I'll try to get up the nerve to recall at least my first day of peddling feminine underpinning door-to-door.

First, there's this matter of luck. Luck, according to skeletons still rattling around in the old family closet, never ran in our clan. Walked, in a few cases, but even then with a noticeable limp.

The possibility that Great-Aunt Phoebe contracted tuberculosis from licking Christmas seals will not be offered as evidence. The unhappy fate of Cousin Harley, however, need not raise a single eyebrow. To be precise, and I *do* want to be precise, Harley could be called a cousin twice removed—once to the local slammer, the second time to Sing Sing. Released from this institution of higher yearning a few days before Christmas, he stopped off in New York City to pick up a few gifts for the folks back home. And was rewarded for his consideration with a fractured pelvis and three herniated vertebrae from falling down a flight of hotel stairs with an armload of Gideon Bibles.

By contrast, Charlie, Harley's twin brother, had settled down and prospered on a farm near Henpeck, Michigan. Charlie's one passion was deer hunting. When the opportunity to be bamboozled presented itself, he eagerly traded his 80 acres of farmland for 40 acres of sand and brush in deer-hunting country just north of West Branch. Here, all through the summer, he watched with growing anticipation as the deer wiped out his garden, trampled his wife's flower beds, even knocked down the pillars on the front porch polishing their horns.

On the morning of November 15, opening day of hunting season, he had strolled out to shove the barrel of his rifle down the throat of the biggest buck, only to find hunters where, before, the deer had gamboled. And nothing but hunters would he see for 14 of the 15-day season.

Perhaps he thus can be excused for driving into town the afternoon of the 14th day and swapping five of his wife's handbags for a set of antlers and a deer call. On the way home, he had borrowed from a neighbor a moth motel that had begun life as a raccoon coat.

Daybreak the following morning found him back along his favorite runway. And evidence left little doubt that he had strapped the antlers to his head, slipped into the coat, run his rifle down the left sleeve (he was left-handed), squatted down beside a stump and begun blowing on the deer call. . . .

At the funeral, while waiting for the service man to fix a flat tire on the hearse, we gathered round a woman in a wheelchair identified as Auntie Valentine Flanders. (Her physical impairment and confusion of frizzled white hair had been the result, it was said, of eating watermelon in bed one late fall evening and inadvertently switching on her electric blanket.) However, according to her, the only one in our entire lineage on speaking terms with Lady Luck had been an Uncle Quonse. (Named, she said, after the Quonset Hut, because of his long head. His mother, it seems, during the latter days of her pregnancy, had run into a mailbox.)

This Uncle Quonse, also a farmer, thinking to give his farm a much-needed breather, had taken a job as punch-press operator at South Fisher Body in Flint, a town lying some 15 miles southwest of Henpeck. And all went well—for two whole days. On the third day, however, he tripped the press without first removing his finger, and the press obligingly removed it for him. The company's "whole-finger" insurance policy rewarded him for this goof with the handsome sum of $500. The fourth day found him back on the farm.

The insurance thing having worked out so well, it's not surprising, as Auntie Valentine suggested, that Quonse immediately signed up for an accident policy available through *The Flint Daily Journal* at 25¢ a week. "And whether you believe it or not," said Auntie Valentine, "the very day that policy went into effect, darned if Uncle Quonse didn't back over his wife with the manure spreader."

But even *his* luck had run out eventually. Quonse, it seems, got religion, as we used to say in Michigan, and drowned in the Flint River while being baptized.

The way it happened, as Auntie Valentine recalled, the preacher said Uncle Quonse couldn't be baptized

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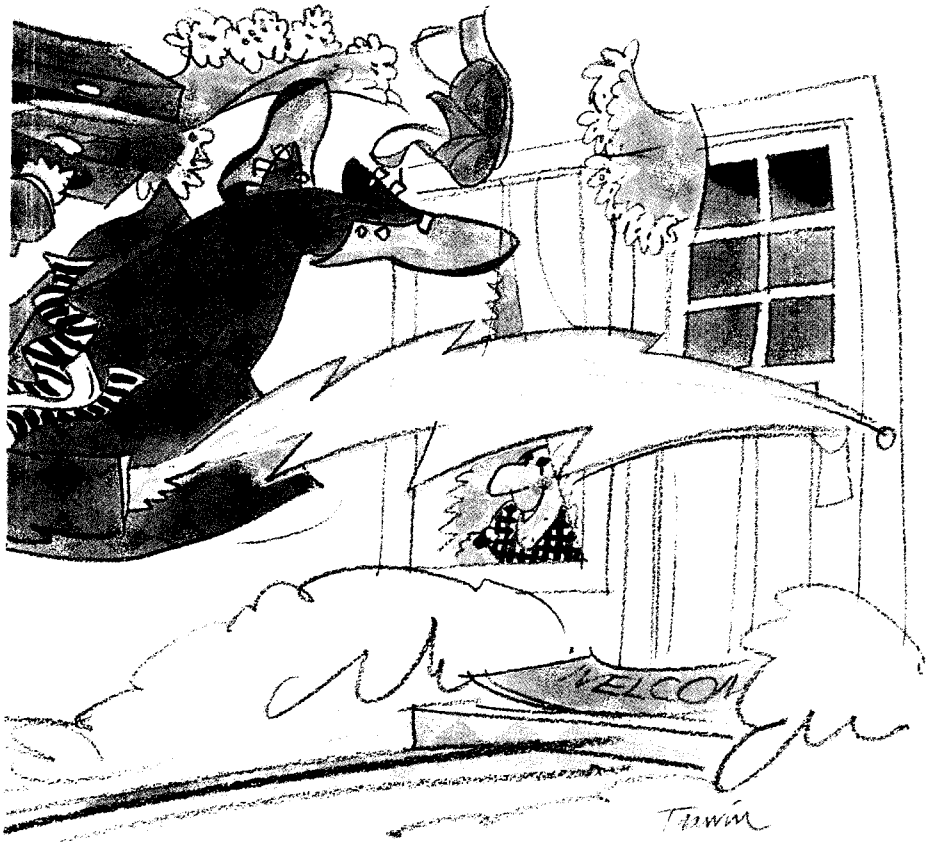

with his hat on. Quonse said he wasn't about to take it off, not in that cold water. The preacher said he'd see about that. And somehow in the scuffle Uncle Quonse stepped out too far and the current caught him.

"The baptism wasn't a complete failure, however," concluded Auntie Valentine, as she was being helped into the family Edsel for the drive to the cemetery. "The preacher somehow managed to save Uncle Quonse's hat."

(Don't go to sleep now, we're halfway home.)

With this background, not to mention the habit of eating that I had become addicted to before entering the University of Michigan, I was a prime pushover for the recruiter's rhetoric about the joys of selling ladies' underpinning door-to-door. However, having lived the sheltered life of a country boy, I owed my grasp of intimate apparel to a few surreptitious peeks inside the Sears, Roebuck catalog. Oh, if someone were to hold up a girdle and a horse bridle, I could tell which was which right off the bat. But that was about it. My "trainer," however, enthusiastically assured me I had nothing to fear. He would turn me into a pro in no time at all.

And no time at all was exactly 10 minutes, showing me how to measure a woman's leg for personal-fit stockings and write up the order. After that, he handed me a sample case, picked up a stray hound his daughter had dragged home from school the day before and drove us both out to what he called, if you'll excuse the expression, "virgin territory." I sat in the back seat; the dog rode in front.

If Birk Street in Ann Arbor is no longer virgin territory, it's not because I deflowered it. Dumping the hound and me out in snow up to my sample case, the trainer conveniently remembered an appointment back in the warmth and security of the Michigan Union. Not counting the dog, I was on my own.

But for once I got lucky. For five straight houses I didn't catch anyone home. They were home, all right; I just couldn't catch them at it. Shades drawn, dogs turned out, homemade quarantine sign for "meezles" hanging from the doorknob—stuff like that. Finally, I *did* spot one man a few doors ahead of me. He had dashed out with a pail of water to ice the front steps. Certainly somewhat short of the recruiter's rosy picture of housewives receiving me like a long-lost husband carrying a Tiffany's shopping bag.

By this time, I had attracted every stray mutt and prereform school kid within a five-block radius. At times, I would dodge one of their little sleds. At other times, I would duck one of their little frozen snowballs. At still other times, I wouldn't. The dogs that weren't worrying the leather of my sample case (to say nothing of me) were jockeying for pole position on my ankles. When my own myopic hound mistook my leg for a fire hydrant, I said to no one in particular, "To heck with an order; I've got to get in somewhere out of the dogs and kids!"

As luck would have it, or so I first thought, the very next house produced an old gentleman sitting right out in plain view at his front window. When he began smiling and nodding encouragement as I floundered toward his porch, I pegged him for perhaps a retired door-to-door man, or at least one of those rare individuals whose breast was fairly awash with the milk of human kindness. It was at that very moment that the sadistic old goat probably had his hand on the switch that sent the 2,000 volts into the doorbell button.

Today's door-to-door salesmen, of course, wouldn't know a "hot doorbell" from a puddle of Tobasco sauce. But at that time, a man at home had no afternoon game on TV —no TV at all, in fact—as a means of diversion. Thus among his favorite pastimes was rigging up one of these fiendish devices and enjoying the results.

Even in my innocence, I should have smelled the rat when reading the directive tacked to the door casing: "Do Not Knock—Please Ring Bell." But little old me, thinking that at last I had a live one, rang the bell. The next thing I remembered, I was lying on my back at the foot of the steps, lingerie samples scattered from here to breakfast, as the saying goes.

Giving credit where credit is due, that swarm of little storm troopers got me to my feet and, accompanied by ribald comments belying their ages, began collecting my gear. Credit was *not* due the loudmouth who followed me into the next block

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Reno's Affair in the Air

Each year pilots don their gear and fly down to Reno to try their wings in high-stakes races where only the sky's the limit.

Photography by Don Moldroski

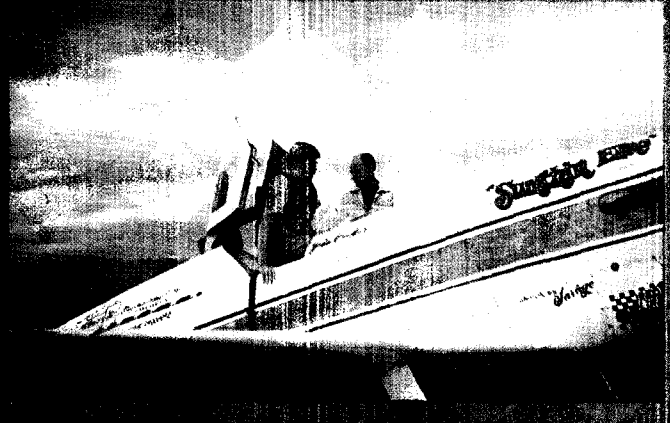
Unidentified flying objects are no strangers to the Nevada skies. The wide sweep of horizon over desert and sagebrush here seems to attract unconventional aerial visitors—real or imagined. But for one week every year, the people of Reno know exactly what to expect from overhead. The most colorful array of heavier-than-air machines to be seen anywhere in the country wing in from around the nation to vie for places in the Annual National Championship Air Races that Reno has hosted for 19 consecutive years.

Lined up along the airfield, the combatants' planes have the unsettling look of militant insects, ready to spring. Most powerful among them are the Unlimiteds, souped-up WWII fighters that are anything but relics. Although propeller driven, they fly as fast as some jets, and every couple years, some crack pilot throttles a revised version to a new world's record at speeds of 430 mph and beyond.

Other WWII hardware, AT-6s, the stock cars of air racing, have their own league, as do the Formula planes, flying phenomena designed from scratch and limited in shape only by the builders' imaginations. Not least are the biplanes. Nostalgia buffs find double-decker pleasure in their buzzing heats. Today's versions would leave the Red Baron far behind.

In their bids for airspeed superiority, the new and vintage planes turn Stead Field just north of Reno into a friendly latterday battleground, while far below, sore necks proliferate among anxious spectators in the viewing stands. The races are the meat of this air extravaganza, but there's gravy, too, in the concurrent air show that features

(Near right) Despite the sun's reluctance to show itself, "Sundancer," a biplane flown by Pat Hines, rolls out to do a little dancing around the pylons.



(Left) John Crocker settles into the cockpit of his P-51D Mustang, "Sumthin' Else." (Above) An F2G Corsair, piloted by Steve Hinton, shakes off a brief mountain rain.

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(Right) A "Beau Peep" [illegible] biplane trainer flown by Col. J. H. Brymer towed a sky sign around the Reno area promoting races.

(Left) "Shark," a formula plane piloted by Bill Sklar. ***(Above)*** *An impressive debut for '82 Unlimited winner "Dago Red," a P-51D piloted by Ron Hevle.*

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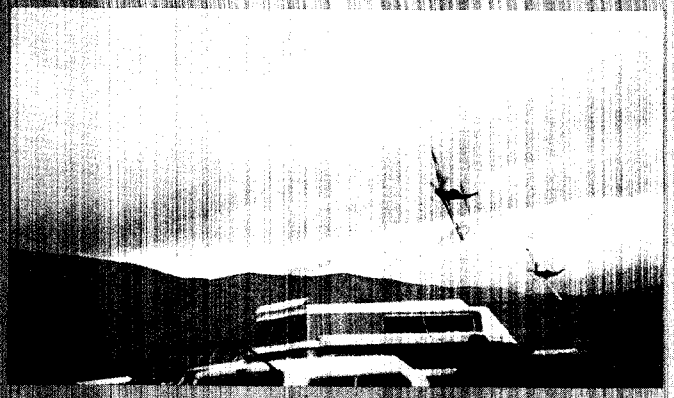
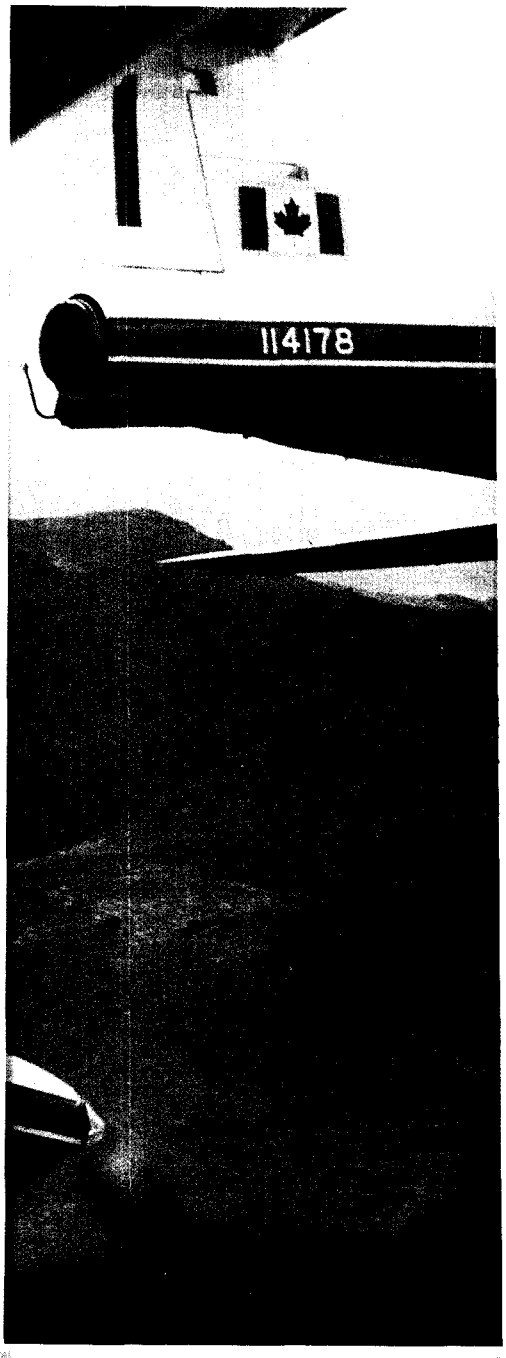


A pair of Unlimiteds (P-51s) stand on their left wings at nearly 400 mph, heading straight at #1 pylon. The damper vehicles belong to pylon referees.

sky divers, mock battles and pilots with seeming death wishes who delight in airborne daring dos and (more often) don'ts. The show also gives fans a chance to sidle up to their favorite warbirds—rare B-25s and B-17s and even rarer quarry such as the B-23 Dragon bomber.

The *Post* asked Don Moldroski, an ardent aerophile and air-racing aficionado, to compile a pictorial of this annual flying circus. Thanks to an unexpected invitation for a first-class accommodations (the planes only have two seats anyway) aboard a Canadian Snowbirds jet, Don was able to capture the event from the ground up. As he shows, these races have their ups and downs. More importantly, they convey viewers for a few hours, at least from the silent corridors of the computer age to the vibrant field where men take noisy pride in magnificent machines in a sport that, like few these days, is still performed more for love than money.

(Left) Former formula pilot, current stunt pilot Art Scholl, wearing "Aileron," his canine traveling companion, is seen here talking shop with a military fan. (Below) A heavy responsibility of the control tower is juggling the daily schedule.



Above: Two Unlimited planes head north toward Chamber Lake on a press flight. (Below) Darting over the finish line, the winning plane and pilot are very happy campers. Photos by Don Moldroski

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Dad marvels at the workmanship and no-nonsense design. Son envisions himself at the controls, buzzing the "guys" at the ballpark.

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THE WINDS OF WAR THREATENING THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

Buffeted by the gale forces of monumental social change and worldwide Christian disarray, the NCC is under siege by a legion of critics.

by Bruce Buursma

It began with the symbol of the Christian cross and the legend, "This Nation Under God." It was the dawn of the 1950s, the decade of dreams, and in a spasm of religious zeal and bright-eyed American optimism, the National Council of Churches (NCC) was constituted as the foremost ecumenical agency in the United States.

Today, buffeted by the gale-force winds of monumental social change in the United States and the disarray in worldwide Christian ecumenism, the NCC is under siege by a legion of conservative critics who forcefully contend that the dimly burning wick of liberal religious thought and action is about to be quenched at last.

At issue is the proper role of religion in the republic, a long-contentious question with keen political implications in a country once described as a "nation with the soul of a church." But now, the nation's soul is rent in an uncivil war pitting the "mainline" religious establishment, represented by the NCC and the increasingly progressive Roman Catholic bishops, against the freshly emboldened and vocal conservative Christian camp, whose standard-bearers include a host of television evangelists and several quietly influential theologians.

Once again, the NCC is being portrayed as the Communist Party at prayer, a charge the ecumenical body first encountered in the 1950s when it produced the landmark Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible, scandalizing the King James loyalists.

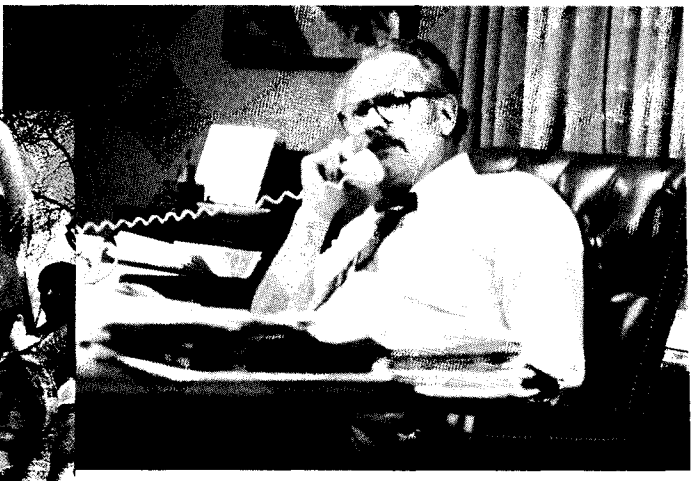
But today, the public dismay over the NCC has taken on a heightened pitch in the wake of Council statements that have on occasion sharply assailed the domestic and foreign policies of the Reagan Administration, at a time when the country's churchgoers are growing weary of what they perceive as a remote and unresponsive religious bureaucracy.

In response, the leaders of the NCC have launched an unprecedented counteroffensive, acknowledging that the Council is hardly infallible, but asserting that its self-described role as a "prophetic conscience" in the United States inevitably breeds resentment and misunderstanding.

The National Council of Churches, which has its headquarters in the Interchurch Center on the upper west side of Manhattan, describes itself as a "community of Christian communions" whose aim is to "manifest even more fully the unity of the Church." It is a cooperative umbrella organization for 32 church groups that claim a total membership of about 45 million Americans.

The most powerful denominations holding membership in the NCC are the United Methodist Church, the United Presbyterian Church U.S.A., the Episcopal

Two-thirds of the NCC's 1982 budget of approximately $44 million went to Overseas Ministries, under which the Council administers a massive relief and development program.



"Because of our self-described role, there has always been an image problem," says Bishop James Armstrong, president of the NCC.

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Church, the United Church of Christ and the Presbyterian Church U.S. But the Council also includes a number of theologically moderate and even conservative churches, including the Reformed Church in America, the Church of the Brethren, a number of Eastern Orthodox bodies and several black denominations.

Noticeably absent from the membership roster of the Council are the 51-million-member U.S. Roman Catholic Church, the 14-million-member Southern Baptist Convention and both the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod and the American Lutheran Church.

In a study conducted for the NCC by a private company in an attempt to pinpoint its growing problems, the American religious establishment was faulted for its "complacency and indifference. . .[and its] fascination with gloom—or at best, a willing acceptance of smallness, of a shrinking, dying Christianity in Europe and America."

The NCC has engaged in tentative and deliberate flirtations with Christian groups outside of its membership for a number of years, with modest success. A Roman Catholic, Christian Brother Jeffrey Gros, was installed earlier this year as the head of the NCC's Faith and Order Commission. And NCC President Bishop James Armstrong has quietly met in what was described as a "productive" round of discussions with his counterpart in the rival National Association of Evangelicals, the Rev. Arthur E. Gay, Jr., of suburban Chicago.

A prominent evangelical-philosopher, Dr. Richard Mouw of Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Michigan, recently completed a three-year term as a member of the NCC's Faith and Order Commission and says the frequent "contention that the Council's agenda is being set and expedited by the left-wing liberation types is a fiction.

"There was a genuine openness to the evangelical perspective," says Mouw, who is a member of the Christian Reformed Church, a denomination outside the embrace of the NCC. "I also was surprised by the significant role of the Orthodox. They are an important part of the mix, and they insist on the importance of doctrine and argue strenuously for their view of the church.

"Moreover, the prominence of the Bible in our discussions, the frequent reading of it and the talk about what it touches—all of these were surprises to me," Mouw continues.

"A sincere effort is being made to reach out toward the conservative evangelicals, the Southern Baptists, the Roman Catholics and the world beyond," says Bishop Armstrong. "I believe we are living in a day when there is an eagerness on the part of the NCC and the religious groups outside it to communicate with each other and to find ways of thinking, praying and working together in common cause."

A more friendly Lutheran critic of the NCC, Dr. Martin E. Marty of the University of Chicago Divinity School, acknowledges a spreading impotence in the mainline churches, but contends that the Council is not yet a lost cause.

"The NCC was born of the American ethos of 1945 to 1968," says Marty. "It came to age at a time when there was economic affluence and when religion was booming, but was not socially sensitive. So the NCC took the not-too-spiritual resources of the churches and said, 'Let's have a conscience.' And they achieved some good things.

"But the world didn't stay that way," Marty continues. "The NCC never really caught on to what hit it, and so there is a cultural lag. Their

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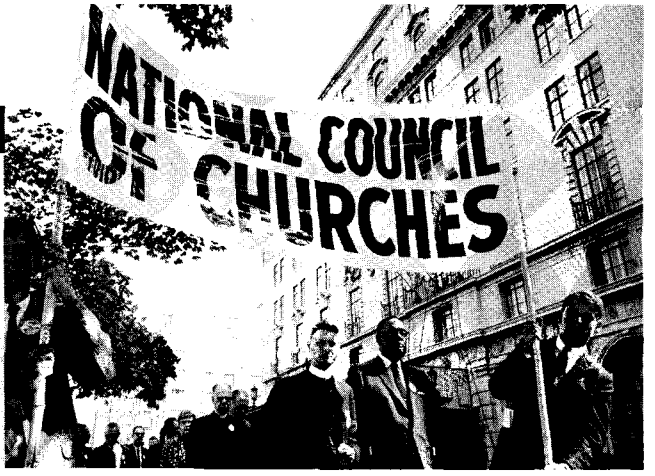
General Secretary Claire Randall, a Presbyterian laywoman from Texas, has administered day-to-day operations of the NCC for the past nine years.

Church World Service staff leader Stanley Mitton (center) went to Poland in 1981 to oversee the unloading of church-donated supplies.



Members of the NCC staff, marching behind their banner in a civil rights parade, helped feed the flickering flame of liberal religious thought and action.

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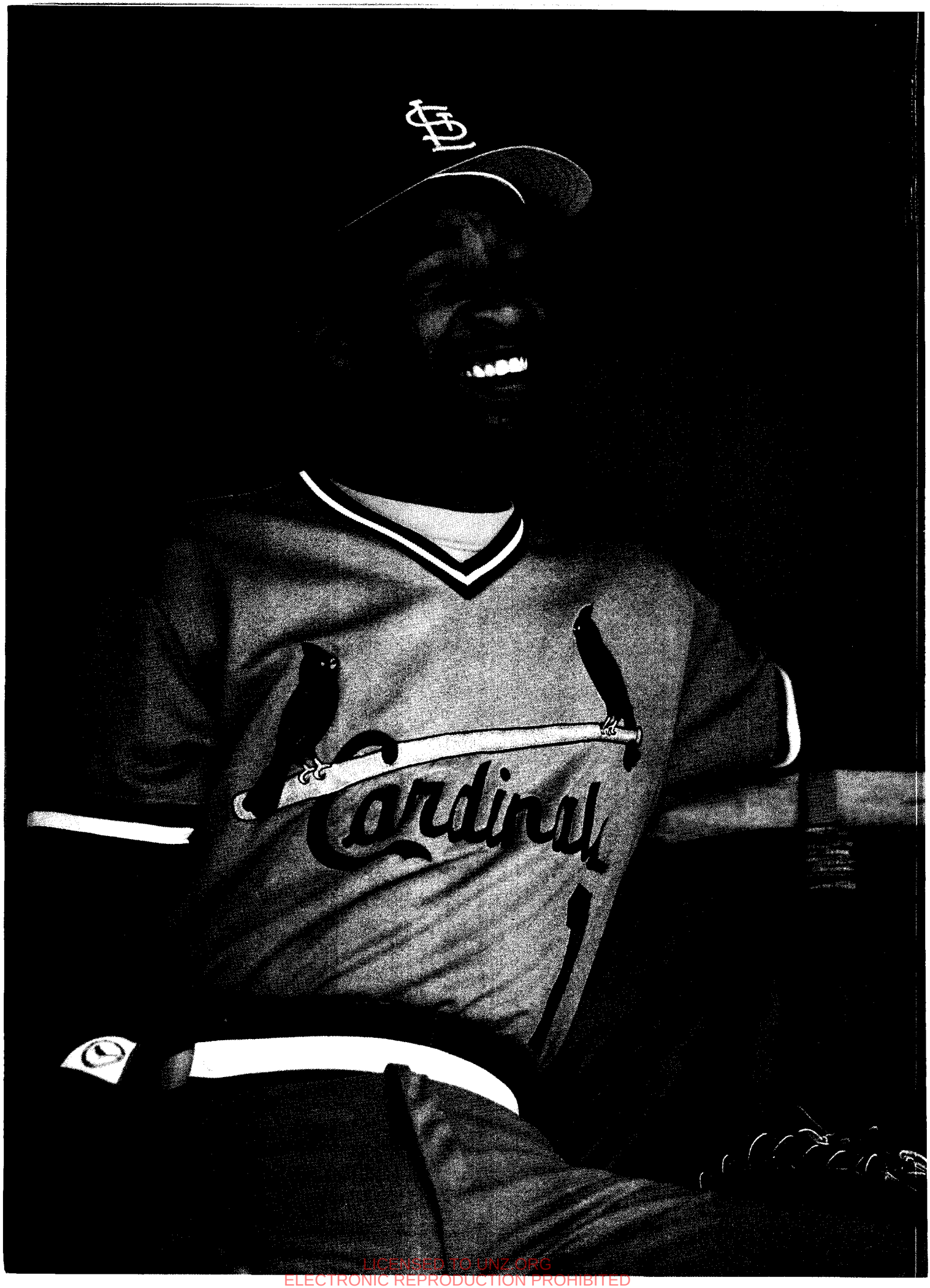

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THE WIZARDRY OF OZZIE SMITH

Those privileged to watch the feline quickness of baseball's first $1 million shortstop insist he performs at least one magical maneuver in every game.

by Barry Jacobs

The first emphatic announcement of Ozzie Smith's arrival in baseball's major leagues came at a steamy Atlanta stadium during the summer of 1978.

Smith, a rookie, was playing shortstop for the feckless San Diego Padres when Atlanta slugger Jeff Burroughs hit an apparent single to center. An apparent single to everyone, that is, except Ozzie Smith. The game mattered little in the standings and, according to Smith, also meant little to a number of his teammates. But to Smith, a self-conscious artist who revels in his opportunities to perform and perfect the infielder's art, the game—every game—mattered a great deal more. "Playing shortstop is very important to me," he says earnestly, "because I take so much pride in it."

Possessed of finely honed reactions, feline quickness and an intense concentration, Smith was off to his left at the crack of Burroughs' bat and airborne in three strides. But even as he dove to overtake the ball traversing the center of the diamond, it hit a rock and caromed unexpectedly in the direction from which he'd come. Body extended parallel to the ground, all Smith could do was thrust his bare right hand behind him and snare the ball before falling to the infield dirt. Then, incredibly, he scrambled to his feet in time to throw Burroughs out by a step.

The Atlanta crowd gave him a standing ovation. The play was caught on videotape and replayed repeatedly throughout the season, eventually being dubbed baseball's "play of the year."

At mention of his bit of legerdemain against Burroughs, a smile quickly creases Ozzie Smith's bearded face. "It was the thing that really got me on the map," recalls the man known since his boyhood in Los Angeles as the "Wizard of Oz." "From that point on, it opened people's eyes. 'Wait a minute!' they said. 'I didn't see that! That didn't happen!' "

Five seasons later, Ozzie, 28, is baseball's first $1 million shortstop, and plays of such rare quality are anticipated whenever Osborne Earl Smith takes the field. Those fans privileged to see him play regularly insist he performs some magical maneuver about once per game. "If you told Ozzie, 'Nice going,' every time he made a great play, you'd be over there patting him on the back all the time," says his manager, Whitey Herzog.

It was Herzog, doubling at the time as general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, who traded for Smith before the 1982 season. He gave up several players, including a shortstop with a lifetime batting average 74 points higher than Smith's. By season's end, Herzog's judgment was amply confirmed as the Cardinals became world champions and Smith was widely recognized as the current master among shortstops, on a plane with such modern greats as Marty Marion, Pee Wee Reese, Phil Rizzuto and Luis Aparicio.

Red Schoendienst, himself one of the premier second basemen of the 1940s and '50s and now a Cardinals coach, speaks glowingly of Smith's talents. "He's got great hands. He's quick. His hands and feet are quick. That's what makes an infielder and a shortstop. His arm is good. He can dive for a ball and bounce up quicker than anybody I've ever seen. I've seen a lot of great shortstops, outstanding shortstops, and he's right with them."

"I didn't realize how talented Smith was until I got to see him play every day," says Joe McDonald, a 20-year baseball man who took over as the Cards' general manager last year. "I think I'm safe in saying he's one of the best ever." It was McDonald who, this winter, consented to pay Smith well in excess of $1 million per year for three years, the most lucrative deal ever accorded a baseball player known primarily for defensive prowess. The salary is the highest ever paid by the Cardinals, and the 18th highest in all of sports, according to a recent article in *Sport* magazine. Smith's agent, Ed Gottlieb, insists even that estimate is too modest. "I can tell you that [his pay] is far in excess of a million dollars. A million is not even close," Gottlieb says.

That St. Louis signed Smith to such a deal after he'd only been with the club for one season is itself noteworthy in a game where the big bucks are typically showered upon sluggers and pitchers. But beyond its clear statement about his value to the Cardinals, an organization he greatly respects, Smith believes his contract represents a milestone of sorts in a battle of philosophies that has been fought for years within baseball and has consumed the 5'10", 150-pound Smith since his youth.

Although Smith shone at Locke High in L.A. and was convinced he had a "unique talent" and could play in the big leagues, he was ignored by baseball scouts because of his size and lack of batting clout (the latter the only knock remaining against him). "People always told my son he was too small to be a baseball player," his mother, Marvella Smith, once told an interviewer. When Smith graduated from high school in 1972, no baseball organization drafted him, though several slugging teammates were gobbled up.

Hurt, Smith went on to college at Cal State Poly at San Luis Obispo on an academic grant, majoring in social science. He made the baseball team as a walk-on and played for four more years before being drafted and signed by San Diego in 1977. He gave himself five years to make the majors or get out of baseball. Finally given a chance, within a

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SEEING IS BEE-LIEVING

Biologist Bernd Heinrich's business is to see meadows and fields through the eyes of the apian jumbo, Bombus, *the bumblebee.*

by Richard Wolkomir

One summer afternoon, biologist Bernd Heinrich was sitting in a Maine meadow, chin deep in daisies, applying an electronic thermometer to bumblebees. Abruptly, Heinrich realized that a stranger in overalls and suspenders was eying him suspiciously.

"What the devil are you doing?" the man asked.

Heinrich explained that he was killing bumblebees. He secretly hoped that he wasn't in violation of some local ordinance.

"Oh," the stranger said. "For a minute there I thought you were one of them biologists. They'll do anything!"

Heinrich, a leading world expert on bumblebees, says that the man's assessment is only a "slight exaggeration." After all, in his laboratory at the University of Vermont, Heinrich hoodwinks bumblebees into visiting blue plastic "flowers." He encourages bumblebees to hibernate in heaps of dirt shoveled onto the laboratory floor under a mosquito-net pavilion. And he goes to considerable lengths to understand bumblebee behavior.

Recently, for instance, he was observing bumblebees visiting white clover blossoms on a campus lawn. How did the bees know which blossoms had nectar and which were empty? Could it be scent? To find out, Heinrich lay on the grass and closed his eyes, instructing his graduate assistants to hold clover blossoms under his nose—and to ignore the stares of passersby.

"I could, with 88 percent accuracy, determine whether an individual flower had been previously visited by a bumblebee," says Heinrich. "Unvisited flowers had a strong, sweet, clover scent; visited flowers had a weak scent."

His mission is to see meadows and fields through the eyes of that apian jumbo, *Bombus*, the bumblebee, any of several large, hairy, social bees of the family *Apidae*. It is an alien world, where blossoms advertise their nectar in flashing ultraviolet, where a queen deposits scented memos to remind herself where she left her eggs, where a bumblebee's tongue may be longer than its body. But to Heinrich, it is all economics.

Bumblebees, he says, "invest" their energy to earn a "profit"—nectar and pollen—for their "company," the bee colony, a "factory" that manufactures baby bees. In *Bumblebee Economics* (Harvard University Press), twice an American Book Award nominee, Heinrich details these insect-flower transactions. And it turns out that the wee executives in black-and-yellow pinstripes are as bottom-line-oriented as their Wall Street counterparts.

As far afield as Kenya and New Guinea, Bernd Heinrich continues to monitor the economic pulse of bumblebees.

A bumblebee worker buzzing out above the flower-dotted meadow marketplace must minimize the energy it consumes keeping airborne while maximizing the per-trip haul of pollen (the protein food that grows young bees) and nectar (the "petroleum" that fuels the hive). And so it must decide: Which flowers offer the most income at the least cost? Plants, on the other hand, aim to use insects to spread their pollen from flower to flower, propagating the species. And so the plant's strategy is to maximize insect visits while minimizing the energy it spends attracting them. Most plants lure insects with an otherwise useless sugary liquid, nectar. How little nectar can a plant get away with producing?

According to Heinrich, plants try everything to lure insects. For example, instead of producing nectar, some orchids actually attract male bumblebees by mimicking females in size, shape, color and even scent; the duped swains become unwitting pollen spreaders, without reward.

For plants that produce flowers in bunches, it is most efficient to direct bumblebees to unvisited blossoms, away from blossoms that already have been pollinated. Such plants can signal, via scent and other tricks, which blossoms have already lost their nectar. For instance, bumblebees soon learn that when a wild pasture rose dims from red to pale pink, it is not worth visiting. Some flowers, once they are pollinated, change their ultraviolet reflectivity, signaling: "Sorry, all out!" Other plants, which produce little nectar themselves, try to lure bumblebees by imitating plants that produce lots of nectar.

After about 50 "business trips," a bumblebee learns which flowers offer the best payback, taking into account such factors as the day's temperature. Like airplanes, bumblebees must "warm their engines"—their flight muscles—to get airborne. They do it by shivering, "unclutching" the muscles from their wings and vibrating the muscles at high speed. But that consumes considerable energy, especially when the air temperature is low. And so, on cool days, bees opt for flowers with a bigger nectar payoff,

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avoiding even more easily accessible flowers that offer less nectar. That way, they fill their "cargo bays," using fewer hops and fewer preflight warm-ups.

Heinrich, a marathon runner who holds two world records for his age group, has little trouble following speeding bumblebees through the meadows of his family's Maine farm. He has found that one way individual bumblebees maximize their returns is by specializing in specific flowers. By gluing numbered tabs to the bees' thoraxes, Heinrich has tracked individuals and discovered that most bumblebees learn to "major" in certain flowers and "minor" in others. For instance, one bee may visit mostly jewelweed, with less frequent trips to goldenrod. Others may choose other flowers, depending on the architecture of the blossom, the size of the bumblebee and the length of its tongue.

By specializing, bumblebees also learn to be deftly efficient harvesters, since flowers present their pollen differently. "For example, to collect pollen from wild carrot, a bumblebee must rapidly walk across the flat inflorescence, pressing its body down to pick up pollen from the surface of the many tiny florets," says Heinrich. "On the other hand, to collect pollen from the wild rose, a bumblebee must grasp groups of anthers, vibrate them, turn and grasp a second group of anthers."

Bumblebees carry pollen in "briefcases," pouches on their hind legs. The bumblebees suck up nectar through their long tongues, storing it inside their abdomens. Back at the hive, they shake the pollen into a waxy "pollen pot" and regurgitate the nectar into a "honey pot." As the nectar evaporates in the honey pot, it thickens into honey. Bumblebees feed the pollen to larvae and sip from the honey pot themselves on rainy days when they cannot forage.

And what does the economics of *Bombus* have to do with the economics of *Homo sapiens*? A great deal, it turns out.

For instance, two German biologists in Darwin's day argued that the British Empire was based on the bumblebee, since its power resided mainly in its navy, which subsisted on beef, which came from cattle fed on clover, which required bumblebees for pollination. More seriously, Bernd Heinrich notes that North Americans are "ultimately dependent on bee pollination for up to one-third of their food."

The hive is a queendom, ruled by a single royal bee. She emerges from underground hibernation in the spring, stocks an abandoned mouse nest with pollen and nectar, and then lays perhaps a dozen eggs. The hatchlings are all nonreproductive females. "We don't know what makes a worker, as opposed to a queen," says Heinrich. "It may be some chemical the queen feeds the larvae."

Helped by her oldest daughters, the queen hatches new batches of eggs, rearing the larvae into new worker platoons. Then, as the summer ends, the hive factory suddenly retools to produce drones (males) and reproductive females (queens). The feckless drones eschew all hive work; instead, they buzz off to mate with reproductive females from other hives. And then, their moment of usefulness expended, the drones all die.

Meanwhile, the original hive is running down; its chaotic array of honey pots and cocoons looks like an eroded coral reef smeared with yellow pollen. As the days cool, the original queen and 50 to 400 workers die. Only the 100 or so new queens, the hive's "net profit," survive. They hibernate underground, emerging in the spring as individual entrepreneurs who start new "factories" to continue the cycle. This annual cycle is distinct from that of a close relative, the honeybee. Honeybees maintain their colonies through the winter.

The more Bernd Heinrich probes the economics of the hive, the more he discovers how complex bumblebees are. He has found, for instance, that jobs in the hive are assigned according to size. Larvae pushed to the edge of their batch receive less food and grow up stunted, sometimes as small as flies. Better able to navigate the hive's intricate network of cramped passageways, these midget bumblebees become indoor workers, tending the eggs and larvae. Larger bumblebees, better able to regulate their body temperatures, may forage late into the cool evening, while midsize bumblebees venture out only during the warmth of midday. Newly hatched bumblebees quickly specialize in whatever tasks currently need attention: foraging for nectar, feeding larvae or guarding the hive entrance.

In his University of Vermont laboratory, at his Maine farm and as far afield as Kenya and New Guinea, Heinrich continues to monitor the economic pulse of bumblebees. One question, however, he feels is satisfactorily resolved: Having sampled both the honeybee and bumblebee products, he says that the *Bombus*-brand honey is definitely "superior."

Bees' activities may seem haphazard, but biologists now "have their number"; like profit-motivated businessmen, bees go to the spot that will yield the most honey.

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Man the Menu

In the spring, when the fresh milk from new grasses becomes the finest cheese, it's time to discover how tasty and nutritious cheese can be.

by DANIEL NEWMAN

After the Napoleonic Wars, representatives of the major European powers assembled in Vienna to redraw the map of Europe. Much of the success of any diplomatic effort rests on national honor; and, as legend has it, Charles Talleyrand, representing the French throne at this Congress, secured his country's prestige by serving Brie, the rich, soft-ripened delicacy of Normandy. Then and there, on May 15, 1820, Brie was hailed "the King of Cheeses."

Talleyrand was very careful in his choice of cheese. Had the Congress of Vienna adjourned in fall or winter, the selection of Comte Gruyère or Cantal might have served his diplomacy more admirably. But no cheese is better suited to the lengthening days of late spring than Brie.

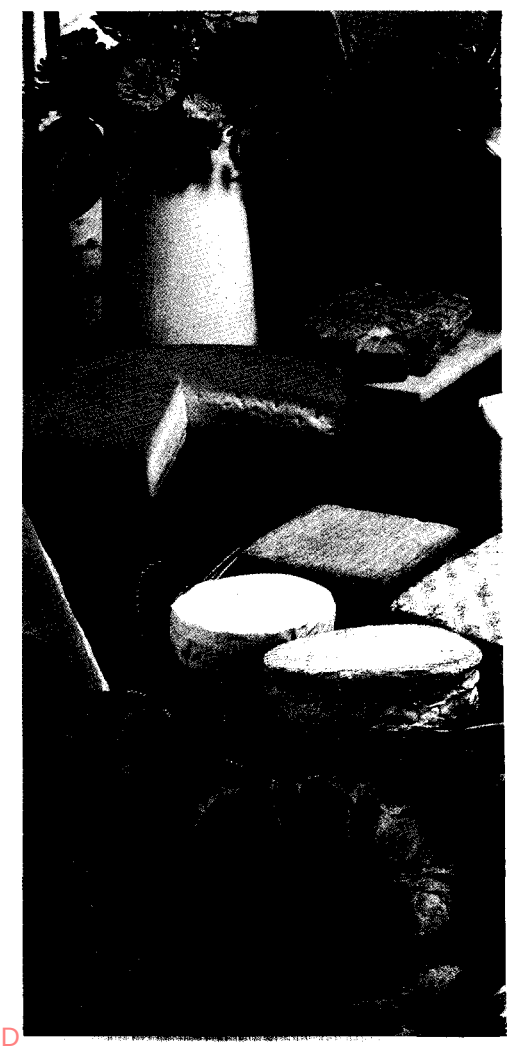
Earlier in the spring, when dairy cows change their diets from winter hay to new green shoots of grass, the quality of their milk changes dramatically. This spring milk, the sweetest and richest of the entire year, produces the finest cheese. Since Brie takes only five weeks to produce, the best specimens can be found right now.

Spring milk makes Brie particularly good this time of year, but there are other factors that determine the best cheese to buy. As the weather gets warmer and people spend more time out of doors, needs and tastes change, and a cheese sandwich can make a perfect lunch or snack. Many domestic American cheeses, such as muenster, Colby, brick and Monterey jack, can lie at the heart of a mild, satisfying sandwich. A warm sandwich can be made by combining one of these cheeses with sliced tomato or cooked asparagus and toasting it on rye or pumpernickel bread. Italian-style cheeses such as mozzarella and Provelone can be part of a cold antipasto salad, or they can be thinly sliced and rolled with salami on a toothpick for a simple hors d'oeuvre.

People seem to become more conscious of their health in the spring. Perhaps it is because being more health-conscious just makes good sense. But whatever reason is important to you, cheese belongs in your diet: There is probably no single food so complete in nutritive value as cheese. Most cheeses supply valuable B vitamins, as well as vitamins A and D, calcium and phosphorus. Cheese is rich in protein and a particularly easy-to-digest sort of milk fat. The more fattening types of carbohydrates, such as milk sugar, become milk acids in the process of cheese-making and are thus largely absent. Considering how valuable it is from a nutritional standpoint, cheese is remarkably low in calories. One hundred grams (3½ ounces) of cottage cheese contains only slightly more than 100 calories; the same amount of Brie supplies fewer than 300 calories; and Cheddar has fewer than 400 calories.

The most popular type of dieting cheese in America is cottage cheese. Cottage cheese and its cousins, pot cheese, hoop cheese and farmer cheese, are often made without rennet (the enzyme included in most cheese-making to cause the milk to coagulate) and use lactic acid to curdle the milk. When the curds are cut into small granules, salt or salted cream is added, and the cheese is packaged for retail immediately. These cheeses are sold fresh, rather than aged as are most harder cheeses.

But good health is only one reason to turn to cheese this spring. Certain cheeses keep particularly well unrefrigerated for picnics or camping trips. Generally, the harder a cheese is, the less perishable it is. Aged cheeses stand up particularly well for long periods without refrigeration. One favorite is aged Gouda from Holland. The best comes in a black wax and is labelled "Mona Lisa." It is sharp and crumbly—a perfect companion to a glass of full-



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bodied red wine. Swiss Gruyère also holds up very well without refrigeration. A slab of Gruyère or its more famous cousin, Emmenthal, upon some crusty French bread with a dab of hot dijon mustard makes a perfect snack to bring along on a hike.

Some of the best cheeses for flavor, as well as their keeping qualities, are the Cheddars; and some of the best Cheddars are made in America. Although originating in Great Britain, Cheddars have been made in America since the 17th century. Today, the best American Cheddars are made in Vermont, New York, Wisconsin and Tillamook, Oregon. Like most cheeses, Cheddars become sharper as they age. Very young Cheddars can be very creamy and bland (American cheese is an example of a very young Cheddar). Some Cheddars can be aged for two years or more and have a sharp and pungent flavor and a crumbly texture. A particularly fine sharp variety of Cheddar comes from Canada and is called "Black Diamond."

Cheddar holds a special place in the hearts of Americans. We eat it on hamburgers, in sandwiches or all alone. In fact, the average American eats more Cheddar than any other type of cheese—almost eight pounds a year!

This is a wonderful time of year to discover how tasty and healthy cheese can be.

Cheese Fondue

(Serves 4 as appetizer, 2 for dinner)

½ pound grated Emmenthal
½ pound grated Gruyère
1½ cups dry white wine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons kirsch
1 tablespoon cornstarch
clove garlic

Rub the inside of a ceramic fondue pot with garlic. Heat the wine and lemon juice until hot to the touch, but not boiling. Add the Emmenthal and Gruyère over a ten-minute period, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Bring to a brief bubbly boil. Season with nutmeg, pepper and/or paprika. Mix cornstarch and kirsch and add to cheese mixture. Stir for 30 seconds and place over Sterno. If the mixture is too thick, add a mixture of 2 tablespoons wine (not kirsch). If too thin, add 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Serve with small pieces of fresh, warm French bread.

Baked Brie

Baked Brie can only be made with an uncut, whole wheel of Brie. Whole wheels are available, ranging in size from 4½ oz. to 2 kg. For 4½ oz. Brie, cover the Brie with a damp washcloth and bake at 350° F. for 15 minutes. Remove the dishcloth and place a pat of butter on the center of the cheese and cover with slivered, blanched almonds. Place this under the broiler for one to three minutes until the butter is bubbling and the almonds are brown. Serve with small pieces of warm French bread and fresh fruit.

Ann's Broiled Mushrooms and Cheese

(Yield: 16 to 24 pieces)

1 pound mushrooms
½ pound muenster cheese

Buy medium-sized mushrooms of uniform size. Remove the stems and wash them gently. Dry on a paper towel. Place them on a lightly buttered baking sheet. Break the cheese in small pieces and fill each mushroom cap. Bake at 400° F. until the cheese is completely melted. Serve immediately.

Raspberry Strawberry Cheese

(Yield: 6 to 8 servings)

1½ pounds cottage or pot cheese
1 pint all-purpose cream
3-4 tablespoons honey
1 pint fresh raspberries
1 pint small fresh strawberries, preferably wild

Beat the cheese smooth in a blender or food processor. If the blender is small, do a third at a time, adding the cream gradually. When the cheese and cream are smooth, add as much honey as your sweet tooth dictates. Blend well. Place the mixture in the cheesecloth-lined colander or sieve. Hang the container over a bowl so that the cheese can drain overnight. Place in the refrigerator. Puree the raspberries in a blender and strain to remove the seeds. Wash and hull the strawberries. If using large cultivated berries, slice them, saving a few whole berries for garnish. To serve, unmold the cheese onto a dessert platter. Remove the cheesecloth and spread with the raspberry puree. Cover with the fresh strawberries.

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GIFTS FOR GRADS, DADS, MOMS AND MARRIEDS

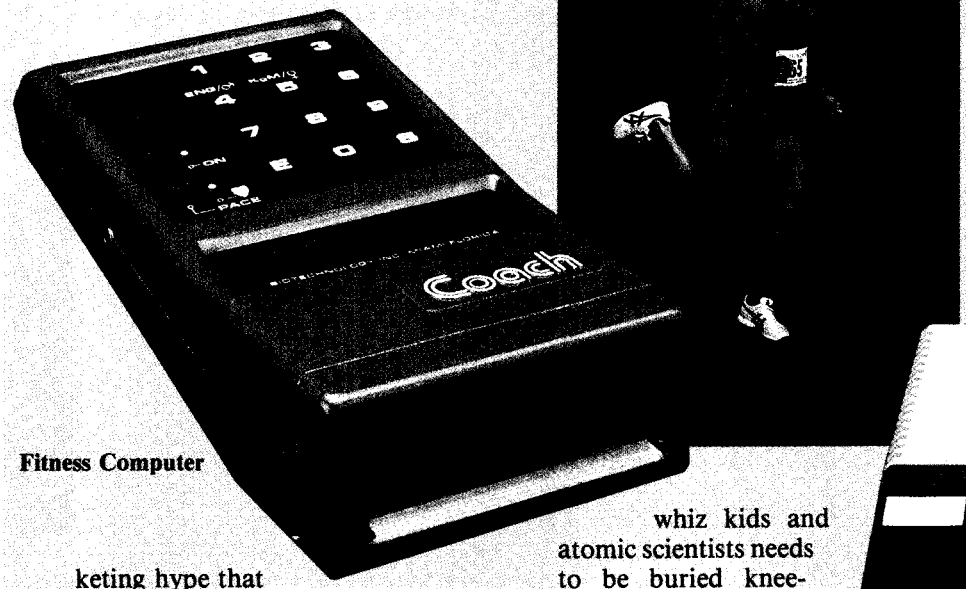
The Post *picks state-of-the-art gifts to delight your loved ones.*

by Paul Pinella

By some calendrical quirk, springtime competes with Christmas as the season most likely to send scores of consumers back to their favorite shopping haunts in search of the elusive "perfect" gift. Mother's Day, Father's Day, weddings and spring graduations all typically fall into the same period, just in time to blow the cobwebs off sometimes-sagging late-winter sales. Post-Easter gift-giving fever is enough to make nearly everyone (including store owners) smile.

Yet not every shopper delights in the hunt. Each year, the number, variety and sophistication of possible gift ideas escalate much faster than anyone can comprehend. Even store salesmen may become flustered when asked about the operation of certain specialized products. Today's fascinating crop of electronic and computer-controlled devices seems especially confounding. The selection of one of these perfect gifts can be perfectly perplexing.

Technology has spawned a new generation of appliances with more functions and (we hate to admit it) intelligence than ever before. Meanwhile, overstated announcements of new products continually bombard us, along with the marketing hype that such products engender. The problem is how to disentangle the novel from the nonsensical.



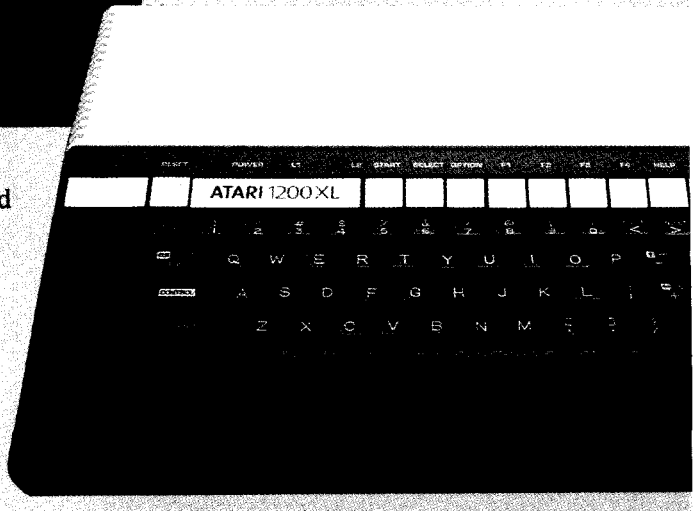
Fitness Computer

The following gift guide for moms, dads and grads should help stabilize an electronic atmosphere charged with confusion. Most gift ideas were chosen for their usefulness—whether for work, kitchen, home or just plain fun. Other items were included for their unique health properties. All utilize advanced electronic traits, and all represent good old-fashioned value.

Thoroughly Modern Mothers

The Kitchen Computer: The notion that computers are just for mathematical prodigies, genius whiz kids and atomic scientists needs to be buried knee-deep in mom's favorite fondue. Many ordinary people have discovered that computers can be of great help around the home. Today's personal computers require absolutely no programming skills. An entire industry is busily at work programming computers for you, producing easy-to-use software (another word for computer programs) that, in comparison, may make your programmable alarm clock or microwave oven seem downright puzzling.

The booming personal-computer field has produced an explosion of look-alike machines that, unfortunately, rarely share the same software. Therefore, the key to buying a really useful home computer is finding one that has lots of software already available. The new Atari 1200XL Home Computer is just such a machine, since it can run all programs written for its popular predecessors. Busy mothers will appreciate "Recipe Search 'N Save," a $23 Atari exchange program that stores recipes, prints shopping lists for selected meals and even finds a recipe that uses ingredients on hand in the refrigerator. The 1200XL is $899.



Kitchen Computer

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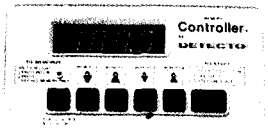
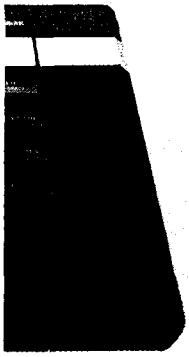
Food Processing Unlimited: Perhaps the first "food processors" to be widely publicized were those flimsy manual units that consisted of a jar, a blade and a handle. These Rube Goldberg machines still surface occasionally on midnight TV at low prices that reflect their questionable value. Real food processors, however, really can relieve mom of such kitchen drudgeries as slicing, shredding and even kneading bread dough. Cuisinarts, which introduced the first home food processor in 1973, now has released a real workhorse: a 1½-horsepower model that holds more than a gallon of shredded food. The DLC-X sells for $390.

Electronic Aspirin: Screaming children, scorched food, fighting felines and, yes, sudsy soap operas are but a few tension producers that can take their toll on mothers throughout the day. Working moms face this tension and more back at the office. The unfortunate result of such stress is the all-too-



Smart Scale

Food Processor



common tension headache. One natural way to relieve muscular tension found in the head, neck and shoulders—a common cause of these tension headaches—is to tune out the actual sounds of stress by using the Antache (TM) Biofeedback Headset. The headset sells for $149 from The Sharper Image, telephone (800) 344-4444.

Steamed Cuisine: The next major cooking fad may capture the country by steam. Steamed food looks better, tastes better and holds more nutrients than boiled or broiled dinners. Practically any food, including everything emerging from mom's spring garden, can be steamed. Dishes range from the simple (steamed chicken, herbs and vegetables) to the simply sophisticated (egg plant à la provencale). The new Rival Steamer includes a special water reservoir that separates food juices from fresh water. It retails for $56.95.

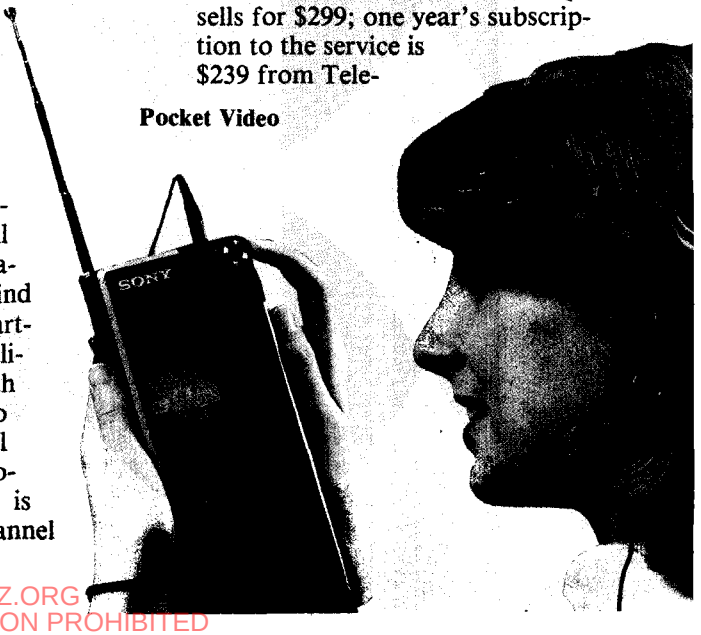
Father's Favorites

Satellite TV: Back in 1957, when the Soviets launched Sputnik, the first manmade satellite, dear old dad had no idea what the resulting space race would lay on his doorstep. With dozens of satellites now circumnavigating the globe, space technology can deliver live television broadcasts of bullfights direct from Mexico City, bobsled races from Grenoble and 50 or more other channels just brimming with entertainment. Not just any TV can pick up these signals, however. Dad will need a satellite/earth-station antenna (the same kind of dish you see beside apartment complexes and appliance stores), along with some other equipment to boost the signal. Total cost for a complete, motorized receiving system is less than $4,000 from Channel Master, Ellenville, New York.

Pocket Stereo

Stock Market Monitor: Quick decisions coupled with good information are needed to make money in the stock market. Yet busy brokers playing a bull market don't always have time to quote prices or pass along market gossip when things get hot. Dad can get lost in the ticker tape just when he needs help the most. The Pocket Quote, a calculation-sized device that pulls in market information from the unused portion of an FM-radio broadcast, could make dad a winner. Updated quotes on all stocks are available immediately by using a keypad. An audible beep also is sounded when news of 20 monitored stocks is received. Now available in New York, the service will be offered in Washington, D.C., Chicago, Denver, Boston, Dallas and Los Angeles in the near future. The Pocket Quote sells for $299; one year's subscription to the service is $239 from Tele-

Pocket Video



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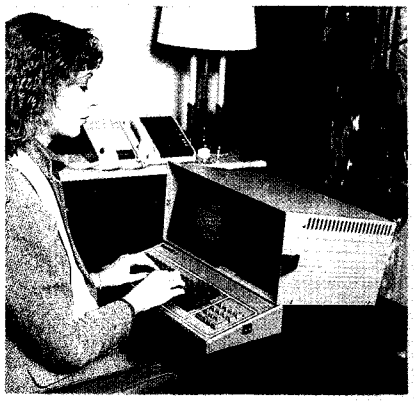


Portable Computer

met America, Alexandria, Virginia.

Fitness Computer: Nearly everyone knows by now that aerobic exercise—jogging, swimming, bicycle riding and so on—is an essential part of any fitness program. Those new to aerobics, however, may have trouble judging the difference between a valuable workout and wasted time—or even when they are in danger of overdoing it. The Coach Aerobic Fitness Monitor is a small microcomputer that clips on dad's running shorts to keep him informed of his physical situation. Using a chest strap that plugs into the computer, The Coach shows heartbeats per minute, calories burned, elapsed time and speed and urges dad on with an electronic cadence keyed to the distance he wants to cover. The Coach and a separate bicycle adapter are made by Miami-based Biotechnology. The cost is less than $250.

Smart Scale: The advent of computer memory continues to add convenience to many products once thought perfected years ago. One of the latest products to "get smart" is the bathroom scale. The Digital Memory Scale somewhat resembles those vertical units found in a doctor's office, but with a twist: An LED digitally spells out dad's present weight, along with any of four measurements stored in its memory. Diet- and exercise-program success (or the lack of it) can be monitored along with reappearing weight-gain and -loss cycles. The scale sells for $119 from The Sharper Image, telephone (800) 344-4444.

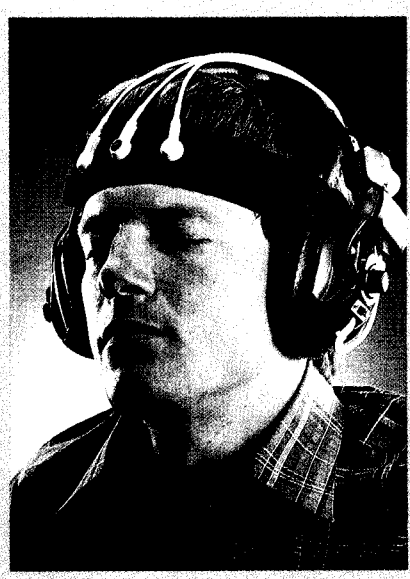
Pocket Video: Most dads have balked from time to time at leaving their televisions and favorite programs behind to do less important things such as mow the lawn or take out the garbage. Now they can stay tuned in, be it to an important ball game, "I Love Lucy" reruns, or "The MacNeil-Lehrer Report," and they won't have to miss a thing, thanks to a remarkably clear 2″ picture that comes in a portable palm-sized package from Sony. The new Watchman uses a flat display tube that shoots the television electrons parallel to the screen, rather than directly behind it. The price of this miniature wonder? Only $280.

Gifts for the Grad

Portable Computer: Until recently, most personal computers were homebodies; indeed, they were literally tied to one location, with wires connecting the computer to such neighboring devices as monitors and TV screens. Since toting these systems around is a problem, manufacturers quickly realized the market for "portable computers." A number of these computers are now available, but few offer the value of the Kaypro II. Its biggest advantage is the wealth of software supplied with the machine. Software costs can quickly add up beyond the original purchase price of the computer, so financially strapped graduates will appreciate what's included with this gift: word processing, file management, financial analysis and software that checks for spelling errors. The Kaypro II is manufactured by Non-Linear Systems, Del Mar, California, and sells for $1,795.

Mobile Movie Machine: Home movies can be boring, especially if the subject matter happens to be your boring neighbor Herb, his boring wife and the little rascals. When the camera and action focus on your own family and friends, well, that's a different story—especially years later, when such recordings become precious family heirlooms. The problem to date with home movies has been the high cost for just a few minute's action. That problem now has nearly been eliminated with the compact HR-C3, a portable video-tape machine that weighs a scant 4.4 pounds. Graduates can begin taping their post-college memories without worrying when the tape runs out, since each miniature cassette lasts for 20 minutes. This little system from JVC uses the popular VHS format and sells for $895.

Electronic Aspirin



Electronic Secretary: Ordinary telephones suffer from an extraordinary drawback: They go unanswered when no one is home. Under most circumstances, the caller simply calls back later. However, that one-in-a-thousand caller with a job offer or business proposal may be the one person who doesn't call back, much to the chagrin of graduates who can't afford to miss out on *any* opportunity. The Easa-Phone answering system is cheap insurance for such situations. Model KX-T1530 from Panasonic features two cassette tapes: one for incoming messages and another for outgoing messages. A push-button remote controller lets the user rewind, play back, repeat and even record new messages over the telephone. The price for this deluxe model is less than $500.

Pocket Stereo: One of the really nice aspects of skyrocketing electronics technology is a corresponding fall in product prices. A few years ago, $30 may have bought a functional AM radio and perhaps a small earphone, with enough credit left over for three "D"-sized batteries. The same $30 today will deliver you a personal AM/FM-stereo radio headset for your graduate with sound quality so pure that it's startling. Personal stereos were originally discovered by kids, but at these low prices there's no reason for anybody to be without one. The General Electric model 7-1200 weighs less than a pound and sells for $29.95.

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Why men and women over 40 often miss the best sex of their entire lives.

BY SAUL H. ROSENTHAL, M.D.

The years between 40 and 65 can be years of sexual frustration and failure and withdrawal from sex. Or they can be the start of sexual activity that is frequent and sensitive and especially loving–and that can be enjoyed until the end of one's life.

After 40, expect some changes in your sexual reactions.

Man or woman, you may be slower to achieve readiness for sex. Your climaxes may change. So may the tempo of your love-making and the frequency of your desire.

These changes are normal. But if you misinterpret them and worry that your sexual life is tapering off – you could begin to withdraw from sex altogether.

That would be an awful shame.

No need to give up on sex – ever.

Sex over 50, 60, 70 and beyond – good sex – is a real option for almost all people. And it can be the most rewarding sex of all.

That's what prompted me to begin work on a newsletter, SEX OVER FORTY, and to circulate a sample first issue to eminent people in both medicine and therapy.

Their reaction was enthusiastic.

Sexual help like this is not available anywhere else.

The words SEX OVER FORTY will not appear on any envelope that we send you.

You can read it at home, without hurry or embarrassment. You can read it over and over until you understand fully. No more hunting in bookshops for snippets of information that can worry you further. No more "what did he say?" after a tense, quick visit to the doctor.

SEX OVER FORTY often describes ways of making love (ideal for people over 40) that many are embarrassed to say they want to try. You and your partner can read about them, separately, then discuss them together with more comfort.

Dr. Rosenthal (with co-editor Barbara B. Mauldin) in his consulting room.

SEX OVER FORTY discusses sex like I do in my private practice. When telling a woman how to help her mate regain an erection, I actually show her how to hold her hands, how to move, what comforting things to say.

Becoming more creative lovers.

We cover the major sexual fears and problems that confront people over 40. But we are not over-focused on problems. Each issue is filled with specific ways each partner can become a more sensitive, creative and spontaneous lover. For example:

- How to strengthen sexual muscles.
- The role of sexual lubricants.
- When your partner wants sex more (or less) often than you do.
- Vitamins and herbs for improved sexual functioning.
- Mid-of-night sexual opportunities
- How to end premature ejaculation.
- Impotence: 11 ways to tell whether it's physical or psychological.
- Female climax: how to improve it.
- Sex after divorce: how to approach it.
- After heart attack: good, safe sex.
- What men need to know about the female sex organs.
- Common medications: how they can affect your sexuality.
- Multiple orgasms: achieve them now, even if never before.

Case histories are included to clarify; so are medical illustrations. Plus special monthly departments worth reading.

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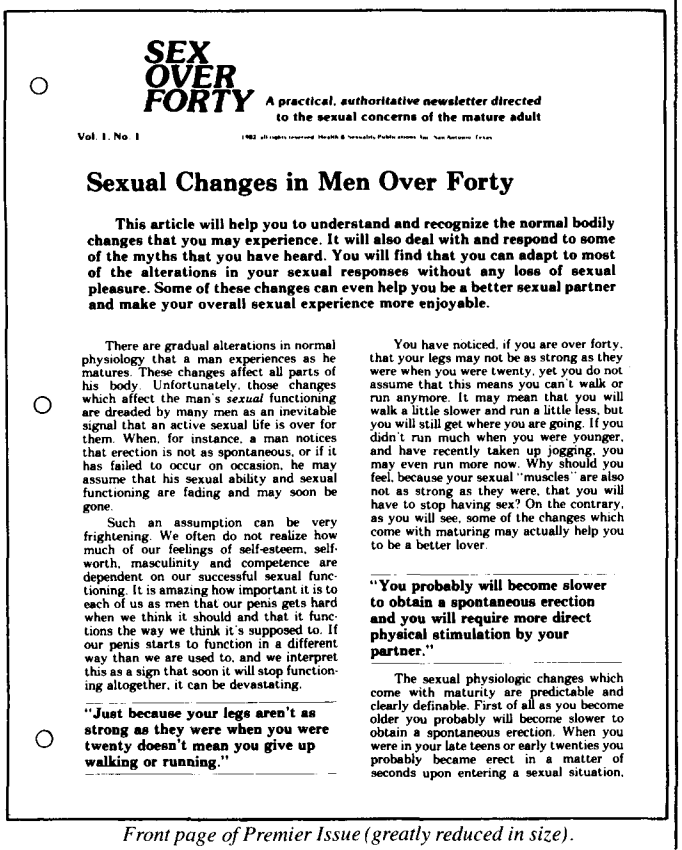

SEX OVER FORTY

A practical, authoritative newsletter directed to the sexual concerns of the mature adult

Vol. 1, No. 1

Sexual Changes in Men Over Forty

This article will help you to understand and recognize the normal bodily changes that you may experience. It will also deal with and respond to some of the myths that you have heard. You will find that you can adapt to most of the alterations in your sexual responses without any loss of sexual pleasure. Some of these changes can even help you be a better sexual partner and make your overall sexual experience more enjoyable.

There are gradual alterations in normal physiology that a man experiences as he matures. These changes affect all parts of his body. Unfortunately, those changes which affect the man's *sexual* functioning are dreaded by many men as an inevitable signal that an active sexual life is over for them. When, for instance, a man notices that erection is not as spontaneous, or if it has failed to occur on occasion, he may assume that his sexual ability and sexual functioning are fading and may soon be gone.

Such an assumption can be very frightening. We often do not realize how much of our feelings of self-esteem, self-worth, masculinity and competence are dependent on our successful sexual functioning. It is amazing how important it is to each of us as men that our penis gets hard when we think it should and that it functions the way we think it's supposed to. If our penis starts to function in a different way than we are used to, and we interpret this as a sign that soon it will stop functioning altogether, it can be devastating.

"Just because your legs aren't as strong as they were when you were twenty doesn't mean you give up walking or running."

You have noticed, if you are over forty, that your legs may not be as strong as they were when you were twenty, yet you do not assume that this means you can't walk or run anymore. It may mean that you will walk a little slower and run a little less, but you will still get where you are going. If you didn't run much when you were younger, and have recently taken up jogging, you may even run more now. Why should you feel, because your sexual "muscles" are also not as strong as they were, that you will have to stop having sex? On the contrary, as you will see, some of the changes which come with maturing may actually help you to be a better lover.

"You probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection and you will require more direct physical stimulation by your partner."

The sexual physiologic changes which come with maturity are predictable and clearly definable. First of all as you become older you probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection. When you were in your late teens or early twenties you probably became erect in a matter of seconds upon entering a sexual situation.

Front page of Premier Issue (greatly reduced in size).

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Code No. 31

continued from page 38

She started up suddenly and stared at the gun on the table. An expression of horror passed over her face.

"He did it himself, I tell you!" she said wildly and started for the table. But Hogan was before her. He put out an arm to hold her back and with his still-gloved hand picked up the automatic. Below, Clark's voice was booming over the telephone, and the girl had sunk into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Hogan systematically examined the gun. It required only a moment to see that it had not been fired that night at all. The magazine was full, and there was a shell in the chamber. Still carefully holding it, he turned and faced her.

"Where's the other gun?"

"What other gun?"

"The one that killed him."

"Oh, please go away!" she wailed. "Haven't I trouble enough? I didn't kill him! I'll swear to that!"

"No?"

"Never."

"Well, I wouldn't blame you if you had. Still, the truth's the truth," he added virtuously. "But he wasn't killed with this gun, and that's the truth, too. It'll take the detectives about three seconds to find that out." He moved toward her. "Listen, sister. This gun's full. Get that? Loaded. Even a plumber couldn't get any more lead into it."

She only rocked her body. "What am I to do?" she said. "What am I to do?"

Hogan listened again. Clark had apparently finished at the telephone and was interrogating Ellen in the hall below. He looked at the girl again. Sunk in her chair, she looked alone and defenseless. Thin, too. She'd had a rotten life and no mistake about it. Maybe this Ellen, now——

"It wasn't this old woman did it? This Ellen?"

"Ellen! She wouldn't even know how."

"Nor you, either, eh?" he said shrewdly. "You don't know much about guns, or you'd have emptied that chamber. Well, if it wasn't you and it wasn't Ellen——Who else was here tonight?"

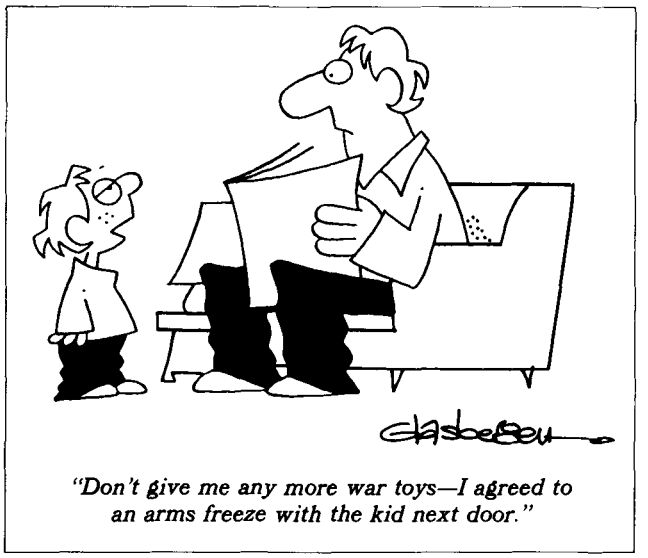
"Nobody else."

Hogan put down the automatic and drew a long breath. He wanted to help this girl, but she would not be helped. Suddenly he stiffened. On the table beside the pistol was lying a small slip of paper. He stared at it with fascinated eyes; then he turned and looked at the crushed figure in the chair.

"Then who wrote this?"

"It's been there all day."

"Now listen, sister. Come clean. You went to the drugstore tonight, and you didn't take this prescription with you. That's a cinch. Reason why, you didn't have it."



"Don't give me any more war toys—I agreed to an arms freeze with the kid next door."

The girl rocked back and forward in her chair, but she said nothing. And outside in the street there was the squeal of brakes as a second car stopped before the house. MacDougall had arrived. But apparently he was not alone. Up the stairs came the excited high-pitched voice of the man from next door.

"Best thing that could have happened," he was saying. "I don't like to talk against him now he's gone, but it was him or somebody else. They've been trying to get him off the dope lately, and you know what that is. Guess he just couldn't stand it anymore."

Hogan listened, his face set. The girl had dropped her head into her hands, and below, MacDougall and Clark were talking. Suddenly Hogan grinned. He picked up the prescription paper from the table. The girl had not moved; nor did she move when, very cautiously, he slipped the cartridge out of the chamber of the automatic, rolled it in the prescription slip and dropped both into his pocket.

"You'd ought to have had a good doctor for him," he said, his ears alert to the sounds below. MacDougall was on the way up.

"We did. He's done everything. Everything he could to save him," she wailed.

With a quick movement, Hogan picked up the automatic in his gloved hand and, leaning over the bed, bent the still-limp fingers of the dead man around it. Before MacDougall's deliberate progress had brought him to the top of the stairs, the gun was back where Clark had left it, and Hogan was beside the girl. He was looking and feeling extremely cheerful.

"You've got your story and you stick to it," he said in a low voice. "Get that? Stick to it. Don't mind this flatfoot who's coming. He hasn't got a thing on you."

"I thought you said——"

"Listen! Your husband's been kinda low in his mind for some time, see? He's threatened you, but he's threatened himself, too. You tell Mac how you sent for us and all. It's a laugh on us for him, but never mind. And listen. You were alone in the house when it happened—you and Ellen."

She nodded. MacDougall was coming ponderously up the stairs, Clark behind him. He paused in the doorway, threw Hogan a glance of intense dislike and, without speaking, moved to the bed.

"Where's the gun?"

"It's here, Mac," said Hogan genially. "Clark found it on the floor beside the bed."

"Yeah! And I'll bet he's mussed it up at that."

"I think you'll find it's all right," said Hogan. "Fellow's a shell-shock. Been kinda dotty for some time. Fact is, this lady called up earlier in the evening and Clark and me came round. She was afraid then he'd do himself in."

"But you fellows had business

continued on following page

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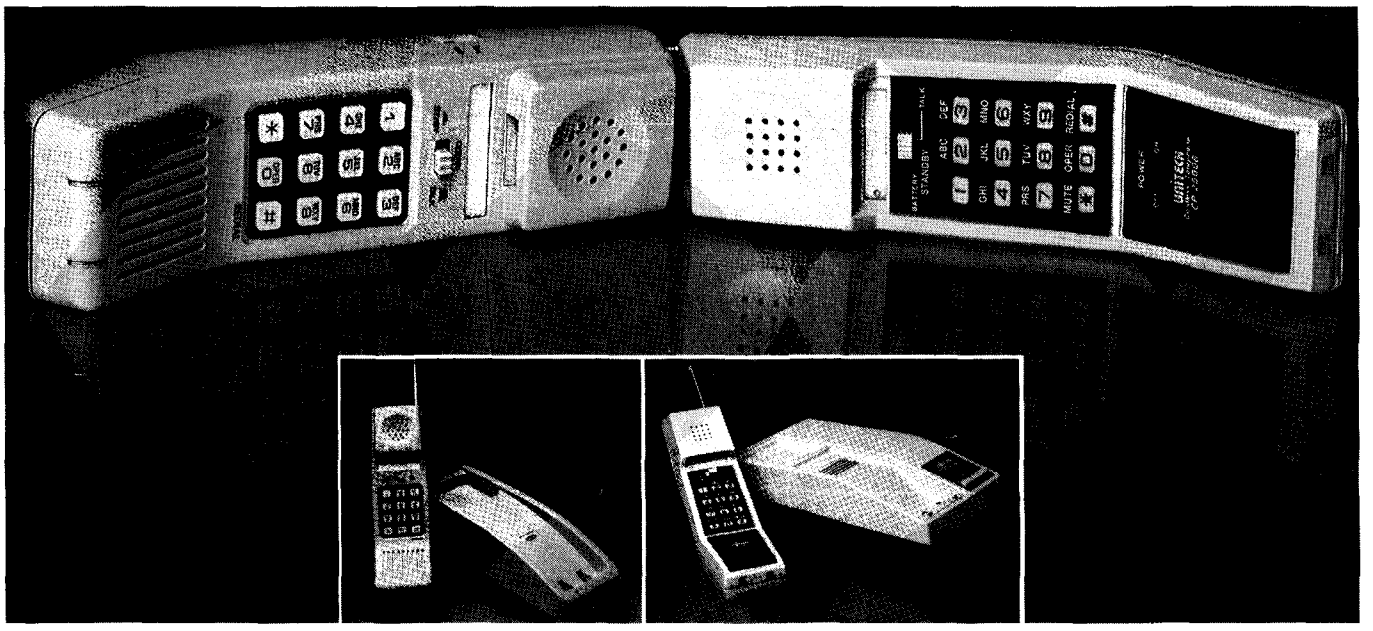

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Before I tell you all about the great features and sound of the phone, let me explain just how we plan to deliver these phones for such an admittedly foolhardy price. You see, it's called extortion (legal definition please) and it works like this.

There are two large phone companies that are trying to get DAK's phone business. To be perfectly honest, the quality, guarantee and sound are so close that we couldn't decide between the two.

Even their prices are close. So here's what we did. We got quotes from both of them for 5,000, then for 50,000 phones.

And, here's what we decided. As you place your orders, we'll offer each of the two companies a check (cash in advance) for the number of phones we need.

The company with the **lowest price of the day** will get that day's order. You see, your orders give us incredible leverage.

Usually we buy just one phone from one supplier. Unfortunately once they have a contract with us, they have no incentive to lower our price. And, at our costs today, we really can't come out at only $79.

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And most important. Each phone will come to you in its factory sealed carton, and will be backed by the manufacturer's standard limited warranty.

Finally, you won't be getting a cheap stripped down phone. We aren't dumb. We picked the phones we wanted **before** we got the quotes. So, nobody can make any changes to come out lowest.

And frankly we'll get 50,000 of you new customers (we have 225,000 now) to send our 68 page electronics catalog to. So, even if it does fizzle, we're sure to get another chance at you later.

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So, now let's see if this is really going to be a stripped down low quality phone. Remember, each and every feature I describe appears on both phones. And, if for some emotional reason you want to specify which phone you want, no problem, I've got a way for you to do that too.

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somewhere else, as usual. You'd be looking pretty if he'd killed this woman instead of himself."

He opened the chamber, glanced in and put down the gun. "The big flatfoot!" Hogan thought exultantly. But he was careful to look aggrieved.

"She told us he was all right, after we got here. And we don't sit all night in the station house playing poker. We got another call."

MacDougall scowled. "Well, you may be getting one this minute for all I know. Or care."

"That's a thought," said Hogan breezily. "Well, if you think you can manage without us, Mac, we'll be going on."

"Go quick, before you break my heart."

At the doorway, Hogan turned and gave the girl a long, steady glance. She smiled faintly at him and threw up her head.

Downstairs, he quickly drew Ellen into a pantry and had a few quiet words with her. She was intelligent, and she nodded without speaking. But before he went out, she said something.

"He was full of dope," she said. "We don't know how he got it, but I can't tell you what her life has been. She's tried to protect him all she could, but he'd have killed her tonight, sure. He had the gun under his pillow, and he just pulled it out and pointed it at her."

Hogan was whistling softly when he rejoined Clark in the car. The announcer's voice was calling sonorously, but he paid no attention to it. Clark did not speak until they were well under way.

"A fellow's lucky these days to have the mind God gave him," he said at last. "And no bad habits."

"Who's being thankful? You?" said Hogan disparagingly.

Clark ignored this.

"Take a family man, like myself," he went on. "Maybe I haven't been all I ought to be, but when you see a thing like that——"

"Yeah. Gets a fellow thinking."

Perhaps that accounted for Hogan's unwonted silence during the next few blocks or so. Certainly he was not sleeping. He seemed instead to be keeping an alert watch as to their whereabouts, and about a dozen squares from the Wallace place, he suddenly sat up and groaned.

"Gee, Clark," he said. "I feel queer."

"Well, I'm not so good myself. He wasn't a pretty sight."

"It's that gum I swallowed. I've felt bad ever since."

"What are you doing?" Clark asked suspiciously. "Trying to get on the sick list? Why, that time the baby swallowed a safety pin——"

"No, no, I said ark!"

"Listen, Jim," said Hogan desperately. "I'm telling you. I'm sick at my stomach. Maybe that'll mean something to you!"

It did, and Clark hastily drew up at the curb. Hogan got out, and from behind the car came some rather unconvincing retching. It was realistic enough, however, over the noise of the radio, and Clark was beginning to look concerned when Hogan reappeared.

"How are you now? Better?"

"Not so good," said Hogan feebly. "There's a doctor's sign right here, Jim. Guess I'll ring the bell and see if he's in."

"Want me along?"

"Not unless I get worse," said Hogan pessimistically. "If I do, I'll send out for you."

Clark watched him anxiously as he went slowly and almost weakly up the steps of a house on which a doctor's sign in brass gleamed faintly in the light of a distant street lamp. It was one o'clock in the morning, and the house was dark; but a second push at the bell brought a raised window above.

"What is it?" asked a masculine voice.

"Is the doctor in?"

"I'm the doctor. What's the matter?"

"Say, doc, I think I'm poisoned," said Hogan feebly. "Carbolic acid."

There was a barely perceptible pause. Then the window was slammed down, and a moment later, the light in the lower hall went up. Clark, watching from the car, was surprised to see that in spite of the darkened house the doctor was fully dressed. There was something vaguely reminiscent about him, too, but he could not place him. Clark sat back. He was tired, and he, too, had got a split knuckle in that fight.

He reached into the pocket of the car beside him and, from a mass of dirty waste, unearthed a small first-aid kit. Leaning forward, he painted the knuckle, making faces as it began to sting. Hogan was inside the house, with the door closed, leaning negligently against the front door and surveying the man of the small coupe, who stood erect and pale in front of him.

"You didn't need to use a trick to get me," he was saying. "I'm here."

Hogan looked surprised.

"Say, now, doc," he protested. "You've got me all wrong. You can ask my partner out there in the car. I've swallowed a lot of toothache gum, and it's got some carbolic acid in it."

"That won't hurt you."

"It won't, eh? Well, something's hurting me. I'm sick at my stomach."

The doctor looked at him and then opened a door. "Better come in here and sit down, anyhow."

He led the way and Hogan fol-

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lowed, being careful to close the door behind him. He dropped into a chair, and after a moment's hesitation, the young doctor sat, too, behind his desk. But he did not relax. He sat bolt upright, watching the policeman's face.

"When did you first notice any trouble?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this, doc: I'd had a hell of a toothache all evening —had it when we turned you out. Sorry about that, but you understand. It's all in the line of business."

The doctor nodded. He was a blond young man, with a quiet and rather pleasant face.

"Then I got this gum and stuffed it in my mouth. It would have been all right, but we got word of a suicide not far from here, and I got kinda excited and swallowed it."

The doctor did not say anything. Hogan saw that his hands were trembling.

"Suicide, eh?" he said finally.

"Yeah. Pretty sad, too. Shell-shocked fellow. Leaves a nice young wife. Well, that's life."

The doctor leaned forward. "Now, see here, officer——" he began.

Hogan, however, was paying no attention. "Yeah, suicide," he said firmly. "All set and no mistake. Slug missing out of the gun, gun fired recently and fingerprints of the deceased all over it. Name's Wallace, and I understand it's lucky he didn't get his wife, too."

The doctor leaned back heavily in his office chair.

"I knew them," he said. "In fact, they were patients of mine. It wasn't shell-shock. It was dope, and he's been threatening to shoot her for weeks. As a matter of fact, when you came up tonight, I was waiting for her. She was to come back and tell me if he was quiet or not."

Hogan nodded. "And instead she sent for us. Didn't want you in danger, I guess, doc." The doctor looked away. "Well, that's what happened. We went, but she said he was all right."

"All right! When I went into that room, he had the gun turned on her, and if I'd been a second later——"

But Hogan rose hurriedly and was fastening his rubber coat.

"Then you don't think this car-

continued on page 102

Giant Heavy Duty Inflatable Boats

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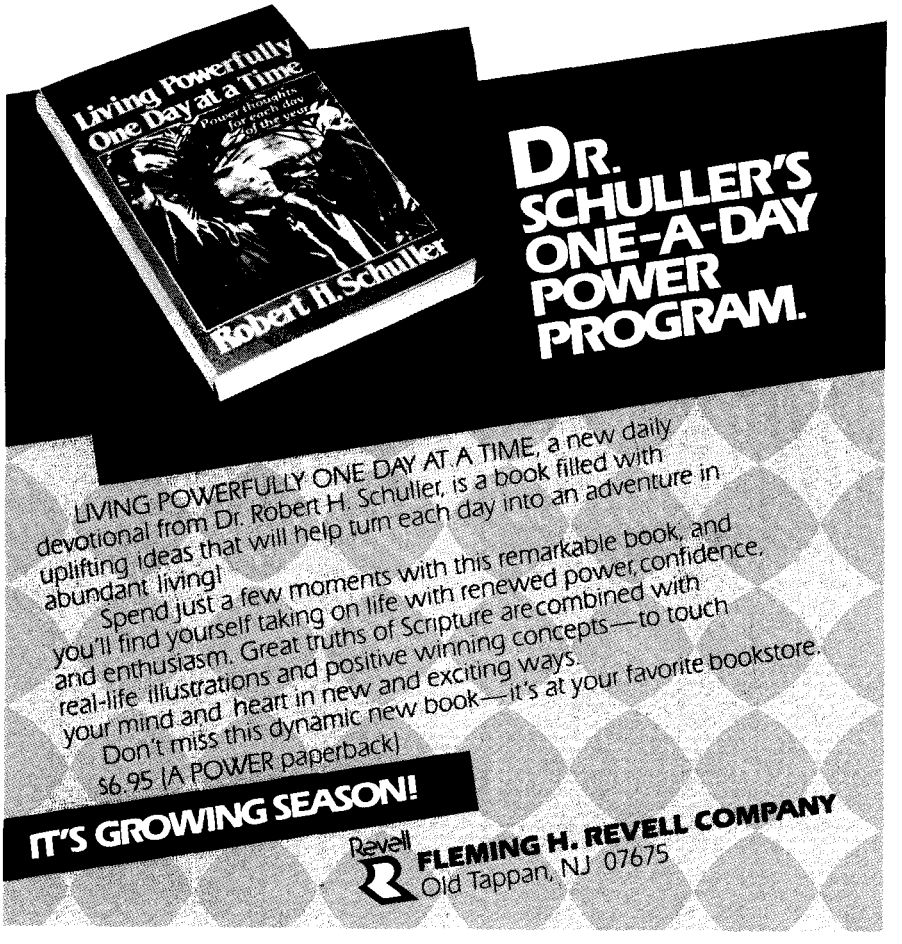
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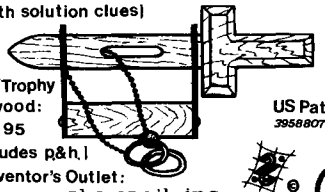

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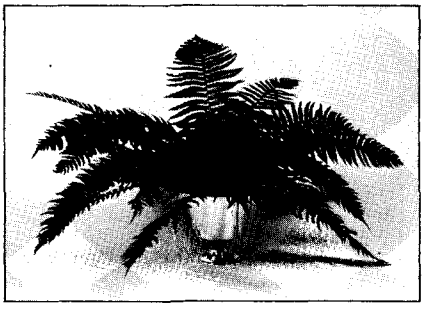

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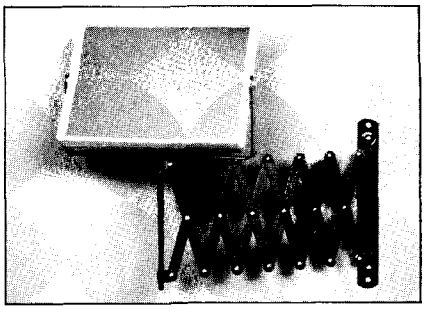

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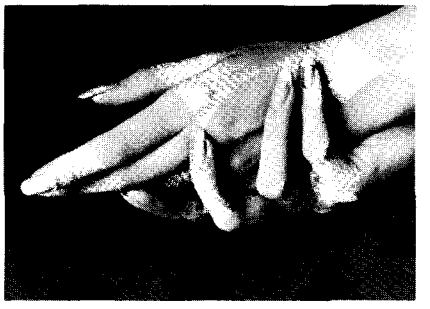

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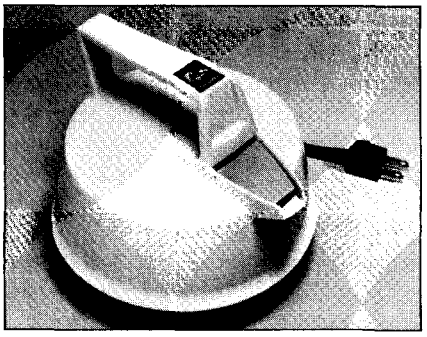

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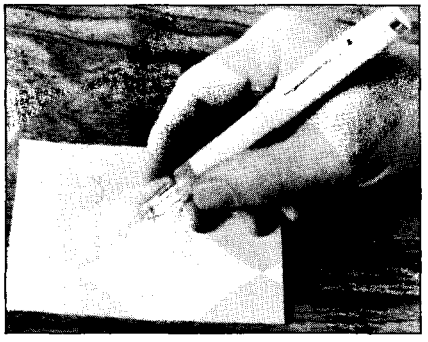

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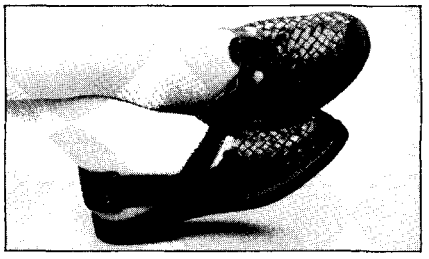

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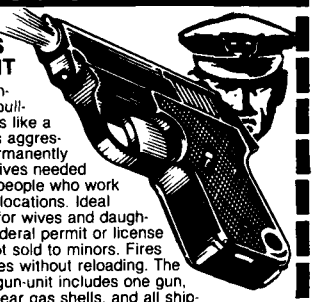

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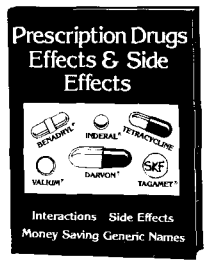

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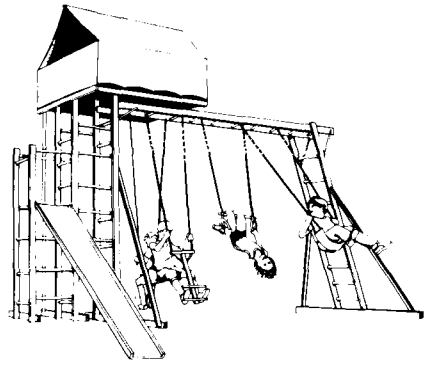

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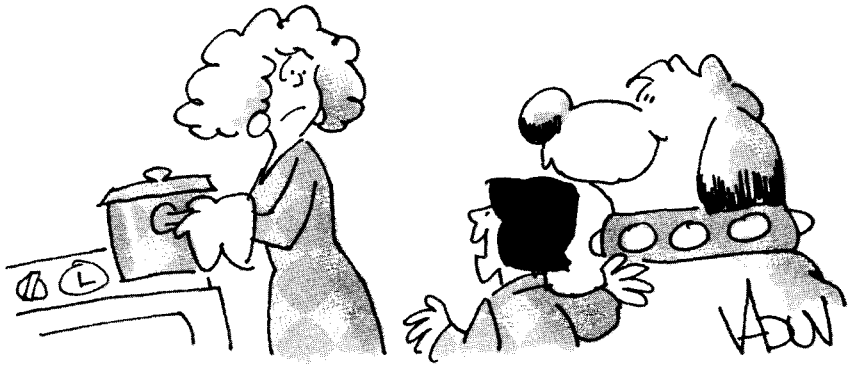

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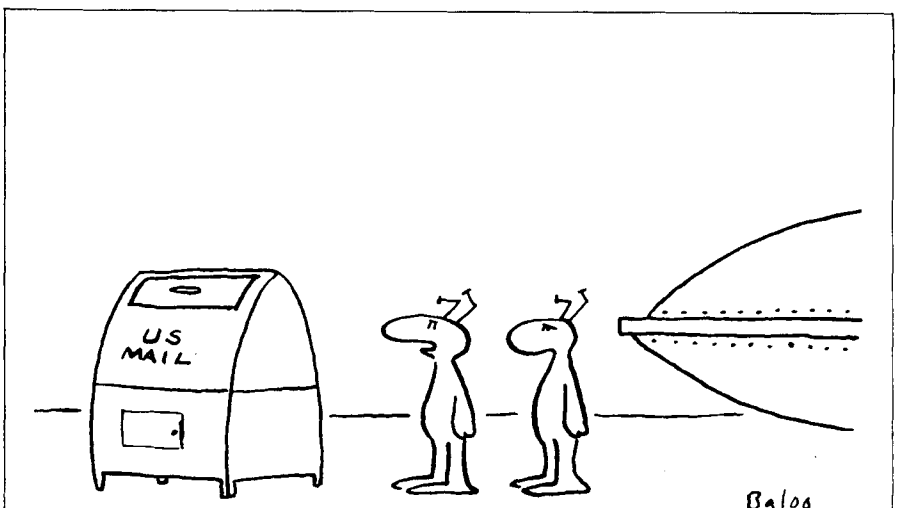

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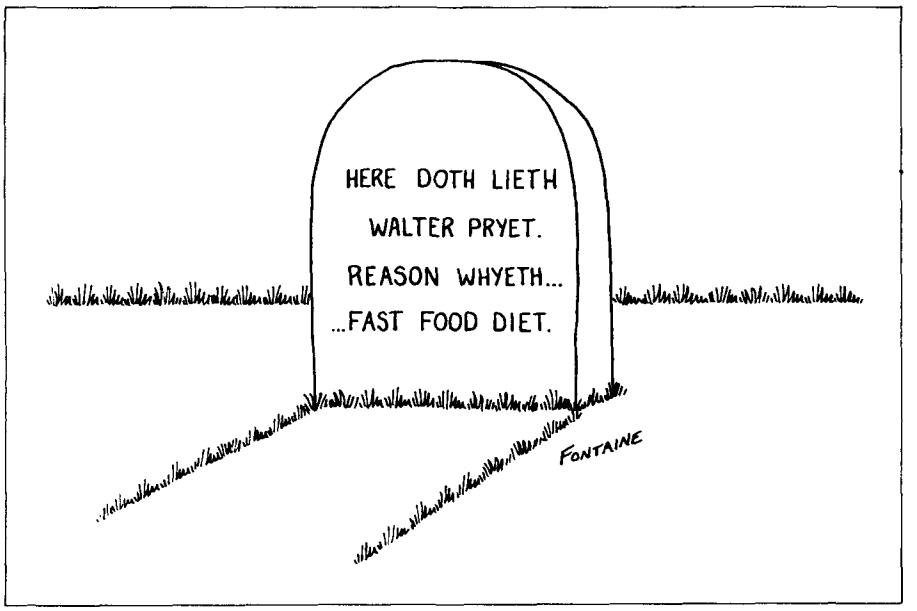

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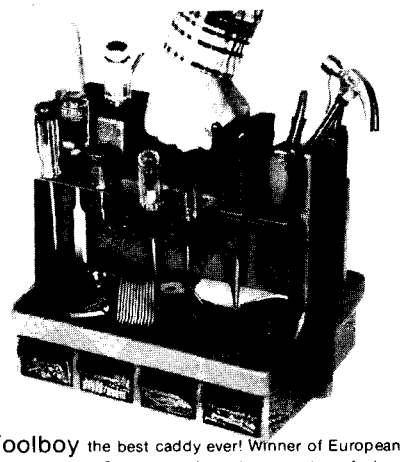

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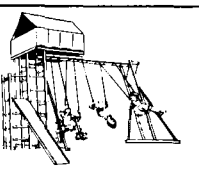

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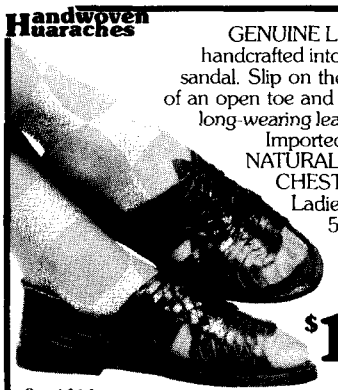

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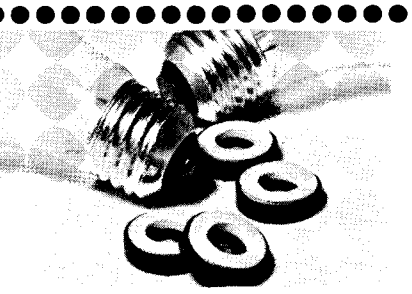

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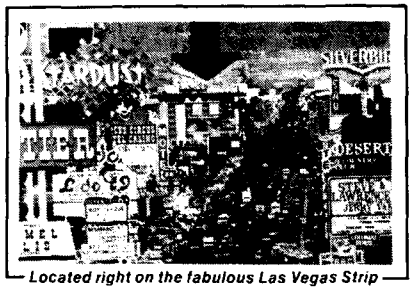

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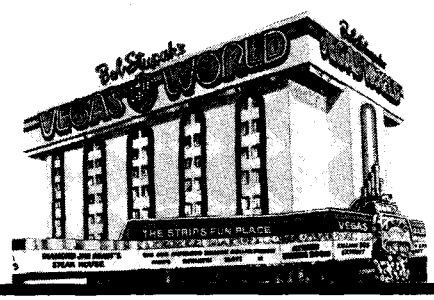

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TV's Kids

continued from page 51

advice to her father.

And where did that advice come from anyway? Certainly not from experience. Has the world of "Dear Abby" pervaded the entire culture? Is there any truth in such a portrayal, or is television really just pandering to children's fantasies?"

It's probably a little of both. Children do seem more like adults today; the naiveté of the Cleaver boys would not be credible in modern prime time (if indeed it ever was). In his recently published *The Disappearance of Childhood*, Neil Postman makes a convincing case that, in our culture, the very concept of childhood has been eroded. In large part, he lays the blame on television, arguing that the medium lets children in on all the kinds of knowledge that used to be contained only in books—knowledge that children could not share before they learned to read.

Since television makes children and adults privy to the same information about the world, they now all belong to the same club. It is no accident, Postman asserts, that children today are sporting designer clothes, committing adult crimes, becoming addicted to both alcohol and drugs and even committing suicide in record numbers.

But just because new programs flirt with real-world issues doesn't necessarily mean they're realistic. Consider the case of "Silver Spoons," a new series about a wealthy ne'er-do-well and his 12-year-old computer-whiz son. The premise of this comedy is the complete reversal of roles between father and son; over and over again, Ricky Stratton, by dint of his mental agility and maturity, bails his father out of trouble. On one occasion, Mom arrives home unexpectedly. Unaware she's in the house, Dad bounds into the room dressed in an ape suit. Since Mom is contemptuous of Dad's childish ways, Ricky has to think fast. He turns to the leaping simian and says, "Have you seen my father? Will you please go and get him?"

Dad figures out what's up and waddles out of the room; he returns a few moments later as a properly dressed father (complete with pipe and smoking jacket), accompanied by his secretary, who has obligingly donned the ape suit.

Rarely, if ever, is a 12-year-old this masterful except in his wishes and dreams. And that's exactly what "Silver Spoons" seems to be: extended fantasies, rich with oedipal undertones, about a child's mastery of his family.

There's a good, if somewhat cynical, reason why television programmers would want to offer such a fantasy of youthful omnipotence to their viewers. In the last few years, the networks have seen their adolescent audiences drift away in increas-

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, SatEvePost, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by June 15, 1983.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Rita G. Kemp of Shreveport, Louisiana, for the winning entry in our March caption contest.

A foot-odor problem had Sue;
It caused quite a hullaballoo.
Poor Sue's face got red,
As the audience fled,
The instant she took off her shoe.

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ing numbers to video-game arcades and movie theaters. The current crop of sitcoms probably represents their attempt to woo this audience back to television.

Movies lately have been drawing the young teen with sex fantasies, and though the networks can't match the explicitness of a *Blue Lagoon* or a *Private Lessons*, there's always innuendo.

"Are you a monk?" Ricky asks his dad. "Since I've been here you haven't gone on any dates. . . . I understand that a man has needs."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do, too. . . . Only I'm too young to do anything about them."

There's something unwholesome about the way these shows handle sexuality; they wink and leer at it. The source of humor, such as it is, is the spectacle of children trying to act like adults—or more precisely, like adults on television.

In one "Silver Spoons" episode, Ricky falls in love with a girl at school and, to impress her, swaggers and brags. One of his school chums refers to Ricky's performance as "stud time." After each of his awkward moves, Ricky bangs his forehead with the palm of his hand. Of course, this is not the gesture of a child—or anyone else, for that matter—but a cliche that situation comedies use to depict embarrassment.

Evidently the fact that all Ricky's moves are derived from television doesn't bother the girl he's trying to impress. On the contrary, it turns her on: She agrees to go out with him. And Ricky, in his moment of triumph, purrs, "Pick you up at noonish."

The scene is supposed to be fetching, but it comes across as sleazy. Sophistication comes with time; a prepubescent boy cooing, "Pick you up at noonish," is obviously an imposter.

Postman writes that television gives kids answers to questions they haven't asked yet and thus helps to speed their maturation. This is probably true enough, but what is even more worrisome is the quality of those answers. To explore budding sexuality on television is one thing; to cloak it in unctuous sitcom clichés is quite another. According to programs such as "Silver Spoons," growing up is really a process of acquiring the stupid mannerisms of television's adults.

Soon after Alex, the teen-age Reaganite on "Family Ties," has his first sexual experience with a college girl, she loses interest in him. The woman dumping the man after a sexual encounter is a switch on an old theme. But when Alex moans, "I feel so cheap," the writers have reduced the authenticity of Alex's pain to a mere gag.

This phony treatment of real-life issues is the most disturbing aspect of the new sitcoms about children. For, despite the endless, self-conscious contemporary references, these shows are finally no different in structure from "Leave It to Beaver."

That is the real problem. Today's sitcoms subject their youthful heroes to conflicts and experiences that are much more complicated and painful than any Beaver Cleaver ever had to go through, yet the heroes emerge unscathed, self-satisfied. Such issues do not lend themselves to glib answers and happy endings. But that doesn't mean television should retreat to the unreality of previous TV shows. To subject children to adult issues is not necessarily immoral; to lie to them about those issues is.

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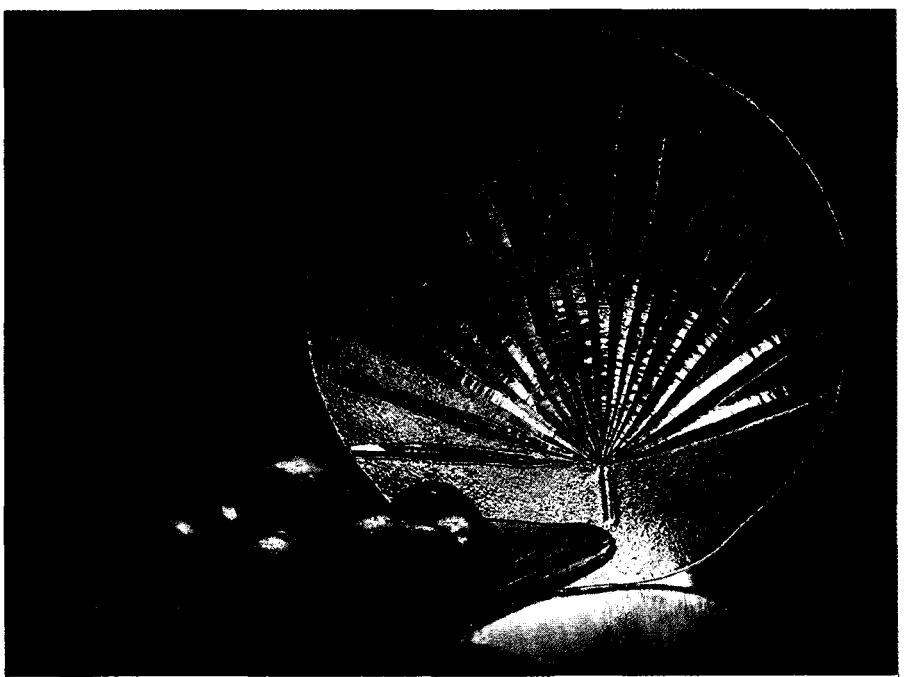

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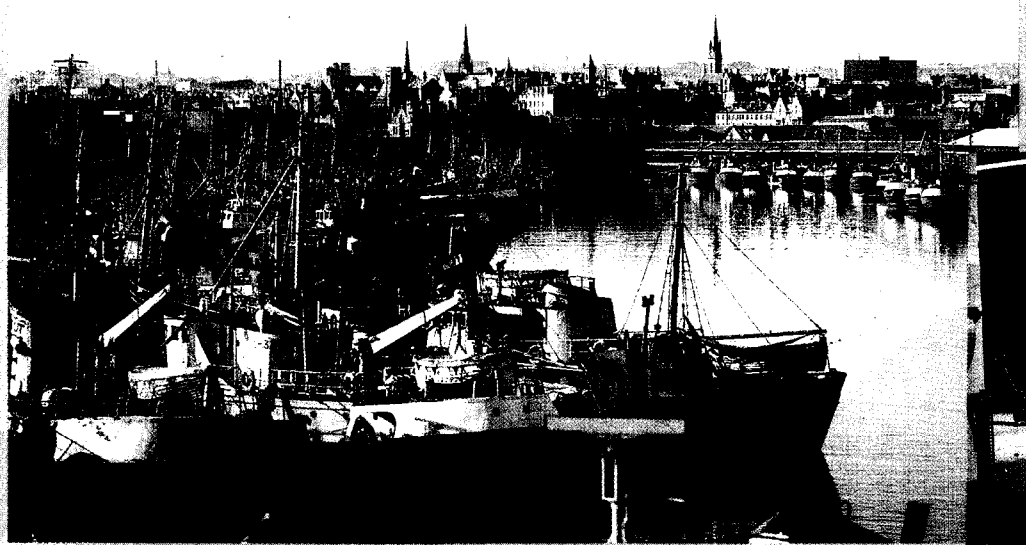
Like a dram of its finest spirits, Scotland should be experienced alone, not served up in a British Isles package.

Captain Iain Tennant, current Laird of Innes, no longer lives in his 340-year-old estate in the Scottish Highlands. It's too cold, he says. However, as a board member of a large Scotch whisky company, Tennant sometimes airs out the east wing, rounds up kitchen help from the nearby town of Fochabers, puts on his kilt and plays convivial host and laird of the manor to his international guests. They expect it. After all, if Scotland isn't brooding country estates, kilt-clad landowners, squealing bagpipes and a convenient destination for tourists in need of a quick P.S. to their see-Europe-in-two-weeks tour, what is it?

Much more. Like a dram of its finest spirits, Scotland should be savored alone. Its strength shouldn't be watered down in a country-a-day itinerary, mixed together in a British Isles package or tacked on like a chaser to a breathless swing across the continent.

A week of Scotch-hopping the distillery-dotted Highlands is just one leisurely alternative for visitors



(Above) A gateway to the Highlands—Aberdeen, seaport capital of Aberdeenshire. (Right) Plaid is a "vertical industry" for the Scots: They own the sheep, they weave the pattern, and they know what to do with the final product.

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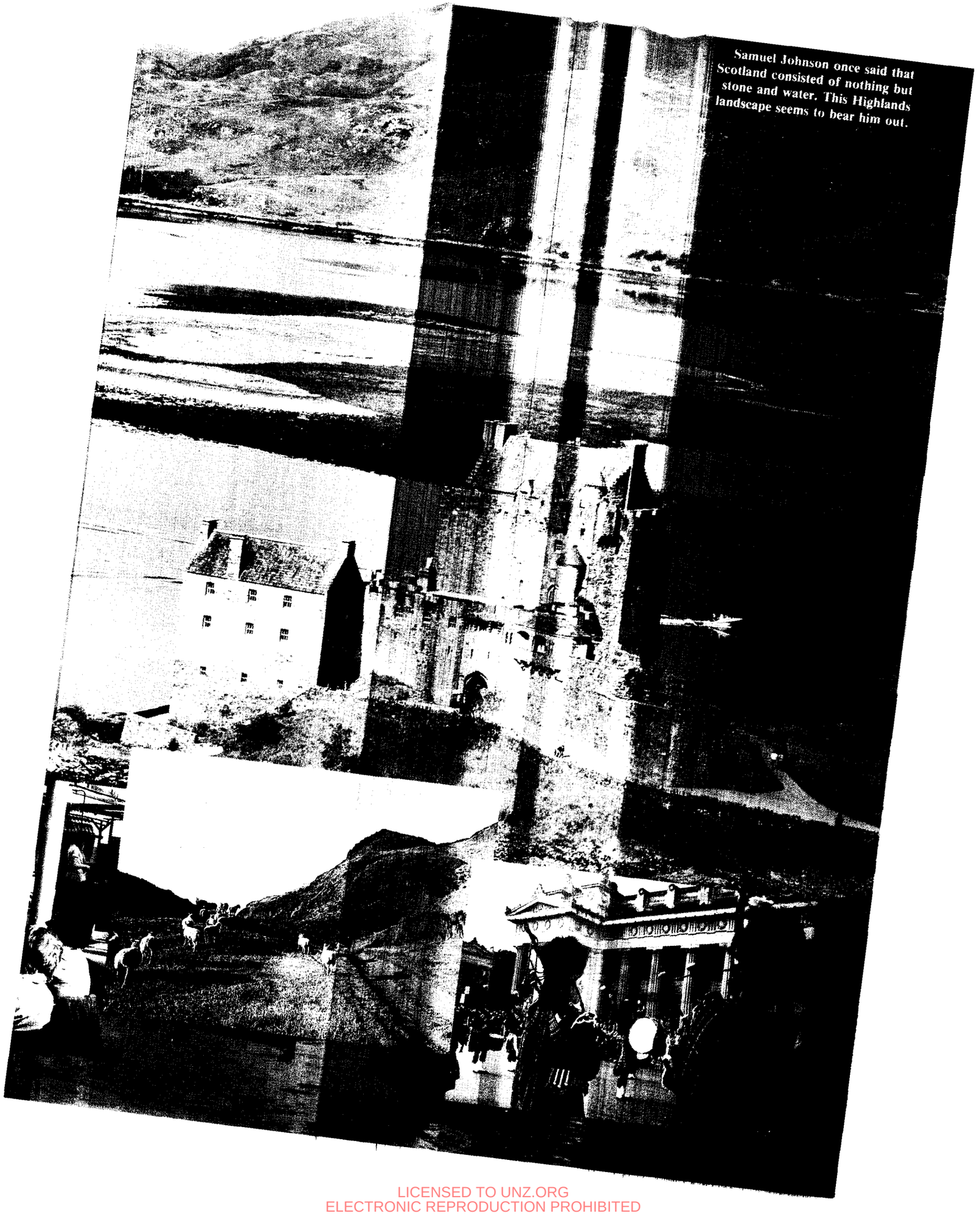

Samuel Johnson once said that Scotland consisted of nothing but stone and water. This Highlands landscape seems to bear him out.

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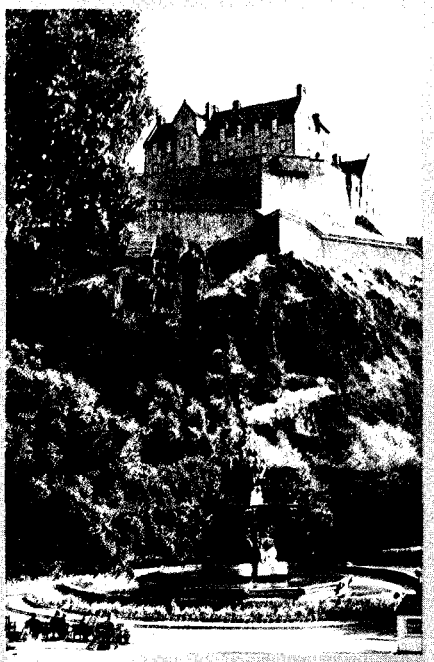
who want more than a view from Edinburgh Castle as their memory of Scotland. For a wee shot of local history, travelers can roam the same grassy hills that excisemen once scoured in the 18th century in search of illicit stills.

No less than 130 sprawling distilleries, many with adjoining living compounds for employees, operate in the Scottish countryside today. Unlike their early forebears, all are legal, and many welcome guests.

With prior planning, homes and gardens like those at Captain Tennant's Innes House can also be explored by day, and quaint manors-turned-hotels can be sampled by night.

The 300-year-old Prestonfield House, located just ten minutes from Edinburgh, lists Benjamin Franklin among its more famous dinner guests of 1759. He was in good company; Bonnie Prince Charlie was another frequent patron. Chances are, if the late prince and the American Ambassador to the Court of Louis XVI were to visit Prestonfield today, they could find their old quarters with little trouble. The bedrooms still have neither private baths nor running water and are approached by an uneven stone staircase without handrails. Such inconveniences pale when compared to the obvious pluses: Peacocks, pheasant and partridges strut the inn's 23 acres of gardens; dinner is served by candlelight in a velvet-draped room with unknown ancestors scrutinizing the stroganoff from heavy walnut frames; and tea is sipped in the Tapestry Room amid Chinese porcelain, Persian carpets and French antiques.

Deeper into the countryside, lodgings become less formal, lore is more colorful and tradition more prevalent. Here, visitors can watch a spade-wielding distillery employee spend two and a half hours slowly turning barley as it germinates on the cool, damp floor of a basement. He does this daily, methodically moving the grain toward the elevator with each spadeful. After several days, the barley has turned to sugar, has arrived at the elevator and is ready to be transported to a kiln where peat is used as fuel to dry the grain and add rich, smoky overtones to its flavor. Only five companies in



Edinburgh Castle is a must on the standard tours of Scotland. It's visible from any spot in town, including the Princes Street Gardens (foreground).

Scotland still manufacture this ancient "water of life," *uisge beatha*, which dates back to the early Celts.

More than 35,000 visitors a year track the timeless process from malting to cooperage within The Glenlivet, a 169-year-old company located in a remote tuck of the Highlands near the Spey River. Early owners of Glenlivet were the

I'd kilt for a sip of Glenlivet: Another barrel of the *uisge beatha* from the 169-year-old distilling company.

first to bow to progress, take out a license and become legal. For their good intentions, the owners were rewarded with two pistols by the government as a precaution against neighbors who felt Glenlivet had sold out to the authorities. Today, the kilt-clad production manager at Glenlivet keeps tradition alive by carrying a hunting knife in the cuff of one of his knee socks.

If a hearty dram of Scotch whisky is the favorite prelude to a meal in the Highlands, the main course often is decidedly French. Many rustic inns vary traditional Scottish menus with soufflés, poached salmon and fine imported cheeses. This is done with great flair at Blairfindy Lodge, just up the hill from Glenlivet, and Meldrum House in Aberdeenshire, where lunch is anything but an eat-and-run affair, and course after course of gourmet delicacies is served from a Hepplewhite sideboard.

More than an elegant dining room, Meldrum House is a tiny hotel with nine guest rooms, all decorated in chintz and antiques. Overnight patrons are often served breakfast by the laird himself, a former war correspondent with the BBC, and are encouraged to explore the rambling estate that has experienced in its lifetime many additions (a "new" staircase was built in 1625) and deletions (the top story was dismantled in 1932).

Surprisingly, tartans and bagpipes are in scant supply at rural inns, but are presented with great flourish at large, posh hotels such as Gleneagles, in Perthshire. Here, instead of strolling string players, robust pipers weave between tables, taking requests for wheezing folk songs that seem to be as necessary to a tourist's Highland fling as that view from Edinburgh Castle.

Just as Captain Iain Tennant jokes that Scotch whisky can be made by no one but the Scots, neither can Scotland's charm be duplicated. Every July thousands of Scottish-Americans attend the Gathering of the Clans in Linville, North Carolina, and hundreds drink toasts to the Queen at New York City's Scottish Ball. But such facsimiles merely serve to whet the appetite for the real thing. Only Scotland can satisfy. ★

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"Magic" Indian Oil CATCHES FISH LIKE CRAZY!

It works for me– wouldn't be without it.
D. Hulbutt, Duluth

I made this remarkable discovery when my son went on his first fishing trip with me. We hired this old Indian guide in a small town in Wisconsin.

When our guide showed Mark how to bait his hook, I noticed that he rubbed something on the bait just before Mark put the line in the lake. Within minutes Mark had himself a beautiful bass. You can imagine how pleased I was and Mark, of course, wanted more.

So the whole thing was repeated—the guide put on the bait, rubbed it again, and up popped another beauty. Meanwhile, I sat there patiently waiting for my first fish.

This went on all morning. Mark caught 30 bass and I got eight.

When I pulled the boat in at noon and paid off our Indian guide, I noticed that a small, unusual seed had apparently fallen from the guide's pocket into the bottom of our boat. The odor from the seed was quite strong and certainly different from anything I had ever smelled before. This was what he had rubbed on Mark's bait!

I used your spray and caught all these fish
J. Hannon, Chicago

When we returned home the next day, I gave the seed to a chemist friend of mine. He analyzed it and duplicated it into a spray for me.

I could hardly wait for my next fishing trip. What I discovered on that trip was absolutely unbelievable. I have never before caught fish like that. Every time I baited my hook. I sprayed it and up popped another fish.

I tested some more. I put spray on one bait and nothing on another. The sprayed bait got the fish almost immediately. The unsprayed bait got some nibbles, but nothing more

I gave some of my friends samples of the spray to try and the results were the same—they caught fish like never before.

I named my spray "CATCH FISH LIKE CRAZY" cause that's just what it does and it works with all kinds of fresh or salt water fish. It works equally well on artificial or live bait.

Here's what fishermen say about my spray:

"What you say is true. I caught fish like crazy–it really works!" K.S. Evansville, Ind.

"I read your ad and found it hard to believe–but sent for it anyhow cause I'm not very lucky–after one day, I'm a believer–I caught Snook and Sea Bass–it was easy!" D.D. Naples, Fla

"I always keep a can in my tackle box. It's fantastic!" K.V. Highland Park, Ill.

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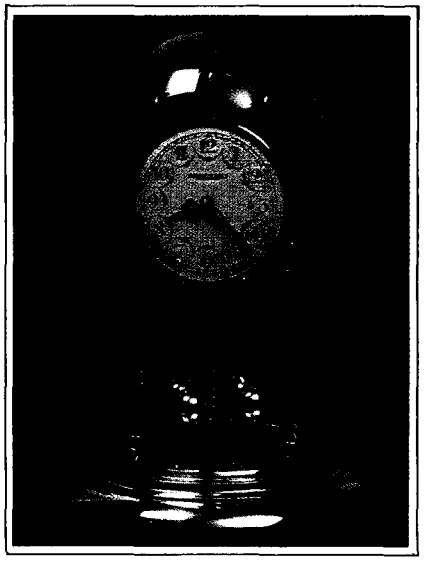

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Living Bible

continued from page 22

to do. It was as though I had lost a friend. After those 16 years of such intense concern, working all day, every day, once again I could begin to look at the world around me."

Does he remember the sales figures for the complete Bible? Again there is that modest moment of hesitation. "It was one and a half million the first seven months. Today, the figure stands at more than 28 million."

A true rags-to-riches story?

"Not at all," comes Ken Taylor's reply. "I felt this was God's work. I'm not the author of the Bible, He is. And He, I decided, should get the royalties."

To date, those royalties, amounting to more than $20 million, have gone to Living Bible International. This organization, with headquarters in Wheaton and founded by Dr. Taylor, originally was supported entirely by these funds. Today, LBI depends also on gifts from those eager to see the Word of God distributed in these readable editions throughout the world.

"*The Living Bible* has already been published in 40 languages," Taylor explains. "Our goal by 1992 is 100 major languages, spoken by 90 percent of the world's population. We now have more than one thousand people, who are mostly part-time, working in their own language on the project."

Today, Dr. Taylor spends his mornings revising *Living Letters* (a new version will be out this summer). Afternoons, he is at his desk as president of Tyndale Press, publishers of 100 Christian books a year. Weekends he spends traveling for LBI—"mostly in the U.S.; others have taken over the foreign travel."

There have been some changes in Taylor's life since *The Living Bible*'s success. The old farmhouse has come down and a new house has been erected in its place. Eighteen grandchildren were among the 32 who gathered at the Taylor home last Christmas. "Fortunately, four of our ten children still live in Wheaton," says Taylor. "So all 32 didn't sleep over at our place."

And then there's his voice problem. It began during a luncheon speech some years ago. Believing it is the result of the 16-year strain at his appointed task of paraphrasing God's Word, Taylor accepts the condition philosophically.

"The pressures to be accurate when you realize you are dealing with the very Word of God are tremendous," he says. "I felt so deeply that I must not change the meaning in any way."

As to the future, Kenneth Taylor comes across as positive as he did that day so long ago when he answered his little daughter's question: "Why didn't you say so in the first place, Daddy?"

"I thank God for the inspiration to begin and continue this work," he says, "which I find myself constantly revising to make it even more understandable." ✖

A Matter of Luck

continued from page 57

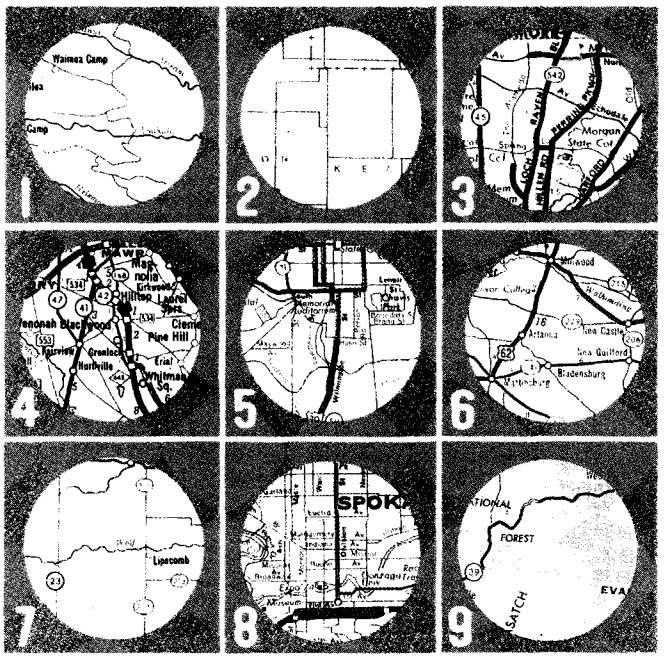
yelling, "Hey, mister, you left a pair of ladies' pants hanging in the pine tree!"

My noble ambition of earning a few bucks for the stomach's sake now had been reduced to nothing more lofty than getting my hipbone back in its socket and finding a bus stop, in that order. The fangs of fate were not to turn me loose, however, without one last playful nip before rendering the coup de grace.

As I hobbled past this house, a woman emerged from her car with a bag of groceries in each arm. Paying no attention to the pleadings of my hipbone, a council of grey cells suggested, "Look, boss, if you were to limp up and open the door for her, she could do no less than invite you in and look at your wares." (I later heard the story of a fellow student who hadn't written an order for some time saying to a prospect, "Would you like to look at some nice merchandise?" The woman, naturally, replied "No." Whereupon he had said, "Would you mind if I stepped in and looked at it? I haven't seen the stuff in two weeks." I never found out the extent of his success—if any.)

My strategy having worked, the woman and I were now seated on the sofa. Remnants of my samples lay draped over the arms, covered the footstool and were making headway on the easy chair when she suddenly looked out the window and cried, "Oh, good Lord, it's my husband! I don't know what he'll think about this!"

Sweeping the stuff back into my case, I jumped up and said, "Where's the back door?"



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 108)

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She said, "We don't have one."

I said, "Where do you want one?"

It was here, nevertheless, that I got my first two orders: "Get out, and stay out!"

On those days when you modern-day salesmen think you've had tough luck, you don't know what tough luck is. I'd made it to within 30 feet of the sanctuary of a bus stop when a battery of runny-nosed demons poured over the ramparts of a snow fort to welcome me with cries of "Yer a funny-lookin' man!" "Whater ya comin' to our house for?" "Hey, Ma, here comes a peddler!" "Here, Bruno! Here, boy!" And before I could explain that I wouldn't come to their house if "Ma" was Betty Grable and Harry James hadn't been home for a month, Bruno, a Russian wolfhound with a thyroid condition, came galumphing around the corner of the garage.

Ma, to her credit, sprang through the front door in time to cut him off at the second pass. And while she restrained the slobbering beast, the little man of the family slipped around and bit me in the leg. With things going so well, the woman couldn't resist inviting me in.

Once inside, she promptly relieved me of my sample case, making room for a little tyke in wet pants flourishing 23 hours of an all-day sucker to climb onto my lap. Depositing the sucker on the shoulder of my topcoat, he, or she, kept out of mischief by tying "da bid bad woof" to the floor lamp with the ends of the my necktie. The rest of the litter, in disembowling the sample case, had dredged up an unidentifiable garment which Ma had no trouble identifying as "a panty girdle with removable crotch!" The very thing she had been looking for.

Well, that was more like it. Perhaps the commission would be enough to reimburse the company for the sheer stocking demonstrator one of the boys was at that moment trying to pull on over his galosh. Slipping out of my necktie, I began looking for the order book.

"Do the crotches come separately?" Ma wanted to know. Do goldfish have headaches? I was an equal authority on both questions. But sure enough, upon locating the price list in that rubble, I found that the crotches indeed could be bought separately—at three for a quarter. And crotches were all the dear soul wanted, as "her garment was still good."

It was at this juncture that the breadwinner of the little group walked in, home from what had obviously been a 12-hour stint of cleaning sewers with a short-handled shovel. It didn't require a psychiatrist to sense that here was a man accustomed to finding his house tidy, wife and kids at the door to greet him and dinner ready on the table. Instead, the living room resembled the last stages of a rummage sale, his wife was sharing an undergarment with a stranger, the kids were fighting over a necktie and the only thing on the kitchen table was the baby in wet pants licking the butter dish.

Many times since then I have considered what I might have said to close the long, cold gap that followed. And each consideration was an improvement over "Your wife was interested in new crotches!"

Three days later, I was up and around again. And except for a slight limp and a neck permanently restricted to a 20-degree swivel, you'd never guess I was a door-to-door salesman.

I realize this has been a long way around. But I did so want salespeople of less intimate products to appreciate just how lucky they are.

"The most important part of my diet is my wife."

"It's true I've been trying to get Neil to lose weight. But he's tried dozens of diets in the past few years and couldn't stick to one. Finally, I realized I had to help him work dieting into his regular eating habits. Naturally, I turned to Diet Fleischmann's.

"I've used it for years because it has half the calories of regular margarine. So it's perfect for Neil because it lets him watch his weight without giving up on the taste he loves. And, because it's Fleischmann's, it's made from 100% corn oil. It has 0% cholesterol and it's low in saturated fat.

"Neil says dieting's been a lot easier with me and Fleischmann's to keep him company."

Fleischmann's a loved one today.

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FOOD

TALKING TURKEY FOR SPRING

Highly reasonable and seasonable, turkey emerges from winter's heavy-handed holiday feasts ready to be served up in light luncheons and dinners for spring.

by Allen Simon

Not all protein-rich meats are created equal. Just compare prices at a local grocery. You'll find turkey running neck and neck with chicken and far below pork and beef. For only about 98 cents a pound, a brand-name turkey will fill a large gap in your freezer. Chicken will fill a smaller gap at prices ranging from 75 cents for a whole fryer to a hearty $3 for boneless breast. Let's not even mention the prices per pound of pork and beef; that could get depressing.

Turkey is obviously a bargain, but it has assets other than economics, for diet and health weigh heavily at the dinner table, too. Here are the facts: Turkey experts tell us these delicious birds provide more protein per serving in relation to calories than other meats do. A 3½-ounce serving of cooked turkey will contain about 170 calories, about 69 percent of which comes from protein. Equal servings of cooked beef or pork will contain about 300 calories, only 35 percent of which comes from protein, the rest coming from fat. Ground beef is 25 to 30 percent fat, while ground turkey is less than 15 percent fat. Turkey is also low in saturated fat and cholesterol.

In recent years, turkeys have really flown the coop—no longer making special guest appearances on Thanksgiving and Christmas tables, they are now billed as year-round fare. Health-conscious Americans are gobbling up turkey at record rates. This growing demand for turkey has brought about new delicacies. Turkey parts, turkey deli meats and turkey hot dogs can be found in any supermarket. Turkey parts are available fresh, frozen or smoked. Drumsticks, wings, wing drumettes, thighs, hind quarters, tails and necks and giblets are often used in barbecuing, baking, stewing and soups.

And when it comes to steaks, the cows no longer have a corner on the market. Turkey steaks or tenderloin are available as skinless, boned breast meat from the eye of the breast—lean and tender fillets. Turkey breast slices or cutlets and ground turkey are also readily available to the smart supermarket shopper.

Dark turkey meat can be cured, cooked and seasoned in the same way as its red-meat counterparts. Turkey ham, pastrami, salami, bologna and hot dogs have all the flavor sans the calories of the "real thing." Turkey hot dogs and deli meats, for example, contain approximately half the calories and fat as their red-meat cousins. And with the growing popularity of ethnic foods, turkey can be found stuffing a taco, used as the meat in a wok-style stir fry or as the veal replacement in a traditional Italian meal.

When purchasing a bird, there are a few guidelines to keep in mind. No matter what your mother or grandmother told you, a tom turkey is not tougher than a hen turkey; it is only larger. A hen bird weighs no more than 14 pounds, while toms weigh as much as 25 pounds or more. The birds found in supermarkets are classified as "young turkeys" and are between 14 and 22 weeks old.

A good way to really embellish a buffet is to add tender slices of a tom or hen turkey that has been roasted and basted or deliciously smoked. The appetizing display is certain to please calorie counters as well as those with picayune palates.

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A USDA inspection stamp, the grade or class of the bird and the weight and price per pound can be found on the wrap containing the turkey. Additional ingredients, such as those used in deep basting, can also be found, along with cooking tips, thawing and preparation instructions.

If one buys a grade of turkey, he has a full-fleshed bird, with no skin defects or any parts missing. Some brands, however, will always be grade-A, though not so labeled. A grade-B turkey has some minor deformities, such as small skin tears, that do not affect flavor or tenderness. Turkeys who rate a C grade may have a wing or drumstick missing. These birds are generally lower in price. Flavor and tenderness should remain good if the turkey is young.

Weight and yield guidelines can be helpful to the turkey shopper. A 12-pound whole turkey will yield one to two servings per pound; breast slices, three to four servings per pound; drumsticks, two to three servings per pound; thighs, three to four servings per pound; wings, two servings per pound; and ground turkey, four to five servings per pound.

Like an automobile, a turkey may be purchased with special features. Turkeys that are prebasted have been injected with basting ingredients, such as broth, butter, oil or other flavorings. The basting ingredients are distributed through the meat, keeping the breast meat moist and juicy. The breast meat is the only part basted, causing the bird to cook more rapidly.

Prestuffed turkeys have their ready-made stuffing in place. In addition, some birds come with preinserted timers. These are inserted at the time of packaging and help insure the complete cooking of the meat. One type of timer is designed to pop up when the turkey is ready. Another type available is pulled up for presetting and withdraws as the turkey approaches its finished cooking time.

Turkey's low fat content makes it lighter to eat and easier to digest than many other protein sources. Nutritionists agree that, though fat in the diet is important, the average American consumes more fat than is necessary—or healthy. So, even if you were sated on turkey last winter, you can start anew this spring with some light, tasty and tasteful turkey dishes appropriate for the season.

Turkey Asparagus Mornay
(Makes 4 servings)

Boneless turkey breast, prepared according to package directions
2 pounds fresh asparagus, cooked until just tender
Sauce Mornay (see below)*

Carve 8 slices from cooked turkey breast. Divide asparagus into 8 portions. Place 1 portion on each slice of roast turkey. Wrap turkey slice around asparagus. Place 2 turkey-asparagus portions on each plate. Ladle Sauce Mornay over each serving. Garnish each with 1 tablespoon grated cheese, if desired.

Sauce Mornay*

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
½ to 1 cup grated Cheddar or American cheese
Dry mustard to taste
Worcestershire sauce to taste

Melt butter in saucepan over moderate heat without letting it brown. Add flour and stir, preferably with a wire whisk, until well blended. Meanwhile, bring the milk almost, but not quite, to the boiling point. While stirring the flour and butter mixture vigorously, add the hot milk all at once. The mixture will thicken as it comes to a boil. Add cheese to the hot sauce and stir over low heat until melted. Season with mustard and Worcestershire sauce.

Turkey Wings Teriyaki
(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

2 turkey wings
⅓ cup soy sauce
¼ cup sherry
1 teaspoon brown sugar
1 tablespoon minced fresh ginger root (or 1 teaspoon ground ginger)
1 large clove garlic, minced
1½ tablespoons grated orange rind

Preheat oven to 375° F. Remove wing tips and reserve for another use. Cut each wing into 2 pieces at the joint. Place in a single layer in a shallow roasting pan. Roast uncovered for 45 minutes, until skin is crisp. Drain and discard any melted fat. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over wings. Cover pan tightly with foil and continue baking for another 45 minutes.

Turkey Ham and Cheese with Spinach and Noodles
(Makes 6 servings)

8 ounces creamed, large-curd cottage cheese
8 ounces dry egg noodles (or green spinach noodles)
1 tablespoon olive or other vegetable oil
1 clove garlic, minced
¾ pound washed and trimmed fresh spinach, torn in bite-sized pieces (or 1 10-ounce package frozen chopped spinach, defrosted, drained)
1 pound turkey ham or turkey salami, cut into 1-inch cubes
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup chopped fresh parsley
1 tablespoon fresh basil or oregano (or 1 teaspoon dried basil or oregano)
Coarsely ground pepper to taste

Remove cottage cheese from refrigerator ahead of time to reach room temperature. Cook noodles in boiling water, according to package directions. Combine oil and garlic in a large nonstick skillet. Sauté garlic over moderate heat until golden, then add spinach and turkey ham. Cook, stirring, over low flame just until heated through. Drain noodles

Turkey can be served with an ethnic flavor—Mexican, Chinese or Polynesian, as in Tropical Turkey Salad below.

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and rinse under hot water. Combine hot drained noodles, spinach, garlic, turkey-ham mixture and cottage cheese in skillet over very low heat. Add remaining ingredients and toss lightly to combine. Serve immediately.

Seasoned Turkey Burgers
(Makes 8 burgers)

1 pound ground raw turkey
3 eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs
2 tablespoons finely chopped onions
1 teaspoon basil
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons ketchup
2 tablespoons butter

Mix together ground turkey, eggs, breadcrumbs, onion, basil, parsley, milk and ketchup. Shape into 8 patties. In large skillet, heat butter over medium heat. Add turkey burgers and cook, covered, for 20 minutes, turning halfway through.

Lemony Turkey Kabobs
(Makes 6 servings)

1½ pounds boneless turkey breast
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
⅓ cup lemon juice
¼ cup vegetable oil
1 tablespoon corn syrup
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
1 clove garlic, minced
3 small zucchini, cut in 1-inch pieces
½ pound fresh mushrooms

Skin turkey breast and cut in 1-inch cubes. Combine lemon rind, lemon juice, oil, corn syrup, vinegar and garlic. Pour over turkey cubes. Cover and refrigerate at least 2 hours or overnight, stirring occasionally. Alternately place turkey, zucchini and mushrooms on six long skewers. Barbecue 5 inches from heat for 20-25 minutes or until turkey is tender, turning skewers every 5 minutes and brushing with marinade.

Tropical Turkey Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

12 ounces cooked turkey meat, cubed (about 2 cups)
2 cups fresh diced pineapple (or 1 15-ounce can pineapple-chunks juice pack, chilled and drained; reserve juice for dressing)
1 cup fresh green grapes
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup chopped walnuts
Fresh strawberries, as garnish
Pineapple halves, "scooped out" as bowls, if desired
Creamy Fruit Dressing (see below)*

Combine turkey, pineapple, grapes, celery and walnuts. Toss to combine. Add dressing and toss again. Spoon into pineapple "dishes" or bowls. Garnish with whole walnuts and fresh strawberries.

Creamy Fruit Dressing*
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup low-fat plain yogurt
3 tablespoons pineapple juice or lemon juice, to taste

Combine ingredients. Stir to combine. Refrigerate until tossed with salad.

Swissed Smoked Turkey Sandwich
(Makes 1 serving)

2 slices rye bread
2 teaspoons mayonnaise
1 ounce sliced smoked turkey
3 slices tomato
1 teaspoon minced fresh parsley or ¼ teaspoon dried parsley
Pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 250° F. Spread slice of bread with mayonnaise and assemble remaining ingredients on top of mayonnaise. Cover with other bread slice. Wrap with foil. Heat in oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Mexican Turkey Dogs
(Makes 4 servings)

8 turkey hot dogs, cooked
8 flour tortillas, warmed
1 medium green pepper, chopped
1 medium tomato, chopped
1 small onion, chopped
½ pound cubed Cheddar or American cheese

Cook turkey hot dogs according to package directions. Heat tortillas on a lightly greased griddle until almost crisp. Place 1 hot dog in center of each tortilla. Sprinkle each with chopped pepper, tomato and onion. Wrap tortilla around hot dog. Top each tortilla with cheese. If desired, heat under broiler until the cheese melts.

Ozzie Smith

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year he was the Padres' starting shortstop, turning seeming hits such as Burroughs' into spectacular outs.

During his rookie year he batted .258, his highest average to date, stole 40 bases in 52 attempts and led the National League in sacrifice hits. He also demonstrated an adept range of the unsung traits—hitting behind the runner, taking the extra base—that make for winning baseball. At season's end, many observers felt that Smith deserved to be rookie-of-the-year. Instead, the honor was awarded to Atlanta's Bob Horner, who came out of college to hit 23 home runs in 89 games, immediately attracting the attention of the sportswriters and broadcasters who shape public opin-

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ion and vote on most awards.

"I had prepared myself for that," Smith says. "I knew that baseball was that type of game. Once people realized that here's a guy who hits home runs, it doesn't matter what anybody else does."

Faced with the realization that bigger is often mistaken for better, Smith has quietly but unabashedly set out to make people aware of the intangible but vital aspects of the game he loves.

It helps that in some respects he is a born athlete. His mother was a talented basketball player in Mobile, Alabama, where Ozzie was born the day after Christmas in 1954 and where he lived until 1963. Smith doesn't recall anyone ever suggesting that he play shortstop, perhaps the game's most difficult position, or having to show him how to do it. Nor did he model himself after another player. "It was just something that was always there," he says. "I've had to work continuously hard at it, but most of the things you see out there I was born with."

Yet in another, deeper sense, Ozzie Smith is a self-made man, fired by the "personal satisfaction" he says he derives from working with his hands and by his sense of mission. "It is an art to play the infield. Period." He states this softly but firmly.

As a youngster, he practiced his acrobatic skills on a sawdust pile in a lumberyard across the street from his family's neatly kept, mustard-yellow house in the Watts district of inner-city Los Angeles. He continually improved his hand-eye coordination by throwing a ball for hour after hour against the backdoor steps.

As one of five sons and a daughter deserted by their father and raised by their mother, he developed the character that enables him to apply his talents to the utmost. "I don't harp on that type of thing. A lot of people came from the rough part of town," he says. "We never had a lot of money, but we made it, and that's the important thing."

Today the refining process continues. During spring training, Smith stands at the edge of the infield dirt nearest home plate and has a coach hit him hard grounders, reaching to his backhand with the sweeping gesture of a toreador handling a charging bull, scooping up bouncing balls with elegant grace, repeating the movements in a ballet of excellence. He is, like most shortstops, practicing making his hands "soft" and flexible, attempting to quicken his reaction time. But he is also building the style, the flair for which he is known and with which he captures onlookers' attention.

Hustling all the time, avid, touched in his every movement by unmistakable athletic majesty, Ozzie Smith was an instant crowd favorite in San Diego, where his exploits were soon greeted with chants of "Oz-zie, Oz-zie," echoes of which now sound in St. Louis' Busch Stadium.

Smith is respected just as highly by baseball insiders, who do not suffer pretenders lightly. Those impolitic enough to openly discuss their artfulness or brash enough to attempt flashy moves on the field had better perform well, lest they be ridiculed into submission or dis-

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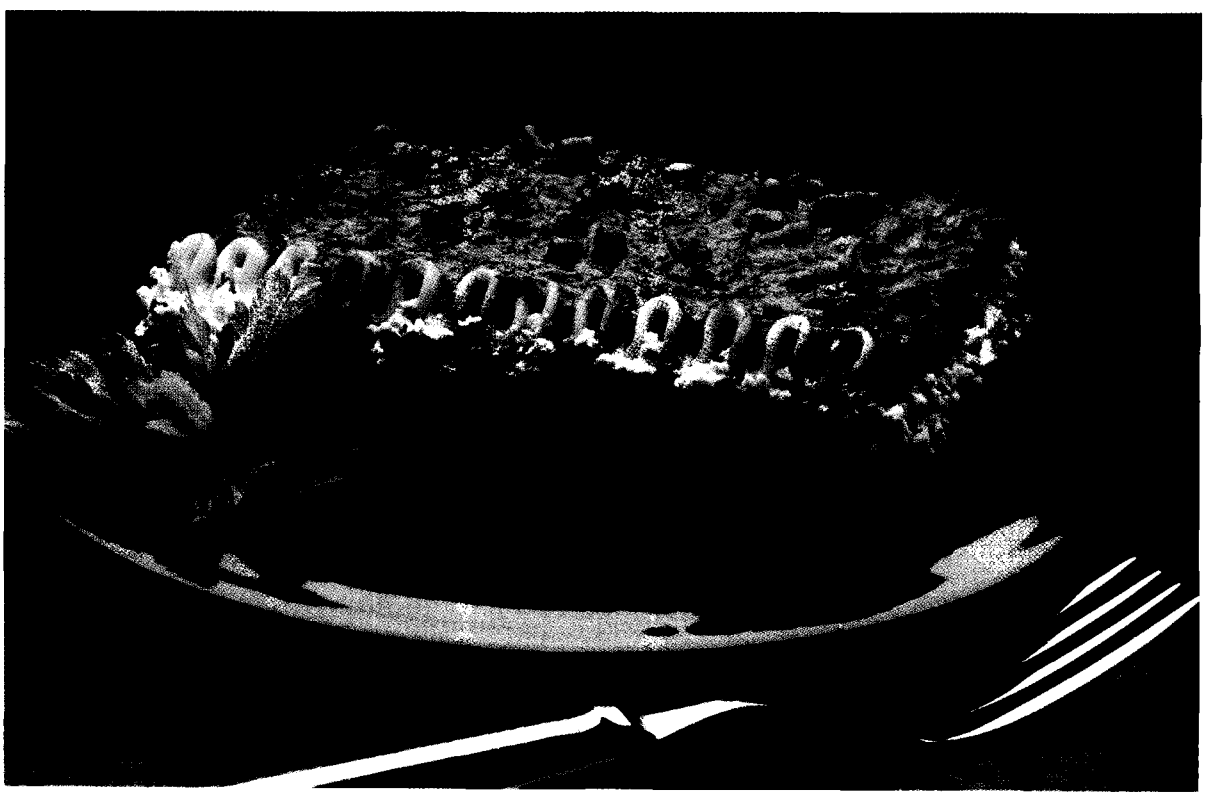

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missed as idle braggarts. In his frankness, his showmanship, Ozzie Smith defies that convention, too, even going so far as to perform an acrobatic flip before the first and last games of every season, including the moment he took the field for the seventh and deciding game of the 1982 World Series. Remarkably, in baseball circles, nary a word of criticism has been voiced over such tricks—or any other aspect of Smith's words or deeds.

How does he get away with it?

"He's a great team player, and he's a tremendous influence on the ballclub, extremely well-liked," says Cards' general manager McDonald. "One of the corniest expressions we have is 'You'd like to have him for your son.' But I've never met a young man to whom that expression is more applicable."

Frank Howard, New York Mets coach, managed Smith at San Diego. "Ozzie Smith is an absolute delight to have on your ballclub," Howard says without hesitation.

Cardinals teammate Tom Herr, who plays second base alongside Smith, concurs. "It's a great thrill to be able to play with somebody like that," he says. Herr pauses, then laughs. "I think his ability rubs off on everybody defensively, because you just want to try to be your best out there so you don't look so bad compared to him."

Not that Smith's impact on his teammates ends on the baseball diamond. "He's not only good on the field, but he's great off the field," says teammate Willie McGee.

That touch with people is not limited to Smith's teammates. He is a ready signer of autographs, a genial interview subject. After his playing days are over, Smith intends to do as yet unspecified work with children that will employ some of the teacher's training he got in college.

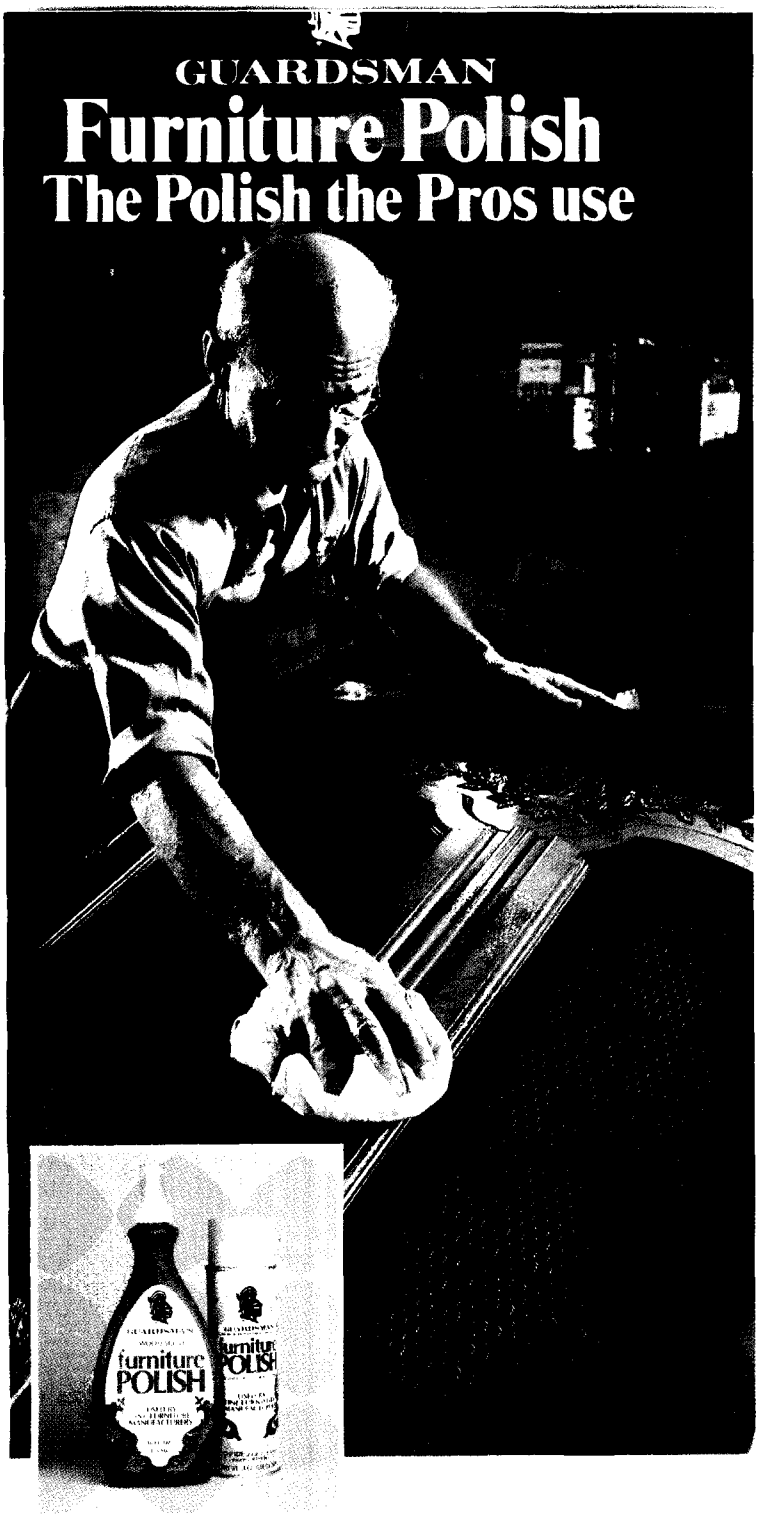
Meanwhile, though, retirement appears to be a long way off. Smith is just now reaching his athletic prime. He has been named to the National League All-Star team the last two seasons and won three consecutive Gold Gloves, emblematic of the best fielder at his position.

He still has something to prove, too. "When I came up, I had two goals," he says. "To win myself a Gold Glove at one time or another and to hit .300 in the big leagues, because that's the standard that people recognize. I've been fortunate enough to achieve my first goal three times. My next major goal is to hit .300, and I feel that I'm getting closer and closer to that every year."

Last season, Smith and manager Herzog had an ongoing bet. If Ozzie struck out or hit the ball up in the air, he paid $1. If he walked or hit the ball on the ground, where his speed could come into play in beating out a hit, the manager paid him $1. By year's end Smith was some $300 richer, and Herzog says only a late-season injury to his right thigh kept Smith from posting the highest average of his career. As it was, Smith hit .248 and stole 25 bases (his high was 57 with the Padres in 1980). He also hit a personal-best 24 doubles and had two home runs—double his previous career high.

More important, says Smith, last season he was part of a championship team, one that relied on speed, pitching and defense, a team that must now attempt a repeat performance under the glare of intensified scrutiny.

With greater media attention focused on the Cardinals, the country at large will likely be treated to increased doses of Smith's magic. And if the past is any indication of what is to come, then a love affair between America's baseball fans and the "Wizard of Oz" is just around the corner.



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ruption of "Jamestown weed"—is sometimes known are more conventionally descriptive. They call attention to one or another of its several notable characteristics. The plant gives off a fetid smell; its fruit, or seed pod, is barbed with thorns, like a chestnut bur; and its poisonous flowers—milky white and sometimes streaked with purple—are trumpet-shaped. Jimson weed is in every sense a weed. Like beggar's-lice and tumbleweed and the cocklebur, it flourishes almost everywhere and is everywhere detested. It sprouts early (as Beverly noted), it grows fast, and it blooms until late in the fall. Its size, for an annual, is considerable. It often reaches a height of six feet, and it averages around four. Like most other successful weeds, Jimson weed can exist on even the poorest land, but its existence there is no more than dogged survival. It does well only in fertile soil, and when it finds itself so placed, it feeds voraciously—as voraciously, and as destructively, as corn or cotton. It is also, however, among the easiest of weeds to control. A couple of swipes with a scythe or a hoe before the seeds are formed will clear the most firmly established Jimson-weed jungle. Its presence on cropland or in pasture is thus traditionally taken as a sign of indifferent farming. Mark Twain was aware of its reputation, and in *Tom Sawyer*, he turned it to effective atmospheric use: "She [Aunt Polly] went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and 'jimpson' weeds that constituted the garden." Livestock are repelled by its smell, which is so rank that only animals addled by hunger are rash enough to ignore it. Jimson-weed poisoning in livestock is almost entirely limited to the ingestion of hay or ensilage accidentally contaminated with Jimson-weed seeds or leaves, and such cases are relatively few. Man is less instinctively prudent. Most people find the smell of Jimson weed distinctive, but it frequently fails to repel them. Jimson-weed poisoning in man, though hardly commonplace, is anything but rare. "During the past five years at the University of Virginia Hospital, which services a large southern rural area, *Datura* has accounted for approximately four percent of pediatric patients admitted because of ingestion of a toxic substance," Joe E. Mitchell and Fred N. Mitchell, both members of the Department of Pediatrics of the University of Virginia School of Medicine, reported to the *Journal of Pediatrics* in 1955. "Although distinctly less frequent than kerosene or salicylate intoxication, *Datura* has had about the same incidence as lead, barbiturates, alcohol, rodenticides and insecticides as a source of poisoning." Jimson-weed poisoning in children can usually be laid to innocence. The seeds are mistaken for nuts or are used in play as "pills." Its adult victims are more variously poisoned. Some of them are victims of homespun credulity (folk medicine recommends a tea of Jimson-weed leaves for the relief of asthma, constipation and certain other ills), and some are victims of a credulous sophistication (the street-corner pharmacopoeia recommends Jimson-weed seeds for a liberating hallucinatory experience). A few of them—including, as it turned out, Homer Mason and his family—are victims of simple ignorance.

The doctor to whom one of the patients in the emergency room of the Holston Valley Community Hos-

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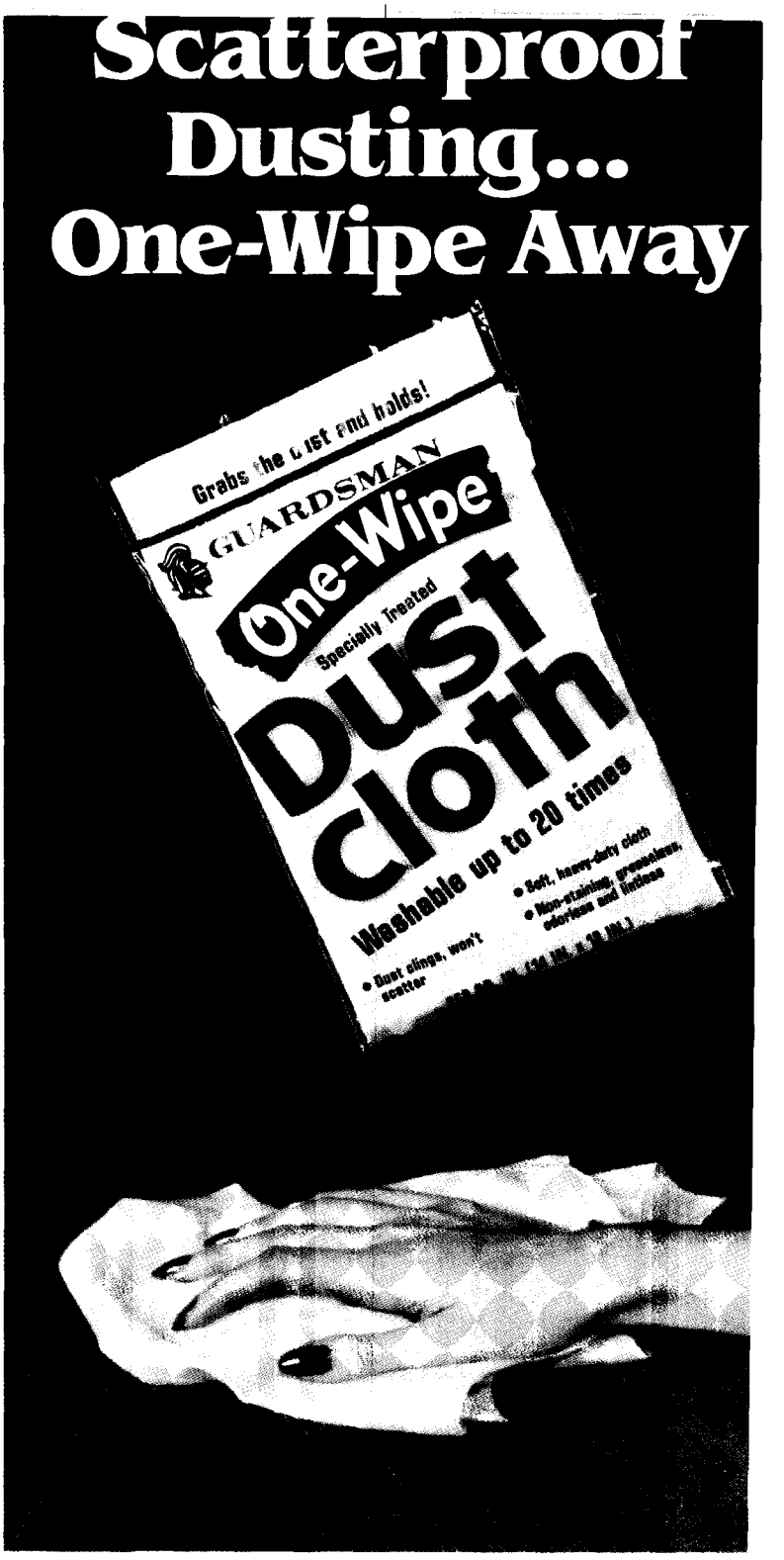

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Arthritis Diet

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start deviating, but as soon as I start hurting, I get back on it and feel strong again. Eight years ago, I was stumbling along across the street like an old man. I wasn't doing any sports. I was hurting all the time.

"Now I can play tennis and golf. I have no pain at all. I do exercises probably five days a week, in the morning for about a half hour. I do stretching exercises, and I can usually tell because I can monitor my condition. If I'm stiffening up and it hurts a little bit, I know I'd better watch what I've been eating. I monitor myself pretty carefully to see if I start hurting. If you can imagine a guy 28 years old who's hobbling and feeling like an old man, then it's really depressing. And I'm improving. But with me, it didn't change overnight. It just steadily got better all the time. I can remember that, every six months, going up and down stairs got easier, and I could just tell the difference. It's hard to tell on a day-to-day basis in a situation like that, but in my case, every six months I could really tell a difference. I don't see any deterioration anyway. I'm 58, and I'm still feeling great. I feel better than I did when I was 40."

Know What Kind

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gout may attack any joint (I have since had it in both insteps and in my right finger joints), it favors the "bunion" joint of the big toe. For reasons nobody understands, gout commonly strikes middle-aged men (seldom women) without warning two or three hours after midnight, in the spring or fall, and can be triggered by a copious meal."

In 1961, our *Post* editor wrote, "Usually, though, failing proper treatment, the victim can expect a second attack six to 12 months later, followed by others of increasing severity.

"I say proper treatment because some doctors are evidently still unfamiliar with the remarkable and mysterious drug probenecid—Benemid, to use the trade name—available since 1950, which unaccountably controls the symptoms of gout so effectively that the patient may never again experience even a twinge. Had the first doctor I consulted prescribed Benemid, I probably would have been spared eight excruciating flare-ups during the next three years, several of them lasting a week."

"When I have gout," wrote Sydney Smith, the 19th-century essayist, in an unsurpassed description, "I feel as if I am walking on my eyeballs."

"Following the advice of another doctor," the *Post* editor continued, "I began swallowing Benemid tablets at the rate of two a day every day. They felt like cartwheels going down, tasted bitter and increased my drugstore bills by $9 a month. After a year free of attacks, I ventured to give the stuff up. Within six months, I was nursing an ankle thick as a lamppost. I have not failed since to choke down my daily dose of Benemid and so have avoided the torment which drove the Roman general Agrippa to suicide, obliged Henry VI to postpone his marriage to Margaret of Anjou and soured Martin Luther's disposition."

As you can see by his writing, our former editor fits in the fraternity of gout sufferers with preeminent intellectual ability.

Benjamin Franklin is credited with having reintroduced the gout drug colchicine, a derivative of the meadow saffron that was used by the Egyptians, to American medicine.

Many gout patients are immediately aware of dietary or alcoholic excesses that precipitate attacks and, in this way, are able to avoid them without medication. The proper use of uricosuric agents or allopurinol will lower urate levels and, in this way, help prevent the crystallization that precedes attacks.

Just because you aren't the perfect profile for gout (male, supergenius and in your fourth or fifth decade) don't neglect getting a diagnosis if you have a joint pain. My 83-year-old Aunt Jeanette in Iowa got gout in her big toe last year, and she is none of the above.

The possibility of infectious arthritis is another reason why a person with joint pain should see a physician about it promptly. Arthritis can be caused by gonococci, pneumococci, streptococci, staphy-

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bolic acid stuff is going to kill me, doc? Well, that's good news. I got a wife and a kid, and I'm not taking any chances."

He reached into an inside uniform pocket and pulled out a small, cylindrical object, wrapped in what closely resembled a sheet of prescription paper from the pad on the desk. The doctor eyed it without moving.

"There's the layout," Hogan said. "You might look into that toothache gum some day, doc. They oughtn't to sell it if it's poison. Could hurt someone."

Carefully he deposited before the young man the small packet—a cartridge from a .45 automatic rolled up in the prescription paper he had picked up from the table in that upper room.

"Thought I'd just leave this here," he said carelessly. "Only for God's sake, don't throw it into the fire!"

Hogan turned and moved toward the door, leaving the doctor speechless behind him. At the door, however, he stopped and turned back to face the man.

"Say, doc," he said. "No joking! I've got a whale of a toothache. Been bothering me all night. Do you suppose a mouthful of whisky would help it? Just to hold, you know. I've heard——"

To his shocked astonishment, the young doctor had thrown his arms across the desk and buried his face in them. Hogan went back to him and gently put a hand on his shoulder.

"Some things just have to be, doc," he said soberly. "It was her or him, wasn't it? I plugged a fellow in the stomach yesterday. It was him or me, see? Well, I'm not going around sick and sorry, am I? Not on your life. And now, what about that whisky?"

A few minutes later, he rejoined Clark in the car. Clark sniffed and eyed him.

"So that was it, was it?" Clark said angrily. "You sure went to a lot of trouble just to get yourself a drink."

In the darkness, Hogan grinned to himself. "Well, it was worth it, Clark," he said cheerfully. "It was worth it."

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Poisoning

continued from page 101

pital that October afternoon in 1963 said "something about eating Jimson weed" was William Harrison, the hospital pathologist, and the patient was Leroy Smart. That wasn't, however, exactly what he said.

"I'd been talking to Smart about the meal he had fixed that noon," Dr. Harrison says. "I wanted to know just what had been eaten and just how it had been prepared. It bothered me. I don't mean I had any ideas. It was only that Mason and Mrs. Smart had taken sick almost immediately after eating. That was a little suspicious. Either that or a rather odd coincidence. But the trouble was, of course, that ordinary bacterial food poisoning doesn't act that way. It doesn't come on that fast. It takes hours, and even days. The same is true of most other kinds of food poisoning. About the only poisons that hit in a matter of minutes are chemical poisons, such as antimony and sodium fluoride, and the symptoms they produce are nothing like those we had here. So I was simply floundering. But something I said must have struck a chord in Smart. His whole expression changed. Come to think of it, he said, there was something he hadn't thought to mention about that meal—something a little unusual. The tomatoes they'd had weren't ordinary tomatoes. They were grafts. They were grown on a tomato stalk that Mason had grafted onto a Jimson-weed plant. He wondered if that might have had anything to do with the trouble.

"That was when I spoke to Dr. Johnson. I knew he was talking to Nashville, and I thought they ought to know. The way he heard it was a little confused. Or maybe I was a little confusing. I probably was. I mean, I knew without any question that Jimson weed was the answer. It answered all our questions—the central-nervous-system symptoms, the sudden onset after eating, everything. But the whole thing was so fantastic. It was also such a relief. Jimson-weed poisoning can be extremely serious. It can be fatal. Still, almost anything is preferable to botulism. And not only that. It relieved our minds about Smart and his little boy. The late onset of their symptoms suggested a mild exposure. The same was largely true in the case of Mrs. Mason. Her symptoms were somewhat delayed, and they were also relatively mild. In fact, in the end we didn't even admit those three to the hospital. It was different, of course, with Mason and Mrs. Smart. They were really sick. They didn't seem to be in critical condition, but they certainly needed hospitalization. We put them to bed and started them on a course of oral pilocarpine, a nerve stimulant that would serve to counteract the action of the toxin on their vision by stimulating the parasympathetic nerves. But that was about all we could do for them. There is no specific treatment for Jimson-weed poisoning.

"I had another talk with Smart just before he left the hospital. I had no real connection with the case, of course, but I was interested—intensely interested. Smart was with his son and Mrs. Mason. Dr. Craig had given her ten milligrams of pilocarpine for symptomatic relief, and she seemed to be in pretty good shape. I was particularly interested in the nature of the tomato graft. Smart couldn't help me on that. He said I'd have to talk to Mason, since Mason did all the gardening. He was able

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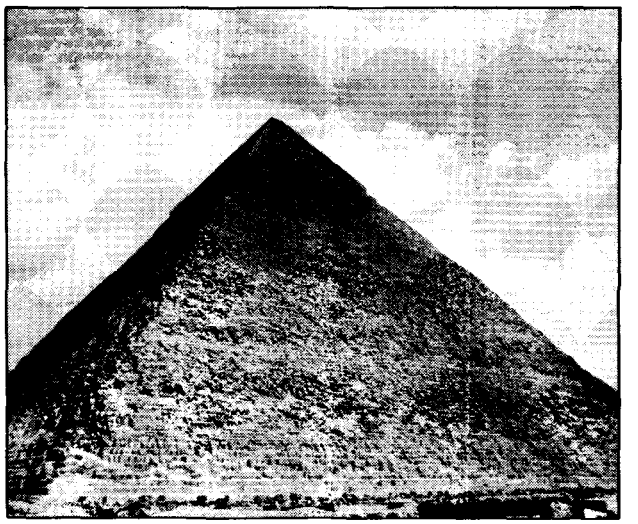
The $648 pyramid.



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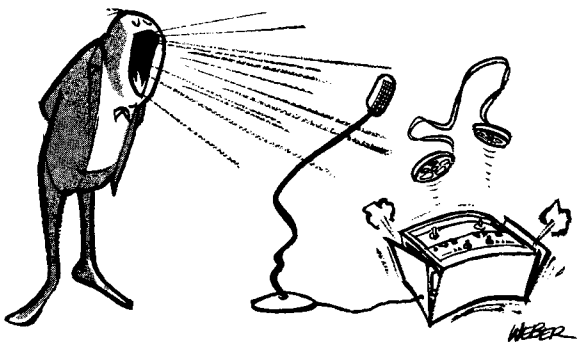
to tell me the why of it, though. It was really a bright idea. Mistaken, to be sure, but most ingenious. Mason wanted a hardy, frost-resistant tomato—one that would ripen late in the fall. And he knew that Jimson weed was a hardy, frost-resistant plant that flourished until well into November. So he put the two together. He was right, too. The graft was completely successful. As a matter of fact, Smart said, that tomato they ate at dinner was the very first fruit of the experiment. It had only that morning turned ripe enough to pick. It was a good-sized, good-looking tomato, he said, and it had a good flavor. It tasted like any good home-grown, vine-ripened tomato. He had eaten one slice, and so had his wife and Mrs. Mason. It was possible that his wife's slice had been one of the big center slices. His own had been an end slice, and Buddy's had been only a sliver. Mason, on the other hand, had eaten three or four slices.

"I looked in on Mason the following morning. He was still sick, still flat on his back, but he seemed to be perfectly rational. Except, I should say, on the subject of his tomatoes. He knew what had happened. Somebody on the staff had already told him the cause of the family outbreak. But he didn't quite believe it. He had never heard of Jimson-weed poisoning. Jimson weed was a weed like any other weed to him. I didn't argue with him. We just talked, and I finally got him around to telling me about his grafting technique. The Jimson-weed plant he had used was growing in a fence row not far from his house. He made the graft at the first fork of a secondary branch, snipping off the branch and inserting the sharpened stem of a tomato plant into the pithy center of the stump. Then he fastened the parts together with a clothespin until the union healed. And that was all there was to it. It was simplicity itself. I was really quite impressed, and I told him so. I asked him how he happened to get the idea. He looked a little surprised. What idea? The idea of grafting the tomatoes? Why, that wasn't his idea. He got it from a friend—a fellow over in the next valley. I'll give him the name of Clayton. Clayton had been growing tomatoes on Jimson-weed grafts for years. He had always been fooling around with plants.

"Well, that was an interesting piece of news. It was flabbergasting. And it raised some flabbergasting questions. Why hadn't we heard of this before? Or had Clayton never been poisoned? And if he hadn't been poisoned, why not? And so on. It was some little time before we got any answers. By 'we' I mean the State Health Department, the Hawkins County Health Department and the interested doctors here at the hospital. The first step was one that would have been taken in any case. Somebody from the county went out to Mason's farm and got a sample Jimson-weed tomato and sent it in to Nashville for analysis. Then Clayton was interviewed. He confirmed what Mason had said. He and his family had been growing and eating Jimson-weed tomatoes for years—since 1958, to be exact. No, he never sold any. There were only enough for home use. They ate them raw, they ate them stewed, and they ate them canned. And without any ill effects. The very idea that they might be poisonous astonished him. He, too, had never heard of Jimson-weed poisoning. As it happened, he hadn't yet sampled this year's crop of Jimson-weed tomatoes, but he was glad to give the investigator a couple for analysis.

"We got the report from the laboratory sometime the following week. This report made rather curious reading. It raised as many questions as it answered. It fully confirmed the cause of the Mason family's outbreak. They were victims of Jimson-weed poisoning. There are no exact data on the toxicity of hyoscyamine, the principal stramonium alkaloid. It is known, however, that hyoscyamine is somewhat more toxic than atropine, and that as little as two milligrams of atropine will produce such symptoms as rapid pulse, dryness of the mouth, pupil dilation and blurred vision. Well, the Mason tomato yielded 4.2 milligrams of stramonium alkaloid per hundred grams of tomato. That worked out to 6.36 milligrams of alkaloid for the whole tomato. In other words, it was very definitely toxic. But the Clayton tomatoes were different. They averaged just 1.9 milligrams per hundred grams of tomato. Or a scant three milligrams for the whole tomato. I couldn't understand this finding. None of us could understand it. Why should Mason's Jimson-weed tomatoes be twice as toxic as Clayton's? Why should there be any difference at all between the two types? That was one question. And how was it that the Claytons could eat their tomatoes with impunity? That was another ques-



The Perfect Squelch

Joe had brought his tape recorder to the office to record some get-well greetings for a fellow worker who was in the hospital. During the morning coffee break, he lined up a few of the ailing worker's close friends and started them "talking" brief, cheerful messages into the microphone.

Almost immediately, Sam, a new and very noisy worker, pushed his way into the group. "Here, let me get in on this," he said, taking the microphone. Then, while others stood in embarrassed silence, Sam mixed questionable jokes with some all-male night-club patter and gave very poor imitations of a well-known comedian. Finally he began what he obviously thought was a humorous criticism of the tape recorder.

"For my type of speaking," he chortled, "the appropriate tape is magnetic. That's what I——"

"For your large mouth," Joe interrupted, retrieving the microphone, "the appropriate tape is adhesive."

—Shannon Fife

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tion. The toxic content of the Clayton tomatoes wasn't very high, but it was far from negligible. There must surely have been times when Clayton and his wife each ate a whole tomato, and three milligrams of hyoscyamine is quite enough to cause trouble.

"I think I can say that we found the answer to one of those questions. I can also say, I think, that I helped to find it, although I certainly didn't realize it at the time. I picked up a piece of information, but I didn't know what it meant. It had to do with grafting. A few days after the laboratory report came in, I had another talk with Mason. I drove down to his farm. Both he and Mrs. Smart were home by then and fully recovered, and he took me out and showed me his Jimson-weed tomato plant. It was quite a sight—a tomato plant growing out of a big, bushy Jimson weed. I even took some pictures of it. On the way home, I dropped in on Clayton. I introduced myself and told him of my interest in the case, and we discussed it for a while. Then he showed me *his* Jimson-weed tomato patch. It didn't look much like Mason's. It seemed to be all tomato plants. They were growing out of Jimson-weed stock, but the Jimson-weed branches were practically bare. Only the tomato plants were lush and leafy. I spoke to Clayton about that, and told him how Mason's plants looked. Clayton shrugged. This was the way he did it, he said. He liked to keep the Jimson weed pretty well pruned of leaves in order to concentrate the growth in the tomato plant. He didn't know why Mason didn't try the same procedure.

"I thought that was an interesting point. As I say, I didn't know what it meant. I didn't know if it had any significance at all. But I passed the information on to Dan Jones at the State Health Department in Nashville. He was handling the case at that end, and he was as fascinated, and as puzzled, by it as I was. And that was as far as my contribution went. Dr. Jones took it from there. I understand he read everything he could find on Jimson weed in the hope of making some sense out of the case. Finally, he wrote to an expert on *Datura stramonium*—a professor of botany at Columbia University named Ray F. Dawson. Dr. Jones and I had both been under the impression that the alkaloid in Jimson weed was produced only in the roots of the plant and then distributed to the stem, the leaves, and the fruit. Dr. Dawson straightened us out on that. That was his contribution. The way he explained it to Dr. Jones, Clayton's pruning trick made a considerable difference. Hyoscyamine is synthesized also in the *leaves* of a Jimson-weed plant. So Mason could hardly have grown a more toxic tomato if that had been his aim.

"The other question is still unanswered. We don't know how Clayton could have eaten his tomatoes with impunity, and I doubt if we ever will. There are certain facts that may have some bearing on the matter. Different Jimson-weed plants produce different amounts of stramonium alkaloid. It depends on where and how they grow. And people differ somewhat in their sensitivity to the alkaloid. But that kind of clue doesn't take us very far. I'm afraid it doesn't take us anywhere at all." ✖

Readers who have medical mysteries they would like to see published in the SatEvePost *are invited to send them to us. If we are able to use your idea as the basis for a researched true-from-life story, we will send you a check for $100. If you feel capable of researching and writing the finished article for the* Post, *please query our medical editor for an assignment before submitting the manuscript.*

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"Chance favors the prepared mind. . . ."
—Louis Pasteur

Lysine for Herpes Update

An encouraging number of physicians have told us of their good results with the use of lysine for herpes. Dr. Richard Griffith's daily dosage, 500 mg per 10 kgs of body weight, is being used by other clinicians, and there is generally more acceptance for the use of lysine in the medical community.

Women with genital herpes have a seven times greater incidence of cervical cancer than those without herpes. Since lysine appears to prevent recurrences of herpes, we would like to check the hypothesis, "Does lysine decrease the incidence of cervical cancer?"

Lysine use was one of the questions on our first Cancer Prevention Survey, and we have received more than 26,000 of these surveys.

So far, 9,215 surveys have been processed into the computer. We asked our research director to write a program which would tell us if there is a decreased incidence of cancer of the cervix in the women who had been taking lysine. To our surprise, there were no women diagnosed with *cervical* cancer *after* they had been taking lysine.

Of the 9,215 surveys entered, there were a total of 687 persons who had taken lysine. To our further surprise, we could not find anyone in this group, male or female, who had gotten any other form of cancer *after* they had been on lysine.

Although it is too early to tell if these numbers are significant, our results are sufficiently exciting to make us want to get the balance of the 26,000 surveys into the computer quickly. We are now studying factors such as length of time lysine was taken and dosages.

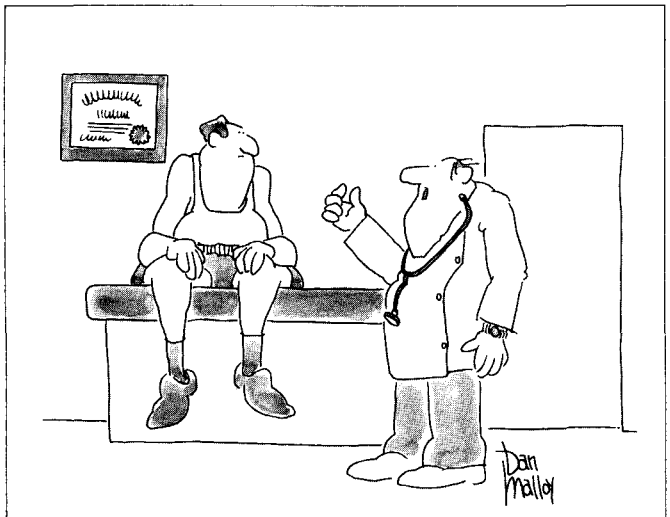
We would like to hear from any reader who knows of someone who has been taking lysine and has been diagnosed as having cancer *after* taking the lysine, and we would also like the names of persons taking lysine who have not had a cancer diagnosis and who have not yet completed our survey. We are sending lysine users our abbreviated Cancer Prevention Readers' Survey Number 2.

If any readers have observed cancer, especially lymphomas, in persons who have suffered from herpes-type viruses, please let us know about them. Chicken pox, mononucleosis, shingles, Bell's palsy and Meniere's are all believed to be caused by the herpes virus.

We ask our readers to continue to pray for little Seth Parker, who got Burkitt's lymphoma five weeks after his father had herpes zoster (shingles). Since his story appeared in our March issue, Seth has had surgery, and his father reports that he has again been hospitalized in Children's Hospital in Seattle.

Some researchers feel that there may be an association between herpes incidence and Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer that is prominent among homosexual men. The Center for Disease Control has asked homosexual males to voluntarily refrain from donating blood due to the continued serious problem of acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS) in this group.

We thank all of you who have volunteered to help us encode the survey forms. We have mailed 75 forms each to those who have agreed to manually tabulate the results.



"What you've got is psychosomatic. Take one of these twice a day for one week."

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am writing in response to your article on lysine and cancer in the most recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. You cannot imagine my surprise and excitement to discover that someone else suspected a connection between shingles and Burkitt's lymphoma. You see, our family has been struck by Burkitt's lymphoma, Kaposi's sarcoma, chicken pox and three cases of shingles (in different cities) in a year's time. We feel this is more than mere coincidence, but the doctors we have talked to either lack the time, interest or expertise to pursue the matter. I would like to share the details of our experience with you. Only through comparison with the experiences of others will we know what is significant.

Until about three years ago, no one in our family had ever had cancer. Then my aunt, in her 70s, developed acute leukemia. Since she was unmarried and had no children, my mother and her other brothers and sisters took care of her daily. She died after many months of suffering. In the fall of 1981, my mother became ill with what was diagnosed as Burkitt's lymphoma. She died in December 1981. Prior to her illness, she and my father had taken flu shots.

While my mother was in the hospital, all four of my children had chicken pox. During that time, I was not allowed to visit my mother.

On Thanksgiving Day 1982, my father showed me a growth on his toe that was identified as Kaposi's sarcoma

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and removed. I am aware of the "epidemic" of Kaposi's sarcoma among the gay community—however, there is absolutely no question of such involvement in this case. My father received one radium treatment for his cancer and has had no recurrence or other related health problems.

In the fall of 1982, while my dad was developing Kaposi's sarcoma, three relatives of ours, all unrelated by blood and all living in different cities, developed shingles—my mother's brother, my mother's other brother's wife and my father's sister. They all visited in my mother's home during her illness and after her death. At about the same time, another sister of my mother developed skin cancer—although I do not know the details. It may also be significant to add that one of my parents' close neighbors suffered from a severe case of shingles prior to my mother's illness and is still having recurrences.

As I have stated, we definitely believe there is a link between the cases of Burkitt's and Kaposi's in our family and possibly the shingles and chicken pox. We are curious about the role of the Barr-Epstein virus as well as the herpes virus.

I have summarized our experience to the best of my ability. I would be glad to answer further questions. This is very important work!

Mary Spires
Rocky Mount, North Carolina

I have been very happy with the use of lysine in my practice. I find it particularly helpful in preventing recurrences. In someone who has had infections repeatedly, lysine can lengthen the disease free period between infections or do away with recurrences completely. I prescribe 500 mgs three times daily and I use it for both genital and oral herpes.

Benjamin Park, M.D.
Lebanon, Indiana

I look forward to being placed on the mailing list for copies of the herpes quarterly newsletter. I am a believer in L-lysine's effectiveness. My belief is not on a scientific basis, just a "gut" feeling. Where there is smoke, there is fire, and I am looking forward to more adequate recognition of what is, in all probability, a great blessing to suffering mankind.

M. van Kinsbergen, M.D.
Bethesda, Maryland

When I was a child, it was decided I was allergic to milk. In fact, my parents have blamed my regular fever blisters on the fact that I have had occasional milk. For all of my 36 years, I have never had a month without fever blisters.

This past August, I was given a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* containing the article on L-lysine and immediately began a high-lysine, low-arginine diet. I developed no fever blisters in September, October or November.

Over Thanksgiving weekend, I ate all the chocolate and nuts I wanted, which was a lot. By December 1, I had two fever blisters. Since then I have avoided all chocolate and nuts and have had no recurrence.

I realize my testimony is not very scientific, but it convinces me.

Roger Kondrup
Abilene, Texas

The emergency happened just minutes after takeoff, as the Eastern Airlines plane was leveling off on a flight from Seattle to St. Louis. Flight attendant Susan Norman was serving snacks up front when, as she recalls, "A lady rushed up to me and said, 'My baby has stopped breathing and he's turned blue!' " The mother, an R.N., was distraught and didn't know what she should do. Although flight attendants have always been trained in emergency procedures, they were not heretofore taught infant CPR. But Susan knew just what to do, because only hours before, during a layover, she had watched a demonstration of infant CPR on the Christian Broadcasting Network's "700 Club" television show. She placed the baby between two seats and puffed air into its nose and mouth while tapping lightly on its chest. The baby responded and started breathing. A physician who was called later to examine the baby complimented her on the performance.

Susan has been awarded the five-star silver lifesaving pin, the highest award a flight attendant can earn. In addition, Eastern Airlines will begin teaching all flight attendants infant CPR as a result of Susan's performance. The *Post* is happy to present Miss Norman with this month's Benjamin Franklin Award and sends a special award to Eastern Airlines.

Thank you for publishing such an informative article on herpes and L-lysine in your September 1982 issue. Since reading this article, I have been taking L-lysine daily and I have not had a herpes attack since. Having suffered for two years with genital herpes, your article was a godsend.

John Cowan
Glenunga, Australia
continued on following page

"I'm placing you and your infectious laugh in quarantine."

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High Fiber Prevents Colon Cancer

Here's good reason to hope that a high-fiber diet will lower the incidence of colon cancer in the U.S.

Dr. Thomas F. O'Brien writes in the prestigious *Cecil's Textbook of Medicine* that "those in cultures with a low incidence of large-bowel cancer consume diets containing a large amount of plant fiber. Conversely, diets in areas where colon cancer is more prevalent tend to contain large amounts of highly refined carbohydrates and are generally low in fiber content.

He further points out that high-fiber-content diets produce bulky stools principally that contain aerobic organisms (enterococci, streptococci), whereas the small, compact, small-volume stools of low-residue diets contain principally anaerobic organisms (bacteroides). Furthermore, he reports it has been shown that some anaerobic organisms have the capacity to transform certain innocuous substances, such as bile acids, into potentially carcinogenic compounds. This phenomenon, together with the relatively prolonged colonic transit time of the small-volume stool, could lead to extended contact time between carcinogen and large-bowel epithelium (lining). Although unproved, he states, this hypothesis is both popular and plausible.

For those of us who have been promoting high fiber for the past 15 years, this endorsement of fiber in the new 16th edition of the prestigious *Cecil's* textbook is most gratifying. Dr. O'Brien further adds in support of the environmental theory is the observation that individuals from a "low-cancer" culture, such as the native Japanese, develop large intestinal malignancies with an incidence similar to many Americans when they establish residence in the U.S. and adopt Western dietary patterns.

With the nod from leading internal medicine authorities, we're sure to have help convincing the public to buy healthy staples such as unprocessed bran, high-fiber breakfast cereals and whole-grain breads. Popularly priced and well-advertised high-fiber foods will prevent colon cancers.

While discussing fiber and bulky stools, Dr. Denis Burkitt told me that he believes the size of a person's daily stool is as important a factor in predicting his longevity as is his blood pressure. He believes insurance companies would do well to ask the question, "How large is the stool you pass each day?"

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(Answers from page 94)

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Know What Kind

continued from page 102

lococci, the syphilis spirochete, the tubercle bacilli (TB) and many other bacteria. Even the hepatitis virus can cause swelling of the joints resembling an acute rheumatoid arthritis.

The aftermath of the venereal disease gonorrhea can be an arthritic knee, and in some cases the female victim has not even been aware of having ever had gonorrhea. Antibiotic treatment for infectious arthritis is urgent. According to Dr. Kenneth Brandt, a bacterial infection in a joint is a medical emergency, since without treatment, the joint can be destroyed within 24 hours.

From the pain, you probably can't tell whether you have bursitis or arthritis, but your doctor can. Dr. Brandt explains, "With bursitis, typically the areas of tenderness upon examination are going to be areas around the joint rather than in the joint itself. You pick this up on examination. What I think is worth considering, though, is that there are many patients referred to us with a diagnosis of arthritis, perhaps because their x-rays show there is osteoarthritis, whose complaints and symptoms are due not to the trouble inside the joint, but to some bursitis or tendonitis in the areas around the joints that, once recognized, is often very easily treated."

As a professor specializing in rheumatology at the Indiana University School of Medicine, Dr. Brandt works hard to correct some misconceptions about arthritis so that more people will seek early help. He reports, "It is widely held that osteoarthritis is an inevitable accompaniment of aging, and it represents merely a nonbiologic mechanical "wear-and-tear" process in which the joint surfaces are eroded through repeated movement—much as the Blarney stone has been rubbed smooth by repeated osculation. In light of recent evidence concerning the epidemiology and pathogenesis of osteoarthritis, both of these concepts are patently incorrect. Furthermore, they imbue osteoarthritis with an inevitability that results in unwar-

continued on page 112

NCC

continued from page 63

responses today are reflexive and automatic. I almost never look with hope to their documents.

"Since 1968, those who want to be religious," adds Marty, "want religion to be more responsive. They don't want a bureaucracy. The NCC can still do some good things, but there are almost insuperable problems. Their fundamental problem is that they have lived as if the spiritual and moral capital and power of the 1950s could be spent forever. They must realize that you have only as much power as the current generation is investing."

Among the key social issues in which the NCC is involved are, according to Bishop James Armstrong, the NCC president, "the madness of the nuclear arms race—for if we don't deal with that one, everything else becomes irrelevant: the importance of the family; the resurgence of racism; and the growing gap between the rich and the poor in this country. . . ."

The NCC, says Council General Secretary Claire Randall, is an organization that takes on trouble—some of its own making, some not. And this is the place to put something into the public arena—some ideas, some concepts, some demands, some challenges.

Bishop Armstrong, while pained by criticism of the NCC, asserts that the allegations "may be a gift to us in the long run. There has been a vacuum out there, created by a massive shrug of indifference or acceptance. Now the hard questions are being raised, and, thank God, they can be answered.

"The ecumenical movement can be affirmed without apology. No institution dares to pretend it is above criticism or proneness to mistaken judgment at times. But, by and large, the present diatribes being leveled against the ecumenical institutions today are shooting far to the right of the mark."

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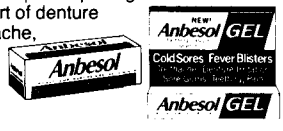

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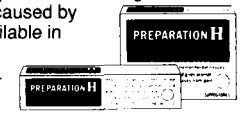

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How about the early warning signals of skin cancer? They've been discussed on LIFECARE DIGEST. And what are the facts on Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, commonly called Crib Death? This medical mystery was recently explored on the series.

Each Thursday, LIFECARE DIGEST is featured on CBN's THE 700 CLUB with host Pat Robertson. Saturday Evening Post editor, Cory SerVaas, M.D. brings you the latest, in-depth health information and most recent medical breakthroughs. To enhance your health, and possibly save your life, or that of a loved one.

Join us each week, and learn to monitor your body's warning signals. And better care for your family's health, by preventing problems before they occur.

Pat Robertson

Dr. Cory SerVaas, M.D.

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May 5
Infertility

Why aren't some couples able to conceive? It could be just a matter of monthly timing. Recently, an antibiotic is helping some childless couples who have unexplained infertility. Find out all the facts on this week's LIFECARE DIGEST.

May 12
Hiatal Hernia

Some of its symptoms are "heartburn," especially when lying down, and a referred pain down the left arm, mimicking coronary disease

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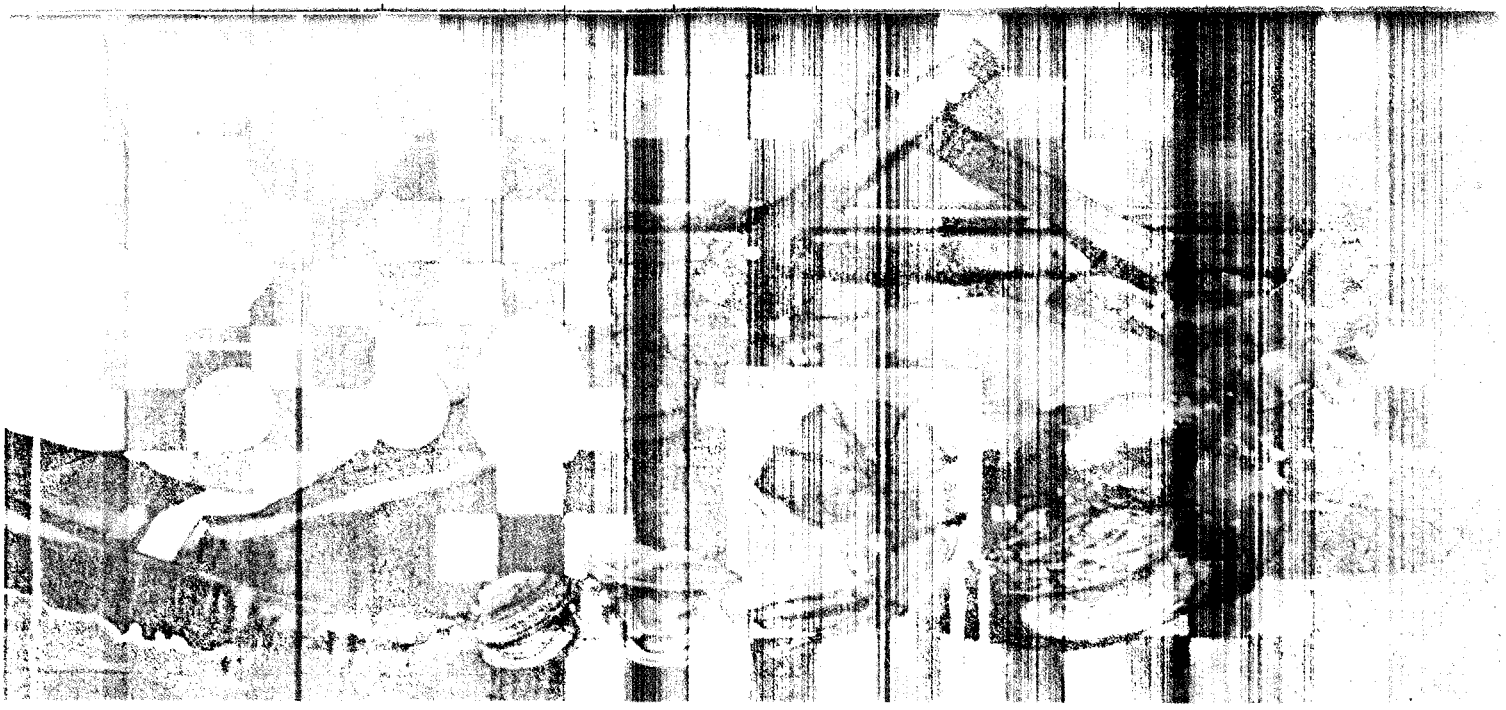

pain. This week we'll show you how to avoid it, treat it, and beat it.

May 19
"Oh, my aching back."

Have you ever said it? Then don't miss this week's LIFECARE DIGEST as we give you the latest facts on avoiding the perils of back surgery; calcium supplementation, therapeutic exercises and more.

May 26
Unsocial Diseases

"Social" diseases are not sociable! New outcroppings of Herpes II, penicillin-resistant strains of gonorrhea, syphilis, and severe yeast infections are plaguing Americans by the thousands. One is even a cancerous killer, Kaposi's sarcoma. Learn more this week on LIFECARE DIGEST.

June 2
Vitamin C

There's an easy way to sprinkle it into your favorite recipes to help supplement the entire family's diet at once. Who takes Vitamin C? How much do they take and why? What are its best sources and is it overrated or understated?

June 9
Travel Tips

Planning a foreign vacation trip? Let us help you with facts about vaccinations (smallpox is one you should refuse). An inflight drink has a one-two punch when you're above 7,000 feet. We'll also help pack your bags with a proper first aid kit. This week, let LIFECARE DIGEST give you a healthy Bon Voyage.

June 16
Sunburn

Burned up because you spent too much time in the sun? A short-term result is too much ultraviolet radiation. A long-term effect could be skin cancer. Watch LIFECARE DIGEST as we shed some light on how to protect yourself this summer.

June 23
Food Poisoning

Learn how to avoid botulism, staphylococci, distress from sulfiting agents and food intoxication from salmonella. When will boiling food help and when won't it? Why you shouldn't stuff the turkey the night before baking. You'll have these answers—and more—in this week's segment of LIFECARE DIGEST.

June 30
Pyorrhea

Periodontal disease is the single greatest cause for the loss of teeth. This gum destroying disease need not rob you of your teeth. You don't have to floss your teeth—just the ones you want to keep. Brush up on oral health this week on LIFECARE DIGEST.

THE TOO CLUB

The TV show that gives answers for life

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Know What Kind

continued from page 109

ranted pessimism and—in some cases—therapeutic nihilism on the part of the physician, who may tell his patient: 'You've just got the wear-and-tear arthritis of aging. It happens to everybody as they get older. There is really nothing to do about it.' These myths about the disease, therefore, should be dispelled.

"Surveys of aged individuals in nursing homes or attending senior citizens centers show that, despite the high prevalence of x-ray changes caused by osteoarthritis in this group, most aged individuals are not severely limited by osteoarthritis. Furthermore, osteoarthritis is not confined to the aged. It is the most common specific joint disease among those young enough to be gainfully employed in industry and also among those in military service. With respect to the question of wear-and-tear as a cause of osteoarthritis, there is no evidence that a normal joint, used normally throughout the lifetime of the individual, will develop osteoarthritis.

"Osteoarthritis may occur in the apparent absence of any other disorder in the involved joint (primary or idiopathic oesteoarthritis) or secondary to conditions that have caused previous joint damage, e.g., rheumatoid arthritis, chronic gout, prior joint infection and trauma. Since rheumatic diseases are, for the most part, not mutually exclusive, the physician must be aware of the possibility that—even in the patient with classical x-ray findings of osteoarthritis—some other form of joint disease may coexist.

"Patients suffering from osteoarthritis usually complain of a deep ache in the involved joint, which is aggravated by use of the joint that is 'stiff.' Close questioning usually reveals this to be a short-lived 'gelling' sensation, which dissipates quickly upon movement of the diseased joint. With hip or knee involvement, this transient gelling may be present during the first few steps that the patient takes upon arising from bed or immediately after getting out of an automobile following a lengthy ride. In contrast, the classical morning stiffness exhibited by patients with systemic inflammatory joint disease, e.g., rheumatoid arthritis or systemic lupus erythematosus, frequently persists for hours.

"Osteoarthritis is not accompanied by constitutional features (e.g., fever, fatigue, anorexia, weight loss, anemia), which are hallmarks of systemic rheumatic diseases such as rheumatoid arthritis. Blood tests for rheumatoid factors are generally negative in osteoarthritis, although a low titer of rheumatoid factors may be present merely as a manifestation of aging. The erythrocyte sedimentation rate (ESR: the speed with which red blood cells settle in a test tube) is also unaffected by osteoarthritis, although it may be moderately elevated in erosive osteoarthritis. It is important to realize, however, that a modest elevation of the ESR is not uncommon with aging alone."

Rheumatoid arthritis is a systemic disease of unknown cause. It is interesting that physicians who were imprisoned in concentration camps of Europe during World War II reported that rheumatoid arthritis did not occur among the starving inmates. The disability is the result of chronic inflammation of synovial membranes. The inflamed membranes seem to attack and destroy the hard tissues of the joint, the cartilage and the bone. There is a tendency for symmetrical involvement of hands, wrists and feet. Spontaneous remissions and exacerbations are characteristic. Rheumatoid is two to three times more frequent in women, and the onset is most often in the fourth and fifth decades of life. Ten to twenty percent of patients have complete remissions, and this fact makes it very difficult for diet successes to be taken seriously by the scientific community.

Spontaneous remissions are characteristic of arthritis. If those who had them happened to be on a special diet when their remissions occurred, it would be impossible to ever prove that diets were beneficial. Just because a diet worked doesn't mean the arthritis wouldn't have gone away without the diet: The arthritis might have been one of the large percentage of spontaneous remissions.

"Hey, Palmer!"

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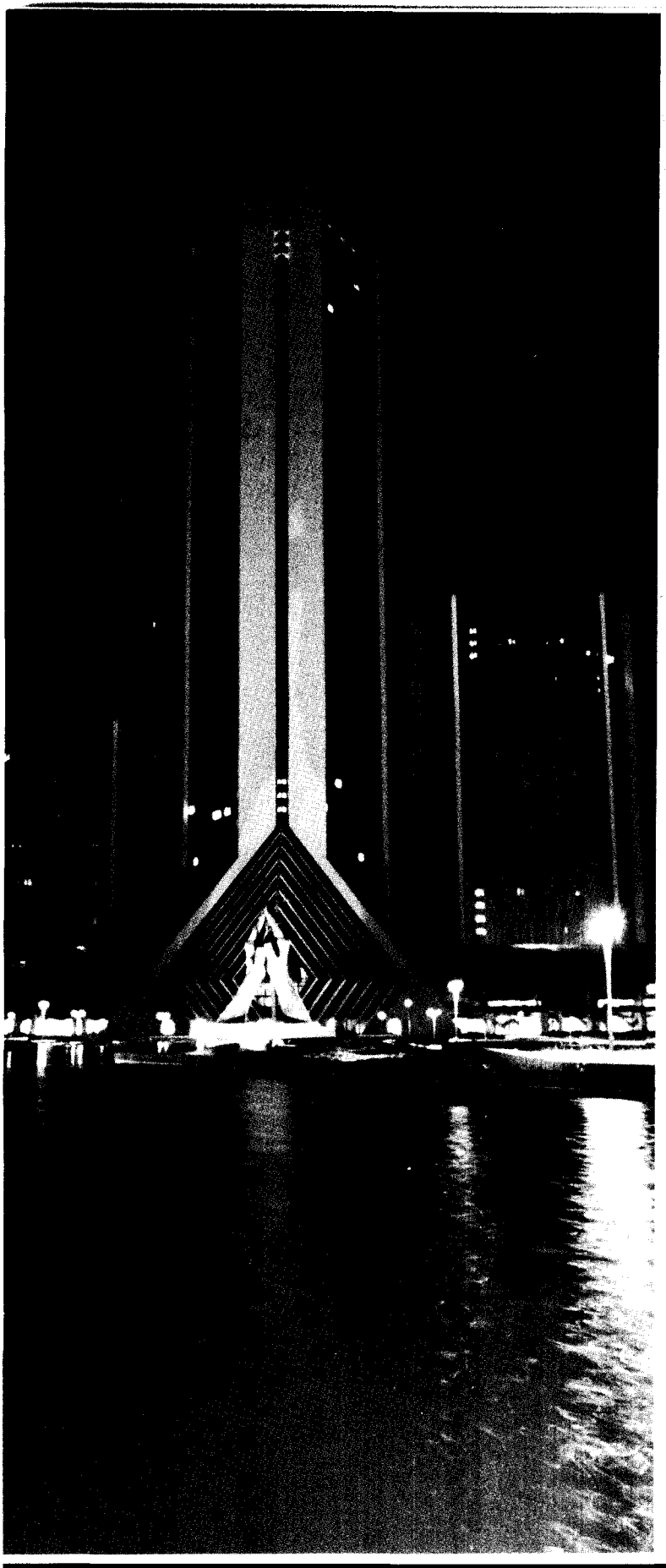

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